

# HUDIBRAS

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PARTS II, III

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# HUDIBRAS





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## PART II —CANTO I

### THE ARGUMENT

*The knight, being clapped by th' heels in prison,  
The last unhappy expedition,  
Love brings his action on the case,  
And lays it upon Hudibras  
How he receives the lady's visit,  
And cunningly solicits his suit,  
Which she defers, yet on parole,  
Redeems him from th' enchanted hole*

BUT now, t' observe romantique method,  
Let rusty steel a while be sheathed,  
And all those harsh and rugged sounds  
Of bastinados, cuts, and wounds,  
5 Exchanged to love's more gentle style,  
To let our reader breathe a while  
In which, that we may be as brief as  
Is possible, by way of preface  
Is 't not enough to make one strange,  
10 That some men's fancies should ne'er change,  
But make all people do and say  
The same things still the self-same way?  
Some writers make all ladies purloined,  
And knights pursuing like a whirlwind

- 15 Others make all their knights, in fits  
Of jealousy, to lose their wits,  
Till drawing blood o' th' dames, like witches,  
They're forthwith cured of their caprices  
Some always thrive in their amours,  
20 By pulling plasters off their sores,  
As cripples do to get an alms,  
Just so do they, and win their dames  
Some force whole regions, in despite  
O' geography, to change their site,  
25 Make former times shake hands with latter,  
And that which was before, come after,  
But those that write in rhyme still make  
The one verse for the other's sake,  
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,  
30 I think's sufficient at one time  
But we forget in what sad plight  
We lately left the captived knight  
And pensive squire, both bruised in body,  
And conjured into safe custody  
35 Tired with dispute, and speaking Latin,  
As well as basting and bear baiting,  
And desperate of any course,  
To free himself by wit or force,  
His only solace was, that now  
40 His dog-bolt fortune was so low,  
That either it must quickly end,  
Or turn about again, and mend,  
In which he found th' event, no less  
Than other times, beside his guess  
45 There is a tall long-sided dame,  
But wondrous light, ycleped Fame,  
That like a thin chameleon boards  
Herself on air, and eats her words,

Upon her shoulders wings she wears  
50 Like hanging sleeves, lined through with ears,  
And eyes, and tongues, as poets list,  
Made good by deep mythologist  
With these she through the welkin flies,  
And sometimes carries truth, oft lies,  
55 With letters hung, like eastern pigeons,  
And Mercuries of furthest regions,  
Diurnals writ for regulation  
Of lying, to inform the nation,  
And by their public use to bring down  
60 The rate of whetstones in the kingdom,  
About her neck a packet mail,  
Fraught with advice, some fresh, some stale,  
\* Of men that walked when they were dead,  
And cows of monsters brought to bed  
65 Of hailstones big as pullets' eggs,  
And puppies whelped with twice two legs,  
A blazing-star seen in the west,  
By six or seven men at least  
Two trumpets she does sound at once,  
70 But both of clean contràry tones,  
75 And therefore vulgar authors name  
Th' one Good, th' other Evil Fame  
This tattling gossip knew too well,  
What mischief Hudibras befel,  
And straight the spiteful tidings bears  
80 Of all, to th' unkind widow's ears  
Democritus ne'er laughed so loud,  
To see bawds carted through the crowd,  
Or funerals with stately pomp,  
March slowly on in solemn dump,  
85 As she laughed out, until her back,  
As well as sides, was like to crack

She vowed she would go see the fight,  
And visit the distressed knight,  
To do the office of a neighbour,  
90 And be a gossip at his labour,  
And from his wooden jail, the stocks,  
To set at large his fetter locks,  
And by exchange, parole, or ransom,  
To free him from th' enchanted mansion  
95 This being resolved, she called for hood  
And usher, implements abroad  
Which ladies wear, beside a slender  
Young waiting damsel to attend her  
All which appearing, on she went  
100 To find the knight, in limbo pent  
And 'twas not long before she found  
Him, and his stout squire, in the pound,  
Both coupled in enchanted tether,  
By further leg behind together  
105 For as he sat upon his rump,  
His head, like one in doleful dump,  
Between his knees, his hands applied  
Unto his ears on either side,  
And by him, in another hole,  
110 Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by jowl,  
She came upon him in his wooden  
Magician's circle, on the sudden,  
As spirits do t' a conjurer,  
When in their dreadful shapes th' appear  
115 No sooner did the knight perceive her,  
But straight he fell into a fever,  
Inflamed all over with disgrace,  
To be seen by her in such a place,  
Which made him hang his head, and scowl,  
120 And wink, and goggle like an owl,

He felt his brains begin to swim,  
When thus the Dame accosted him  
'This place,' quoth she, 'they say's enchanted,  
And with delinquent spirits haunted ,  
125 That here are tied in chains, and scourged,  
Until their guilty crimes be purged  
Look, there are two of them appear,  
Like persons I have seen somewhere  
Some have mistaken blocks and posts  
130 For spectres, apparitions, ghosts,  
With saucer eyes, and horns, and some  
Have heard the devil beat a drum  
But if our eyes are not false glasses,  
That give a wrong account of faces,  
135 That beard and I should be acquainted,  
Before 'twas conjured and enchanted ,  
For though it be disfigured somewhat,  
As if't had lately been in combat,  
It did belong to a worthy knight,  
140 Howe'er this goblin is come by 't'  
When Hudibras the Lady heard,  
Discoursing thus upon his beard,  
And speak with such respect and honour,  
Both of the beard and the beard's owner,  
145 He thought it best to set as good  
A face upon it as he could,  
And thus he spoke 'Lady, your bright  
And radiant eyes are in the right ,  
The beard's th' identique beard you knew,  
150 The same numerically true ,  
Nor is it worn by fiend or elf,  
But its proprietor himself'  
'O heavens' quoth she, 'can that be true?  
I do begin to fear 'tis you ,

- 155 Not by your individual whiskers,  
But by your dialect and discourse,  
That never spoke to man or beast  
In notions vulgarly expressed  
But what malignant star, alas !  
160 Has brought you both to this sad pass ?'  
Quoth he, 'The fortune of the war,  
Which I am less afflicted for,  
Than to be seen with beard and face  
By you in such a homely case '  
165 Quoth she, 'Those need not be ashamed  
For being honourably maimed ,  
If he that is in battle conquered,  
Have any title to his own beard,  
Though yours be sorely lugged and torn,  
170 It does your visage more adorn  
That if 'twere pruned, and starched, and landered,  
And cut square by the Russian standard  
A torn beard's like a tattered ensign,  
That's bravest which there are most rents in  
175 That petticoat about your shoulders,  
Does not so well become a soldier's ,  
And I'm afraid they are worse handled,  
Although i' th' rear, your beard the van led ,  
And those uneasy bruises make  
180 My heart for company to ache,  
To see so worshipful a friend  
I' th' pillory set, at the wrong end '  
Quoth Hudibras, 'This thing called pain,  
Is, as the learned stoics maintain,  
185 Not bad *simpliciter*, nor good,  
But merely as 'tis understood  
Sense is deceitful, and may feign  
As well in counterfeiting pain

As other ~~gross~~ *phenomenas*

- 190 In which it oft mistakes the case  
But since th' immortal intellect,  
That's free from error and defect,  
Whose objects still persist the same,  
Is free from outward bruise or maim,  
205 Which nought external can expose  
To gross material bangs or blows,  
It follows we can ne'er be sure  
Whether we pain or not endure,  
And just so far are sore and grieved,  
200 As by the fancy is believed  
Some have been wounded with concert,  
And died of mere opinion straight,  
Others, though wounded sore in reason,  
Felt no contusion, nor discretion  
205 A Saxon Duke did grow so fat,  
That mice, as histories relate,  
Ate grots and labyrinths to dwell in  
His postique parts, without his feeling  
Then how is't possible a kick  
210 Should e'er reach that way to the quick?'  
Quoth she, 'I grant it is in vain,  
For one that's basted to feel pain,  
Because the pangs his bones endure,  
Contribute nothing to the cure,  
215 Yet honour hurt, is wont to rage  
With pain no medicine can assuage'  
Quoth he, 'That honour's very squeamish  
That takes a basting for a blemish  
For what's more honourable than scars  
220 Or skin to tatters rent in wars?  
Some have been beaten till they know  
What wood a cudgel's of by th' blow,

Some kicked, until they can feel whether  
A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather,  
225 And yet have met, after long running,  
With some whom they have taught that cunning  
The furthest way about, t' o'ercome,  
In th' end does prove the nearest home  
By laws of learned duellists,  
230 They that are bruised with wood, or fists,  
And think one beating may for once  
Suffice, are cowards and poltroons,  
But if they dare engage t' a second,  
They're stout and gallant fellows reckoned  
235 Th' old Romans freedom did bestow,  
Our princes worship, with a blow  
King Pyrrhus cured his splenetic  
And testy courtiers with a kick  
The Negus, when some mighty lord  
240 Or potentate's to be restored,  
And pardoned for some great offence,  
With which he's willing to dispense,  
First has him laid upon his belly,  
Then beaten back and side t' a jelly,  
245 That done, he rises, humbly bows,  
And gives thanks for the princely blows,  
Departs not meanly proud, and boasting  
Of his magnificent rib-roasting  
The beaten soldier proves most manful,  
250 That, like his sword, endures the anvil,  
And justly's held more formidable,  
The more his valour's malleable  
But he that fears a bastinado,  
Will run away from his own shadow  
255 And though I'm now in durance fast,  
By our own party basely cast,



- Ransom, exchange, parole, refused,  
And worse than by the en'my used,  
In close *catasta* shut, past hope  
260 Of wit or valour to elope,  
As beards, the nearer that they tend  
To th' earth, still grow more reverend,  
And cannons shoot the higher pitches,  
The lower we let down their breeches,  
265 I'll make this low dejected fate  
Advance me to a greater height'  
Quoth she, 'You've almost made m' in love  
With that which did my pity move  
Great wits and valours, like great states,  
270 Do sometimes sink with their own weights  
' Th' extremes of glory and of shame,  
Like east and west, become the same  
No Indian Prince has to his palace  
More followers than a thief to the gallows  
275 But if a beating seem so brave,  
What glories must a whipping have?  
Such great achievements cannot fail  
To cast salt on a woman's tail  
For if I thought your natural talent  
280 Of passive courage were so gallant,  
As you strain hard to have it thought,  
I could grow amorous and dote'  
When Hudibras this language heard,  
He pricked up's ears, and stroked his beard,  
285 Thought he, this is the lucky hour,  
Wines work when vines are in the flower  
This crisis then I'll set my rest on,  
And put her boldly to the question  
'Madam, what you would seem to doubt  
290 Shall be to all the world made out,

How I've been drubbed, and with what spirit,  
And magnanimity, I bear it,  
And if you doubt it to be true,  
I'll stake myself down against you,  
39 And if I fail in love or troth,  
Be you the winner, and take both'

Quoth she, 'I've heard old cunning stagers  
Say, fools for arguments use wagers  
And though I praised your valour, yet  
300 I did not mean to baulk your wit,  
Which, if you have, you must needs know  
What I have told you before now,  
And you b' experiment have proved,  
I cannot love where I'm beloved'

305 Quoth Hudibras, "'Tis a caprich  
Beyond th' infliction of a witch,  
So cheats to play with those still aim,  
That do not understand the game  
Love in your heart as idly burns,  
310 As fire in antique Roman urns,  
To warm the dead, and vainly light  
Those only that see nothing by't  
Have you not power to entertain,  
And render love for love again?  
Or do you love yourself so much,  
To bear all rivals else a grutch?  
What fate can lay a greater curse  
320 Than you upon yourself would force,  
For wedlock without love, some say,  
Is but a lock without a key  
It is a kind of rape to marry  
One that neglects, or cares not for ye  
325 For what does make it ravishment  
But being against the mind's consent?

A rape, that is the ~~more~~ inhuman,  
For being acted by a woman  
Why are you fair, but to entice us  
330 To love you, that you may despise us ?  
But though you cannot love, you say,  
Out of your own fanatic way,  
Why should you not, at least, allow  
Those that love you, to do so too ?  
335 For, as you fly me, and pursue  
Love more averse, so I do you,  
And am, by your own doctrine, taught  
To practise what you call a fault '  
Quoth she, 'If what you say be true,  
340 You must fly me, as I do you,  
'But 'tis not what we do, but say,  
In love, and preaching, that must sway '  
Quoth he, 'To bid me not to love,  
Is to forbid my pulse to move,  
345 My beard to grow, my ears to prick up,  
Or, when I'm in a fit, to hiccup  
Love's power 's too great to be withstood  
350 By feeble human flesh and blood  
'Twas he that brought upon his knees  
The hectoring kill cow Hercules ,  
Reduced his leaguer-lion's skin  
T' a petticoat, and made him spin ,  
355 Seized on his club, and made it dwindle  
T' a feeble distaff, and a spindle  
'Twas he made emperors gallants  
To their own sisters, and their aunts ,  
'Twas he that gave our senate purges,  
And fluxed the house of many a burgess,  
Made those that represent the nation  
Submit, and suffer amputation ,

- 365 And all the grandees o' th' cabal  
Adjourn to tubs, at spring and fall  
He mounted synod-men, and rode 'em  
To Dirty-Lane and Little Sodom,  
Made 'em curvet, like Spanish Jenets,  
370 And take the ring at madam — ,  
'Twas he that made Saint Francis do  
More than the devil could tempt him to  
In cold and frosty weather grow  
Enamoured of a wife of snow,  
375 And, though she were of rigid temper,  
With melting flames accost and tempt her  
Quoth she, 'If love have these effects,  
380 Why is it not forbid our sex?  
Why is 't not damned, and interdicted,  
For diabolical and wicked?  
And sung, as out of tune, against,  
As Turk and Pope are by the saints?  
385 I find, I've greater reason for it,  
Than I believed before t' abhor it'  
Quoth Hudibras, 'These sad effects,  
Spring from your heathenish neglects  
Of love's great power, which he returns  
390 Upon yourselves with equal scorns,  
And those who worthy lovers slight,  
Plagues with preposterous appetite  
This made the beauteous Queen of Crete  
To take a town-bull for her sweet,  
395 And from her greatness stoop so low,  
To be the rival of a cow,  
Others, to prostitute their great hearts,  
To be baboons' and monkeys' sweethearts,  
Some with the dev'l himself in league grow,  
400 By 's representative a negro

- 'Twas this made vestal maids love-sick,  
And venture to be buried quick,  
Some by their fathers and their brothers,  
To be made mistresses, and mothers  
405 'Tis this that proudest dames enamours  
On lackeys, and *varlets des chambres*,  
Their haughty stomachs overcomes,  
And makes 'em stoop to dirty grooms'
- Quoth she, 'These judgments are severe,  
Yet such as I should rather bear,  
Than trust men with their oaths, or prove  
Their faith and secrecy in love'
- 415 Says he, 'There is as weighty reason  
For secrecy in love, as treason  
'Love is a burglarer, a felon  
That at the windore-eye does steal in,  
To rob the heart, and with his prey,  
420 Steals out again a closer way,  
Which whosoever can discover,  
He's sure, as he deserves, to suffer  
Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles  
In men, as naturally as in charcoals,  
425 Which sooty chemists stop in holes,  
When out of wood they extract coals,  
So lovers should their passions choke,  
That though they burn, they may not smoke  
'Tis like that sturdy thief that stole,  
430 And dragged beasts backwards into 's hole,  
So love does lovers, and us men  
Draws by the tails into his den,  
That no impression may discover,  
And trace t' his cave the wary lover  
435 But if you doubt I should reveal  
What you entrust me under seal,

I'll prove myself as close and virtuous  
As your own secretary, Albertus'

- Quoth she, 'I grant you may be close  
440 In hiding what your aims propose  
Love-passions are like parables,  
By which men still mean something else  
Though love be all the world's pretence,  
Money's the mythologique sense,  
445 The real substance of the shadow,  
Which all address and courtship's made to'  
Thought he, I understand your play,  
And how to quit you your own way,  
He that will win his dame, must do  
450 As Love does, when he bends his bow,  
With one hand thrust the lady from,  
And with the other pull her home  
'I grant,' quoth he, 'wealth is a great  
Provocative to amorous heat  
455 It is all philtres and high diet,  
That makes love rampant, and to fly out  
'Tis beauty always in the flower,  
That buds and blossoms at fourscore  
'Tis that by which the sun and moon,  
460 At their own weapons, are out-done  
That makes knights-errant fall in trances,  
And lay about 'em in romances  
'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all  
That men divine and sacred call  
465 For what is worth in any thing,  
But so much money as 'twill bring?  
Or what but riches is there known,  
Which man can solely call his own,  
In which no creature goes his half,  
470 Unless it be to squint and laugh?

I do confess, with goods and land  
I'd have a wife at second hand,  
And such you are nor is't your person  
My stomach's set so sharp and fierce on,  
475 But 'tis your better part, your riches,  
That my enamoured heart bewitches  
Let me your fortune but possess,  
And settle your person how you please,  
Or make it o'er in trust to the devil,  
480 You'll find me reasonable and civil'

Quoth she, 'I like this plainness better  
Than false-mock passion, speech, or letter  
Or any feat of qualm or sowning,  
But hanging of yourself, or drowning,  
485 Your only way with me to break  
Your mind, is breaking of your neck  
For as when merchants break, o'erthrown  
Like nine pins, they strike others down,  
So that would break my heart, which done,  
490 My tempting fortune is your own  
These are but trifles, every lover  
Will damn himself over and over,  
And greater matters undertake  
For a less worthy mistress' sake  
495 Yet they're the only ways to prove  
Th' unfeigned realities of love,  
For he that hangs, or beats out's brains,  
The devil's in him if he feigns

Quoth Hudibras, 'This way's too rough  
500 For mere experiment and proof,  
It is no jesting, trivial matter,  
To swing i' th' air, or dounce in water,  
And, like a water-witch, try love,  
That's to destroy, and not to prove,

- 505 As if a man should be dissected,  
To find what part is disaffected  
Your better way is to make over,  
In trust, your fortune to your lover  
Trust is a trial, if it break,
- 510 'Tis not so desperate as a neck  
Beside, th' experiment's more certain,  
Men venture necks to gain a fortune  
The soldier does it every day,  
Eight to the week, for sixpence pay,
- 515 Your pettifoggers damn their souls,  
To share with knaves, in cheating fools,  
And merchants, venturing through the main,  
Slight pirates, rocks, and horns, for gain  
This is the way I advise you to,
- 520 Trust me, and see what I will do '  
Quoth she, 'I should be loth to run  
Myself all th' hazard, and you none,  
Which must be done, unless some deed  
Of yours aforesaid do precede
- 525 Give but yourself one gentle swing,  
For trial, and I'll cut the string,  
Or give that reverend head a maul,  
Or two, or three, against a wall,  
To shew you are a man of mettle,
- 530 And I'll engage myself to settle '  
Quoth he, 'My head's not made of brass,  
As Friar Bacon's noddle was,  
Nor, like the Indian's skull, so tough,  
That, authors say, 'twas musket proof,
- 535 As it had need to be to enter,  
As yet, on any new adventure,  
You see what bangs it has endured,  
That would, before new feats, be cured



But if that's all you stand upon,  
540 Here strike me luck, it shall be done '  
Quoth she, 'The matter's not so far gone  
As you suppose, two words t' a bargain,  
That may be done, and time enough,  
When you have given downright proof,  
545 And yet 'tis no fantastic pique  
I have to love, nor coy dislike,  
'Tis no implicit, nice aversion  
T' your conversation, mien, or person,  
But a just fear, lest you should prove  
550 False and perfidious in love,  
For if I thought you could be true,  
I could love twice as much as you '  
• Quoth he, 'My faith as adamant  
As chains of destiny, I'll maintain,  
555 True as Apollo ever spoke,  
Or oracle from heart of oak,  
And if you'll give my flame but vent,  
Now in close hugger-mugger pent,  
And shine upon me but benignly,  
560 With that one, and that other pigney,  
The sun and day shall sooner part,  
Than love, or you, shake off my heart,  
The sun that shall no more dispense  
His own, but your bright influence,  
565 I'll carve your name on barks of trees,  
With true love knots, and flourishes,  
That shall infuse eternal spring,  
And everlasting flourishing,  
Drink every letter on't in stum,  
570 And make it brisk champagne become,  
Where'er you tread, your foot shall set  
The primrose and the violet,

- All spices, perfumes, and sweet powders,  
Shall borrow from your breath their odours,  
575 Nature her charter shall renew,  
And take all lives of things from you,  
The world depend upon your eye,  
And when you frown upon it, die  
Only our loves shall still survive,  
580 New worlds and natures to outlive,  
And, like to herald's moons, remain  
All crescents, without change or wane '  
    'Hold, hold,' quoth she, 'no more of this,  
Sir knight, you take your aim amiss ,  
585 For you will find it a hard chapter,  
To catch me with poetic rapture,  
In which your mastery of art  
Doth shew itself, and not your heart ,  
Nor will you raise in mine combustion,  
590 By dint of high heroic fustian  
She that with poetry is won,  
Is but a desk to write upon ,  
And what men say of her, they mean  
No more than on the thing they lean  
595 Some with Arabian spices strive  
T' embalm her cruelly alive ,  
Or season her, as French cooks use  
Their *haut gusts*, *buollies*, or *ragusts* ,  
Use her so barbarously ill,  
600 To grind her lips upon a mill,  
Until the *facet doublet* doth  
Fit their rhymes rather than her mouth ,  
Her mouth compared t' an oyster's, with  
A row of pearl in't, 'stead of teeth ,  
605 Others make posies of her cheeks,  
Where red and whitest colours mix ,

In which the lily and the rose,  
For Indian lake and ceruse goes  
The sun and moon, by her bright eyes,  
610 Eclipsed and darkened in the skies,  
Are but black patches, that she wears,  
Cut into suns, and moons, and stars,  
By which astrologers, as well  
As those in heaven above, can tell  
615 What strange events they do foreshow,  
Unto her under-world below  
Her voice, the music of the spheres,  
So loud, it deafens mortals' ears,  
As wise philosophers have thought,  
620 And that's the cause we hear it not  
This has been done by some, who those  
Th' adored in rhyme, would kick in prose,  
And in those ribbons would have hung,  
Of which melodiously they sung,  
625 That have the hard fate to write best,  
Of those still that deserve it least,  
It matters not, how false or forced,  
So the best things be said o' th' worst,  
It goes for nothing when 'tis said,  
630 Only the arrow 's drawn to th' head,  
Whether it be a swan or goose  
They level at, so shepherds use  
To set the same mark on the hip,  
Both of their sound and rotten sheep  
635 For wits that carry low or wide,  
Must be aimed higher, or beside  
The mark, which else they ne'er come nigh,  
But when they take their aim awry  
But I do wonder you should chuse  
640 This way t' attack me with your muse,

- As one cut out to pass your tricks on,  
With fulhams of poetic fiction  
I rather hoped I should no more  
Hear from you o' th' gallanting score  
645 For hard dry bastings used to prove  
The readiest remedies of love,  
Next a dry diet, but if those fail,  
Yet this uneasy loop-holed jail,  
In which ye're hampered by the fetlock,  
650 Cannot but put y' in mind of wedlock,  
Wedlock, that's worse than any hole here,  
If that may serve you for a cooler  
T' allay your mettle, all agog  
Upon a wife, the heavier clog  
655 Nor rather thank your gentler fate,  
That, for a bruised or broken pate,  
Has freed you from those knobs that grow  
Much harder on the married brow  
But if no dread can cool your courage,  
660 From venturing on that dragon, marriage,  
Yet give me quarter, and advance  
To nobler aims your puissance,  
Level at beauty and at wit,  
The fairest mark is easiest hit'  
665 Quoth Hudibras, 'I am beforehand  
In that already, with your command,  
For where does beauty and high wit  
But in your constellation, meet?'  
Quoth she, 'What does a match imply,  
670 But likeness and equality?  
I know you cannot think me fit  
To be th' yoke-fellow of your wit,  
Nor take one of so mean deserts,  
To be the partner of your parts

- c75 A grace which, if I could believe,  
I've not the conscience to receive'  
    'That conscience,' quoth Hudibras,  
    'Is misinformed, I'll state the case  
A man may be a legal donor  
680 Of any thing whereof he's owner,  
And may confer it where he lists,  
I' th' judgment of all casuists  
Then wit, and parts, and valour may  
Be alienated, and made away,  
685 By those that are proprietors,  
As I may give or sell my horse'  
    Quoth she, 'I grant the case is true,  
And proper 'twixt your horse and you,  
But whether I may take, as well  
690 As you may give away, or sell?  
Buyers, you know, are bid beware,  
And worse than thieves receivers are  
How shall I answer hue and cry,  
For a roan gelding, twelve hands high,  
695 All spurred and switched, a lock on's hoof,  
A sorrel mane? Can I bring proof  
Where, when, by whom, and what y' were sold for,  
And in the open market tolled for?  
Or, should I take you for a stray,  
700 You must be kept a year and day,  
Ere I can own you, here i' th' pound,  
Where, if ye're sought, you may be found,  
And in the mean time I must pay  
For all your provender and hay'  
705 Quoth he, 'It stands me much upon  
T' enervate this objection,  
And prove myself, by topic clear,  
No gelding, as you would infer

Look on this beard, and tell me whether  
720 Eunuchs wear such, or geldings either?

Next it appears, I am no horse,  
That I can argue and discourse,  
Have but two legs, and ne'er a tail'

Quoth she, 'That nothing will avail,  
725 For some philosophers of late here,  
Write men have four legs by nature,  
And that 'tis custom makes them go  
Erroneously upon but two,  
As 'twas in Germany made good,

730 B' a boy that lost himself in a wood,  
' And growing down t' a man, was wont  
With wolves upon all fours to hunt  
As for you reasons drawn from tails,  
We cannot say they're true or false,  
735 Till you explain yourself, and show  
B' experiment 'tis so or no'

Quoth he, 'If you'll join issue on 't,  
I'll give you sat'sfact'ry account,  
So you will promise, if you lose,  
740 To settle all, and be my spouse'

'That never shall be done,' quoth she,  
'To one that wants a tail, by me,  
For tails by nature sure were meant,  
As well as beards, for ornament,  
745 And, though the vulgar count them homely,  
In men or beast they are so comely,  
So *gentee*, *alamode*, and handsome,  
I'll never marry man that wants one,  
And till you can demonstrate plain,  
750 You have one equal to your mane,  
I'll be torn piece-meal by a horse,  
Ere I'll take you for better or worse

The Prince of Cambay's daily food  
Is asp, and basilisk, and toad,

755 Which makes him have so strong a breath,  
Each night he stinks a queen to death,  
Yet I shall rather lie in's arms  
Than yours, on any other terms'

Quoth he, 'What nature can afford

760 I shall produce, upon my word,  
And if she ever gave that boon  
To man, I'll prove that I have one  
I mean by postulate illation  
When you shall offer just occasion,  
765 But since ye 'ave yet denied to give  
My heart, your prisoner, a reprieve,  
But made it sink down to my heel,  
Let that at least your pity feel,  
And for the sufferings of your martyr,  
770 Give its poor entertainer quarter,  
And by discharge, or mainprize, grant  
Delivery from this base restraint'

Quoth she, 'I grieve to see your leg  
Stuck in a hole here like a peg,

775 And if I knew which way to do 't,  
Your honour safe, I'd let you out  
That dames by jail-delivery  
Of errant knights have been set free,  
When by enchantment they have been,  
780 And sometimes for it, too, laid in,  
Is that which knights are bound to do  
By order, oaths, and honour too,  
For what are they renowned and famous else,  
But aiding of distressed damosels?  
785 But for a lady, no ways errant,  
To free a knight, we have no warrant

In any authentical romance,  
Or classic author yet of France,  
And I'd be loth to have you break  
790 An ancient custom for a freak,  
Or innovation introduce  
In place of things of antique use,  
To free your heels by any course  
That might b' unwholesome to your spurs  
795 Which if I should consent unto,  
It is not in my power to do,  
For 'tis a service must be done ye  
With solemn previous ceremony,  
Which always has been used t' untie  
800 The charms of those who here do lie  
For as the ancients heretofore  
To honour's temple had no door,  
But that which thorough virtue's lay,  
So from this dungeon there's no way  
805 To honoured freedom, but by passing  
That other virtuous school of lashing,  
Where knights are kept in narrow lists,  
With wooden lockets 'bout their wrists,  
In which they for a while are tenants,  
810 And for their ladies suffer penance  
Whipping, that's virtue's governess,  
Tutress of arts and sciences,  
That mends the gross mistakes of nature  
And puts new life into dull matter,  
815 That lays foundation for renown,  
And all the honours of the gown  
This suffered, they are set at large,  
And freed with honourable discharge,  
Then, in their robes, the penitentials,  
820 Are straight presented with credentials,



And in their way attended on  
By magistrates of every town,  
And, all respect and charges paid,  
They're to their ancient seats conveyed  
825 Now if you'll venture, for my sake,  
To try the toughness of your back,  
And suffer, as the rest have done,  
The laying of a whipping on,  
And may you prosper in your suit,  
830 As you with equal vigour do't,  
I here engage to be your bail,  
And free you from th' unknightly jail  
But since our sex's modesty  
Will not allow I should be by,  
835 Bring me, on oath, a fair account,  
And honour to, when you have done't  
And I'll admit you to the place  
You claim as due in my good grace  
If matrimony and hanging go  
840 By dest'ny, why not whipping too?  
What medicine else can cure the fits  
Of lovers, when they lose their wits?  
Love is a boy, by poets styled,  
Then spare the rod, and spoil the child,  
845 A Persian emperor whipped his grannam  
The sea, his mother Venus came on,  
And hence some reverend men approve  
Of rosemary in making love  
As skilful coopers hoop their tubs  
850 With Lydian and with Phrygian dubs,  
Why may not whipping have as good  
A grace, performed in time and mood,  
With comely movement, and by art,  
Raise passion in a lady's heart?

- 855 It is an easier way to make  
Love by, than that which many take  
Who would not rather suffer whipping,  
Than swallow toasts of bits of ribbon?  
Make wicked verses, traits, and faces,  
860 And spell names over, with beer-glasses?  
Be under vows to hang and die  
Love's sacrifice, and all a lie?  
With China oranges and tarts,  
And whining plays, lay baits for hearts?  
865 Bribe chamber maids with love and money,  
To break no roguish jests upon ye?  
Or, venturing to be brisk and wanton,  
870 Do penance in a paper lantern?  
All this you may compound for now,  
By suffering what I offer you,  
Which is no more than has been done  
By knights for ladies long ago  
875 Did not the great La Mancha do so  
For the Infanta del Toboso?  
Did not th' illustrious Bassa make  
Himself a slave for Misse's sake?  
Was not young Florio sent, to cool  
His flame for Biancafiore, to school?  
885 Did not a certain lady whip,  
Of late, her husband's own lordship?  
And though a grandee of the house,  
Clawed him with fundamental blows,  
Tied him stark naked to a bed post,  
890 And firked his hide as if she 'ad rid post,  
And after in the sessions court,  
Where whipping s judged, had honour for't?  
This swear you will perform, and then  
I'll set you from th' enchanted den,

- 895 And the magician's circle, clear '  
    Quoth he, 'I do profess and swear,  
    And will perform what you enjoin,  
    Or may I never see you mine '  
    'Amen,' quoth she, then turned about,  
900 And bid her squire let him out  
    But ere an artist could be found  
    T' undo the charms another bound,  
    The sun grew low, and left the skies,  
    Put down, some write, by ladies' eyes,  
905 The moon pulled off her veil of light,  
    That hides her face by day from sight,  
    Mysterious veil, of brightness made,  
    That's both her lustre and her shade,  
    And in the night as freely shone,  
910 As if her rays had been her own  
    For darkness is the proper sphere  
    Where all false glories use t' appear  
    The twinkling stars began to muster,  
    And glitter with their borrowed lustre,  
915 While sleep the wearied world relieved,  
    By counterfeiting death revived  
    His whipping penance, till the morn,  
    Our votary thought it best t' adjourn,  
    And not to carry on a work  
920 Of such importance in the dark,  
    With erring haste, but rather stay,  
    And do't in th' open face of day,  
    And in the mean time go in quest  
    Of next retreat to take his rest

## PART II — CANTO II

## THE ARGUMENT

*The knight and squire in hot dispute  
Within an ace of falling out,  
Are parted with a sudden fright  
Of strange alarm, and stranger sight,  
With which adventuring to strickle,  
They're sent away in nasty pickle*

'TIS strange how some men's tempers suit,  
Like bawd and brandy, with dispute,  
That for their own opinions stand fast,  
Only to have them clawed and canvassed,  
5 That keep their consciences in cases,  
As fiddlers do their crowds and bases,  
Ne'er to be used, but when they're bent  
To play a fit for argument,  
Make true and false, unjust and just,  
10 Of no use but to be discussed,  
Dispute and set a paradox,  
Like a strait boot, upon the stocks,  
And stretch it more unmercifully  
Than Helmont, Montaigne, White, or Tully  
15 So th' ancient Stoics, in their porch,  
With fierce dispute maintained their church,  
Beat out their brains in fight and study,  
To prove that virtue is a body,

That *bonum* is an animal,  
20 Made good with stout polemic brawl,  
In which some hundreds on the place  
Were slain outright, and many a face  
Retrenched of nose, and eyes, and beard,  
To maintain what their sect averred  
25 All which the knight and squire, in wrath,  
Had like t' have suffer'd for their faith,  
Each striving to make good his own,  
As by the sequel shall be shown  
The sun had long since, in the lap  
30 Of Thetis, taken out his nap,  
And like a lobster boiled, the morn  
From black to red began to turn,  
When Hudibras, whom thoughts and aching  
'Twixt sleeping kept, all night, and waking,  
35 Began to rub his drowsy eyes,  
And from his couch prepared to rise,  
Resolving to despatch the deed  
He vowed to do with trusty speed  
But first, with knocking loud and bawling,  
40 He roused the squire, in truckle lolling  
And after many circumstances,  
Which vulgar authors in romances  
Do use to spend their time and wits on,  
To make impertinent description,  
45 They got, with much ado, to horse,  
And to the castle bent their course,  
In which he to the dame before  
To suffer whipping duty swore  
Where now arrived, and half unharnessed,  
50 To carry on the work in earnest,  
He stopped, and paused upon the sudden,  
And with a serious forehead plodding,

- Sprung a new scruple in his head,  
Which first he scratched, and after said  
55 'Whether it be direct infringing  
An oath, if I should wave this swingeing,  
And what I've sworn to bear, forbear,  
And so b' equivocation swear,  
Or whether 't be a lesser sin  
60 To be forsworn, than act the thing,  
Are deep and subtle points, which must,  
To inform my conscience, be discussed,  
In which to err a tittle may  
To errors infinite make way  
65 And therefore I desire to know  
Thy judgment, ere we further go '  
Quoth Ralpho, 'Since you do enjoin 't,  
I shall enlarge upon the point,  
And, for my own part, do not doubt  
70 Th' affirmative may be made out  
But first, to state the case aright,  
For best advantage of our light,  
And thus 'tis Whether 't be a sin  
To claw and curry your own skin,  
75 Greater or less than to forbear,  
And that you are forsworn forswear  
But first, o' th' first The inward man,  
And outward, like a clan and clan,  
Have always been at daggers-drawing,  
80 And one another clapper clawing,  
Not that they really cuff or fence,  
But in a spiritual mystic sense,  
Which to mistake, and make them squabble  
In literal fray, 's abominable,  
85 'Tis heathenish, in frequent use,  
With Pagans and apostate Jews,

To offer sacrifice of bridewells,  
Like modern Indians to their idols,  
And mongrel Christians of our times,  
90 That expiate less with greater crimes,  
And call the foul abomination,  
Contrition and mortification  
Is't not enough we're bruised and kicked,  
With sinful members of the wicked,  
95 Our vessels, that are sanctified,  
Profaned, and curried back and side,  
But we must claw ourselves with shameful  
And heathen stripes, by their example?  
Which, were there nothing to forbid it  
100 Is impious, because they did it  
This therefore may be justly reckoned  
A heinous sin Now to the second,  
That saints may claim a dispensation  
To swear and forswear on occasion,  
105 I doubt not but it will appear  
With pregnant light the point is clear  
Oaths are but words, and words but wind,  
Too feeble implements to bind,  
And hold with deeds proportion, so  
110 As shadows to a substance do  
Then when they strive for place, 'tis fit  
The weaker vessel should submit  
Although your church be opposite  
To ours, as Black friars are to White,  
115 In rule and order, yet I grant  
You are a reformado saint,  
And what the saints do claim as due,  
You may pretend a title to  
But saints, whom oaths and vows oblige,  
120 Know little of their privilege,

- Further, I mean, than carrying on  
Some self advantage of their own  
For if the devil, to serve his turn,  
Can tell truth, why the saints should scorn,  
115 When it serves theirs, to swear and lie,  
I think there's little reason why  
Else h' has a greater power than they,  
Which 'twere impiety to say  
We're not commanded to forbear,  
130 Indefinitely, at all to swear,  
But to swear idly, and in vain,  
Without self-interest or gain,  
For breaking of an oath and lying,  
Is but a kind of self-denying,  
135 A saintlike virtue, and from hence  
Some have broke oaths by Providence  
Some, to the glory of the Lord,  
Perjured themselves, and broke their word  
And this the constant rule and practice  
140 Of all our late apostles' acts is  
Was not the cause at first begun  
With perjury, and carried on?  
Was there an oath the godly took,  
But in due time and place they broke?  
145 Did we not bring our oaths in first,  
Before our plate, to have them burst,  
And cast in fitter models, for  
The present use of church and war?  
Did not our worthies of the House,  
150 Before they broke the peace, break vows?  
For having freed us first from both  
Th' Allegiance and Suprem'cy oath,  
Did they not next compel the nation  
To take and break the Protestation?



- 155 To swear, and after to recant,  
The Solemn League and Covenant?  
To take th' Engagement, and disclaim it,  
Enforced by those who first did frame it?  
Did they not swear, at first, to fight  
160 For the king's safety, and his right?  
And after marched to find him out,  
And charged him home with horse and foot?  
And yet still had the confidence  
To swear it was in his defence?  
165 Did they not swear to live and die  
With Essex, and straight laid him by?  
If that were all, for some have sworn  
As false as they, if they did no more  
Did they not swear to maintain law,  
170 In which that swearing made a flaw?  
For protestant religion vow,  
That did that vowing disallow?  
For privilege of parliament,  
In which that swearing made a rent?  
175 And since, of all the three, not one  
Is left in being, 'tis well known  
Did they not swear, in express words,  
To prop and back the House of Lords?  
And after turned out the whole houseful  
180 Of peers, as dangerous and unuseful  
So Cromwell, with deep oaths and vows,  
Swore all the commons out o' th' House,  
Vowed that the red-coats would disband,  
Ay, marry would they, at their command,  
185 And trolled them on, and swore, and swore,  
Till th' army turned them out of door  
This tells us plainly what they thought,  
That oaths and swearing go for nought,

And that by them th' were only meant  
190 To serve for an expedient  
What was the public faith found out for,  
But to slur men of what they fought for?  
The public faith, which every one  
Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none ,  
195 And if that go for nothing, why  
Should private faith have such a tie?  
Oaths were not purposed, more than law,  
To keep the good and just in awe,  
But to confine the bad and sinful,  
200 Like mortal cattle in a pinfold  
A saint's of th' heavenly realm a peer ,  
And as no peer is bound to swear  
But on the gospel of his honour,  
Of which he may dispose as owner,  
205 It follows, though the thing be forgery,  
And false, th' affirm, it is no perjury,  
But a mere ceremony, and a breach  
Of nothing, but a form of speech ,  
And goes for no more when 'tis took,  
210 Than mere saluting of the book  
Suppose the Scriptures are of force,  
They're but commissions of course,  
And saints have freedom to digress,  
And vary from 'em, as they please ,  
215 Or misinterpret them by private  
Instructions, to all aims they drive at  
Then why should we ourselves abridge,  
And curtail our own privilege?  
Quakers that, like to lanterns, bear  
220 Their light within 'em, will not swear,  
Their gospel is an accidence,  
By which they construe conscience,

And hold no sin so deeply red  
As that of breaking Priscian's head,  
225 The head and founder of their order,  
That stirring hats held worse than murder  
These thinking they're obliged to troth  
In swearing, will not take an oath  
Like mules, who if they've not their will  
230 To keep their own pace, stand stock stall,  
But they are weak, and little know  
What free born consciences may do  
'Tis the temptation of the devil  
That makes all human actions evil,  
235 For saints may do the same things by  
The spirit, in sincerity,  
Which other men are tempted to,  
And at the devil's instance do,  
And yet the actions be contrary,  
240 Just as the saints and wicked vary  
For as on land there is no beast  
But in some fish at sea's expressed,  
So in the wicked there's no vice  
Of which the saints have not a spice,  
245 And yet that thing that's pious in  
The one, in th' other is a sin  
Is 't not ridiculous and nonsense,  
A saint should be a slave to conscience,  
That ought to be above such fancies,  
250 As far as above ordinances?  
She's of the wicked, as I guess,  
B' her looks, her language, and her dress  
And though, like constables, we search  
For false wares one another's church,  
255 Yet all of us hold this for true,  
No faith is to the wicked due

The truth is precious and divine,  
Too rich a pearl for carnal swine'

- Quoth Hudibras, 'All this is true,  
260 Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew  
Those mysteries and revelations,  
And therefore topical evasions  
Of subtle turns, and shifts of sense,  
Serve best with th' wicked for pretence,  
265 Such as the learned jesuits use,  
, And p̄sbyterians, for excuse  
Against the protestants, when th' happen  
To find their churches taken napping  
As thus, A breach of oath is duple,  
270 And either way admits a scruple,  
And may be, *ex parte* of the maker,  
More criminal than th' injured taker,  
For he that strains too far a vow,  
Will break it, like an o'er bent bow  
275 And he that made and forced it, broke it,  
Not he that for convenience took it  
A broken oath's, *quatenus* oath,  
As sound t' all purposes of troth,  
As broken laws are ne'er the worse,  
280 Nay, till they're broken have no force  
What's justice to a man, or laws,  
That never comes within their claws?  
They have no power, but to admonish,  
Cannot control, coerce, or punish,  
285 Until they're broken, and then touch  
Those only that do make them such.  
Beside, no engagement is allowed  
By men in prison made, for good,  
For when they're set at liberty,  
290 They're from th' engagement too set free

The rabbins write, when any Jew  
Did make to God or man a vow,  
Which afterwards he found untoward,  
And stubborn to be kept, or too hard,  
295 Any three other Jews o' th' nation  
Might free him from the obligation  
And have not two saints power to use  
A greater privilege than three Jews?  
The court of conscience, which in man  
300 Should be supreme and sovereign,  
Is 't fit should be subordinate  
To every petty court i' the state,  
And have less power than the lesser,  
To deal with perjury at pleasure?  
305 Have its proceedings disallowed, or  
Allowed, at fancy of pie powder?  
Tell all it does, or does not know,  
For swearing *ex officio*?  
Be forced t' impeach a broken hedge,  
310 And pigs unringed at *vis franc* pledge?  
Discover thieves, and bawds, recusants,  
Priests, witches, eves-droppers, and nuisance,  
Tell who did play at games unlawful,  
And who filled pots of ale but half-full,  
315 And have no power at all, nor shift,  
To help itself at a dead lift?  
Why should not conscience have vacation  
As well as other courts o' th' nation?  
Have equal power to adjourn,  
320 Appoint appearance and return?  
And make as nice distinctions serve  
To split a case, as those that carve,  
Invoking cuckolds' names, hit joints?  
Why should not tricks as slight, do points?

- 325 Is not th' high-court of justice sworn  
To judge that law that serves their turn?  
Make their own jealousies high treason,  
And fix them whomso'er they please on?  
Cannot the learned counsel there
- 330 Make laws in any shape appear?  
Mould 'em as witches do their clay,  
When they make pictures to destroy?  
And vex them into any form  
That fits their purpose to do harm?
- 335 Rack 'em until they do confess,  
Impeach of treason whom you please,  
And most perfidiously condemn  
Those that engaged their lives for them?  
And yet do nothing in their own sense,
- 340 But what they ought by oath and conscience  
Can they not juggle, and with slight  
Conveyance play with wrong and right,  
And sell their blasts of wind as dear,  
As Lapland witches bottled air?
- 345 Will not fear, favour, bribe, and grudge,  
The same case several ways adjudge?  
As seamen with the self-same gale,  
Will several different courses sail,  
As when the sea breaks o'er its bounds,
- 350 And overflows the level grounds,  
Those banks and dams, that, like a screen,  
Did keep it out, now keep it in,  
So when tyrann'cal usurpation  
Invades the freedom of a nation,
- 355 The laws o' th' land, that were intended  
To keep it out, are made defend it  
Does not in chancery every man swear  
What makes best for him in his answer?

- Is not the winding up witnesses,  
360 And nicking, more than half the business?  
For witnesses, like watches, go  
Just as they're set, too fast or slow,  
And where in conscience they're strait-laced,  
'Tis ten to one that side is cast
- 165 Do not your juries give their verdict,  
As if they felt the cause, not heard it?  
And as they please, make matter o' fact  
Run all on one side, as they're packed?  
Nature has made man's breast no windores,  
370 To publish what he does within doors,  
Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,  
Unless his own rash folly blab it  
If oaths can do a man no good  
In his own business, why they should
- 375 In other matters do him hurt,  
I think there's little reason for't  
He that imposes an oath makes it,  
Not he that for convenience takes it  
Then how can any man be said  
80 To break an oath he never made?  
These reasons may perhaps look oddly  
To th' wicked though they evince the godly,  
But if they will not serve to clear  
My honour, I am ne'er the near
- 385 Honour is like that glassy bubble,  
That finds philosophers such trouble;  
Whose least part cracked, the whole does fly,  
And wits are cracked to find out why'  
Quoth Ralpho, 'Honour's but a word
- 390 To swear by only in a lord  
In other men 'tis but a huff  
To vapour with, instead of proof,

That, like a wen, looks big and swells,  
Insenseless, and just nothing else'

395 'Let it,' quoth he, 'be what it will,

It has the world's opinion still

But as men are not wise that run

The slightest hazard they may shun,

There may a medium be found out

400 To clear to all the world the doubt,

And that is, if a man may do't,

By proxy whipped or substitute'

'Though nice and dark the point appear,'

Quoth Ralph, 'it may hold up and clear

405 That sinners may supply the place

Of suffering saints, is a plain case

Justice gives sentence, many times,

On one man for another's crimes

Our brethren of New England use

410 Choice malefactors to excuse,

And hang the guiltless in their stead,

Of whom the churches have less need,

As lately 't happened In a town

There lived a cobbler, and but one,

415 That out of doctrine could cut use,

And mend men's lives as well as shoes

This precious brother having slain,

In times of peace, an Indian,

Not out of malice but mere zeal,

420 Because he was an infidel,

The mighty Tottipottymoy

Sent to our elders an envoy,

Complaining sorely of the breach

Of league, held forth by brother Patch

425 Against the articles in force

Between both churches, his and ours,



- For which he craved the saints to render  
Into his hands, or hang, th' offender  
But they maturely having weighed  
430 They had no more but him o' th' trade,  
A man that served them in a double  
Capacity, to teach and cobble,  
Resolved to spare him, yet to do  
The Indian Hoghan Moghan too  
435 Impartial justice, in his stead did  
Hang an old weaver that was bed-rid  
Then wherefore may not you be skipped,  
And in your room another whipped?  
For all philosophers, but the sceptic,  
440 Hold whipping may be sympathetic'  
'It is enough,' quoth Hudibras,  
'Thou hast resolved, and cleared the case,  
And canst, in conscience, not refuse,  
From thy own doctrine, to raise use  
445 I know thou wilt not, for my sake,  
Be tender-conscienced of thy back  
Then strip thee of thy carnal jerkin,  
And give thy outward-fellow a firking,  
For when thy vessel is new hooped,  
450 All leaks of sinning will be stopped'  
Quoth Ralpho, 'You mistake the matter,  
For in all scruples of this nature  
No man includes himself, nor turns  
The point upon his own concerns  
455 As no man of his own self catches  
The itch, or amorous French aches,  
So no man does himself convince,  
By his own doctrine, of his sins  
And though all cry down self, none means  
460 His own self in a literal sense

- Besides, it is not only foppish,  
But vile, idolatrous, and popish,  
For one man out of his own skin  
To firk and whip another's sin,  
465 As pedants out of school-boys' breeches  
Do claw and curry their own itches  
But in this case it is profane,  
And sinful too, because in vain,  
For we must take our oaths upon it  
470 You did the deed, when I have done it '  
Quoth Hudibras, 'That's answered soon,  
Give us the whip, we'll lay it on '  
Quoth Ralpho, 'That we may swear true,  
'T were properer that I whipped you,  
475 For when with your consent 'tis done,  
The act is really your own '  
Quoth Hudibras, 'It is in vain,  
I see, to argue 'gainst the grain,  
Or, like the stars, incline men to  
480 What they're averse themselves to do  
For when disputes are wearied out,  
'Tis interest still resolves the doubt  
But since no reason can confute ye,  
I'll try to force you to your duty,  
485 For so it is, howe'er you mince it,  
As, ere we part, I shall evince it,  
And curry, if you stand out, whether  
You will or no, your stubborn leather  
Canst thou refuse to bear thy part  
490 I' th' public work, base as thou art?  
To higgie thus, for a few blows,  
To gain thy knight an op'lent spouse,  
Whose wealth his bowels yearn to purchase,  
Merely for th' interest of the churches?

- 495 And when he has it in his claws,  
Will not be hide-bound to the cause,  
Nor shalt thou find him a curmudgeon,  
If thou despatch it without grudging  
If not, resolve, before we go,  
500 That you and I must pull a crow'  
    'Ye'ad best,' quoth Ralpho, 'as the ancients  
Say wisely, Have a care o' th' main chance,  
And Look before you ere you leap,  
For As you sow, ye're like to reap  
505 And were y' as good as George a Green,  
I should make bold to turn again,  
Nor am I doubtful of the issue  
In a just quarrel, and mine is so  
Is 't fitting for a man of honour  
510 To whip the saints, like Bishop Bonner?  
A knight t' usurp the beadle's office,  
For which y' are like to raise brave trophies?  
But I advise you, not for fear,  
But for your own sake, to forbear,  
515 And for the churches, which may chance,  
From hence, to spring a variance,  
And raise among themselves new scruples,  
Whom common danger hardly couples  
Remember how in arms and politics  
520 We still have worsted all your holy tricks,  
Trepanned your party with intrigue,  
And took your grandees down a peg,  
New modelled th' army, and cashiered  
All that to Legion Smec adhered,  
525 Made a mere utensil o' your church,  
And after left it in the lurch,  
A scaffold to build up our own,  
And when w' had done with't pulled it down,

O'er reached your rabbins of the synod,  
530 And snapped their canons with a why not  
Grave synod men, that were revered  
For solid face, and depth of beard,  
Their classic model proved a maggot,  
Their direct'ry an Indian Pagod,  
535 And drowned their discipline like a kitten,  
On which they'd been so long a sitting,  
Decried it as a holy cheat,  
Grown out of date, and obsolete,  
And all the saints of the first grass,  
540 As casting foals of Balaam's ass'

At this the knight grew high in chafe,  
And, staring furiously on Ralph,  
He trembled and looked pale with ire,  
Like ashes first, then red as fire  
545 'Have I,' quoth he, 'been ta'en in fight,  
And for so many moons lain by't,  
And when all other means did fail,  
Have been exchanged for tubs of ale?  
Not but they thought me worth a ransom  
550 Much more considerable and handsome,  
But for their own sakes, and for fear  
They were not safe when I was there,  
Now to be baffled by a scoundrel,  
An upstart sect'ry, and a mongrel,  
555 Such as breed out of peccant humours  
Of our own church, like wens or tumours,  
And like a maggot in a sore,  
Would that which gave it life devour,  
It never shall be done or said '  
560 With that he seized upon his blade,  
And Ralpho too, as quick and bold,  
Upon his basket hilt laid hold,

With equal readiness prepared  
To draw and stand upon his guard ,  
565 When both were parted on the sudden,  
With hideous clamour, and a loud one,  
As if all sorts of noise had been  
Contracted into one loud din ,  
Or that some member to be chosen,  
570 He had got the odds above a thousand ,  
And, by the greatness of his noise,  
Proved fittest for his country's choice  
This strange surprisal put the knight  
And wrathful squire into a fright ,  
575 And though they stood prepared, with fatal  
Impetuous rancour, to join battle,  
Both thought it was the wisest course  
To wave the fight, and mount to horse,  
And to secure, by swift retreating,  
580 Themselves from danger of worse beating ,  
Yet neither of them would disparage,  
By uttering of his mind, his courage,  
Which made 'em stoutly keep their ground,  
With horror and disdain wind bound  
585 And now the cause of all their fear  
By slow degrees approached so near,  
They might distinguish different noise  
Of horns, and pans, and dogs, and boys,  
And kettle drums, whose sullen duop  
Sounds like the hooping of a tub  
But when the sight appeared in view,  
They found it was an antique show ,  
A triumph that, for pomp and state,  
Did proudest Romans emulate  
For as the aldermen of Rome  
Their foes at training overcome,

And not enlarging territory,  
As some, mistaken, write in story,  
Being mounted in their best array,  
600 Upon a car, and who but they?  
And followed by a world of tall lads,  
That merry ditties trolled, and ballads,  
Did ride with many a good-morrow,  
Crying, Hey for the town, through the borough,  
605 So when this triumph drew so nigh  
They might particulars descry,  
They never saw two things so pat,  
In all respects, as this and that  
First, he that led the cavalcate,  
610 Wore a sow gelder's flagellate,  
On which he blew as strong a levet,  
As well fee'd lawyer on his brev'ate,  
When over one another's heads  
They charge, three ranks at once, like Sweads  
615 Next pans and kettles of all keys,  
From trebles down to double base,  
And after them, upon a nag,  
That might pass for a fore hand stag,  
A cornet rode, and on his staff  
620 A smock displayed did proudly wave  
Then bagpipes of the loudest drones,  
With snuffing broken-winded tones,  
Whose blasts of air, in pockets shut,  
Sound filthier than from the gut,  
625 And make a viler noise than swine,  
In windy weather, when they whine  
Next one upon a pair of panniers,  
Full fraught with that which, for good manners,  
Shall here be nameless, mixed with grains,  
630 Which he dispensed among the swains,

And busily upon the crowd  
At random round about bestowed  
Then, mounted on a horned horse,  
One bore a gauntlet and gilt spurs,  
635 Tied to the pommel of a long sword  
He held reversed, the point turned downward  
Next after, on a raw boned steed,  
The conqueror's standard-bearer rid,  
And bore aloft before the champion  
640 A petticoat displayed, and rampant,  
Near whom the Amazon triumphant  
Bestrid her beast, and on the rump on'  
The warrior whilom overcome  
645 Armed with a spindle and a distaff,  
Which, as he rode, she made him twist off,  
And when he loitered, o'er her shoulder  
Chastized the reformado soldier  
Before the dame, and round about,  
650 Marched whiffers, and staffers on foot,  
With lackeys, grooms, valets, and pages,  
In fit and proper equipages,  
Of whom some torches bore, some links,  
Before the proud virago-minx,  
655 That was both madam, and a don,  
Like Nero's Sporus, or Pope Joan,  
And at fit periods the whole rout  
Set up their throats with clamorous shout  
The knight transported, and the squire,  
660 Put up their weapons, and their ire,  
And Hudibras, who used to ponder  
On such sights with judicious wonder,  
Could hold no longer to impart  
His an'madversions, for his heart  
665 Quoth he, 'In all my life, till now,  
I ne'er saw so profane a show,

It is a paganish invention,  
Which heathen writers often mention,  
And he who made it had read Goodwin,  
670 Or Ross, or Cælius Rhodigine,  
With all the Grecian Speeds and Stows,  
That best describe those ancient shows,  
And has observed all fit decorums  
We find described by old historians  
675 For, as the Roman conqueror  
That put an end to foreign war,  
Ent'ring the town in triumph for it,  
Bore a slave with him in his chariot,  
So this insulting female brave,  
680 Carries behind her here a slave  
And as the ancients long ago,  
When they in field defied the foe,  
Hung out their mantles *della guerre*,  
So her proud standard-bearer here,  
685 Waves on his spear, in dreadful manner,  
A Tyrian petticoat for banner  
Next links and torches, heretofore  
Still borne before the emperor  
And, as in antique triumph eggs  
690 Were borne for mystical intrigues,  
There's one, with truncheon like a ladle,  
That carries eggs too, fresh or addle,  
And still at random, as he goes,  
Among the rabble rout bestows'  
695 Quoth Ralpho, 'You mistake the matter,  
For all th' antiquity you smatter  
Is but a riding used of course,  
When the grey mare's the better horse,  
When o'er the breeches greedy women  
700 Fight, to extend their vast dominion,



And in the cause impatient Grizel  
Has drubbed her husband  
And brought him under covert baron,  
To turn her vassel with a murrain,  
705 When wives their sexes shift, like hares,  
And ride their husbands, like night-mares,  
And they, in mortal battle vanquished,  
Are of their charter disenfranchised,  
And by the right of war, like gills,  
710 Condemned to distaff, horns, and wheels  
For when men by their wives are cowed,  
Their horns of course are understood'  
Quoth Hudibras, 'Thou still giv'st sentence  
Impertinently, and against sense  
715 'Tis not the least disparagement  
To be defeated by th' event,  
Nor to be beaten by main force,  
That does not make a man the worse,  
Although his shoulders, with battoon  
720 Be clawed and cudgelled to some tune,  
A tailor's pientice has no hard  
Measure, that's banged with a true yard,  
But to turn tail, or run away,  
And without blows give up the day,  
725 Or to surrender ere the assault,  
That's no man's fortune, but his fault,  
And renders men of honour less  
Than all th' adversity of success,  
And only unto such this shew  
730 Of horns and petticoats is due.  
There is a lesser profanation,  
Like that the Romans called ovation  
For as ovation was allowed  
For conquest purchased without blood,

- 735 So men decree those lesser shows  
For victory gotten without blows,  
By dint of sharp hard words, which some  
Give battle with, and overcome,  
These mounted in a chair-curule,  
740 Which moderns call a cucking stool,  
March proudly to the river's side,  
And o'er the waves in triumph ride  
Like dukes of Venice, who are said  
The Adriatic sea to wed,  
745 And have a gentler wife than those  
For whom the state decrees those shows  
But both are heathenish, and come  
From                    Babylon and Rome,  
And by the saints should be withstood,  
750 As antichristian and lewd,  
And we, as such should now contribute  
Our utmost strugglings to prohibit'  
This said, they both advanced, and rode  
A dog-trot through the bawling crowd  
755 T' attack the leader, and still pressed,  
Till they approached him breast to breast  
Then Hudibras, with face and hand,  
Made signs for silence, which obtained,  
'What means,' quoth he, 'this dev'l's procession  
760 With men of orthodox profession?  
'Tis ethnic and idolatrous,  
From heathenism derived to us  
Does not                    Bab'lon ride  
Upon her hornèd beast astride,  
765 Like this proud dame, who either is  
A type of her, or she of this?  
Are things of superstitious function,  
Fit to be used in gospel sunshine?

It is an antichristian opera,  
770 Much used in midnight times of popery,  
Of running after self-inventions  
Of wicked and profane intentions,  
To scandalize that sex, for scolding,  
To whom the Saints are so beholden  
775 Women, who were our first apostles,  
Without whose aid w' had all been lost else,  
Women, that left no stone unturned  
In which the cause might be concerned,  
Brought in their children's spoons and whistles,  
780 To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols,  
Their husbands, cullies, and sweethearts,  
To take the saints' and churches' parts  
Drew several gifted brethren in,  
That for the bishops would have been,  
785 And fixed 'em constant to the party,  
With motives powerful and hearty  
Their husbands robbed, and made hard shifts  
T' administer unto their gifts  
All they could rap, and rend, and pilfer,  
790 To scraps and ends of gold and silver,  
Rubbed down the teachers, tired and spent  
With holding forth for parliament,  
Pampered and edified their zeal  
With marrow puddings many a meal  
795 Enabled them, with store of meat,  
Or controverted points, to eat,  
And crammed them, till their guts did ache,  
With caudle, custard, and plum-cake  
What have they done, or what left undone,  
800 That might advance the cause at London?  
Marched rank and file, with drum and ensign,  
T' intrench the city for defence in

Raised rampires with their own soft hands,  
To put the enemy to stands,  
805 From ladies down to oyster-wenchs,  
Laboured like pioneers in trenches,  
Fell to their pick axes, and tools,  
And helped the men to dig like moles?  
Have not the handmaids of the city  
810 Chose of their members a committee,  
For raising of a common purse,  
Out of their wages, to raise horse?  
And do they not as triers sit,  
To judge what officers are fit?  
815 Have they'—At that an egg let fly,  
Hit him directly o'er the eye,  
And running down his cheek, besmeared,  
With orange tawny slime, his beard,  
But beard and slime being of one hue,  
820 The wound the less appeared in view  
Then he that on the panniers rode,  
Let fly on th' other side a load,  
And quickly charged again, gave fully  
In Ralpho's face another volley  
825 The knight was startled with the smell,  
And for his sword began to feel,  
And Ralpho, smothered with the stink,  
Grasped his, when one that bore a link,  
O' th' sudden clapped his flaming cudgel,  
830 Like linstock, to the horse's touch hole,  
And straight another, with his flambeau,  
Gave Ralpho, o'er the eyes, a damned blow  
The beasts began to kick and fling,  
And forced the rout to make a ring,  
835 Through which they quickly broke their way,  
And brought them off from further fray,

And though disordered in retreat,  
Each of them stoutly kept his seat  
For quitting both their swords and reins,  
840 They grasped with all their strength the manes,  
And, to avoid the foe's pursuit,  
With spurring put their cattle to 't,  
And till all four were out of wind,  
And danger too, ne'er looked behind  
845 After they 'ad paused a while, supplying  
Their spirits, spent with fight and flying,  
And Hudibras recruited force  
Of lungs, for action or discourse,  
Quoth he, 'That man is sure to lose  
850 That fouls his hands with dirty foes  
For where no honour's to be gained,  
'Tis thrown away in being maintained  
'Twas ill for us, we had to do  
With so dishon'rabl a foe  
855 For though the law of arms doth bar  
The use of venom'd shot in war,  
Yet by the nauseous smell, and noisome,  
Their case-shot savour strong of poison,  
And, doubtless, have been chew'd with teeth  
860 Of some that had a stinking breath,  
Else when we put it to the push,  
They had not given us such a brush  
But as those poltroons that fling dirt  
Do but defile, but cannot hurt,  
865 So all the honour they have won,  
Or we have lost, is much at one  
'Twas well we made so resolute  
A brave retreat, without pursuit,  
For if we had not, we had sped  
870 Much worse, to be in triumph led,

Than which the ancients held no state  
Of man's life more unfortunate  
But if this bold adventure e'er  
Do chance to reach the widow's ear,  
875 It may, being destined to assert  
Her sex's honour, reach her heart  
And as such homely treats, they say,  
Portend good fortune, so this may  
Vespasian being daubed with dirt,  
880 Was destined to the empire for't,  
And from a scavenger did come  
To be a mighty prince in Rome  
And why may not this foul address  
Presage in love the same success?  
885 Then let us straight, to cleanse our wounds,  
Advance in quest of nearest ponds,  
And after, as we first designed,  
Swear I've performed what she enjoined'

## PART II —CANTO III

## THE ARGUMENT

*The knight, with various doubts possessed,  
To win the lady goes in quest  
Of Sídrophel the Rosicrucian,  
To know destinies resolution,  
With whom being met, they both chop logic  
About the science astrologic,  
Till falling from dispute to fight,  
The conjurer is worsted by the knight*

DOUBTLESS the pleasure is as great  
Of being cheated, as to cheat,  
As lookers-on feel most delight,  
That least perceive a juggler's sleight,  
5 And still the less they understand,  
The more th' admire his sleight of hand  
Some with a noise, and greasy light,  
Are snapped, as men catch larks by night,  
Ensnared and hampered by the soul,  
10 As nooses by the legs catch fowl  
Some, with a medicine, and receipt,  
Are drawn to nibble at the bait,  
And though it be a two-foot trout,  
'Tis with a single hair pulled out  
15 Others believe no voice t' an organ  
So sweet as lawyer's in his bar-gown,

- Until, with subtle cobweb cheats,  
They're catch'd in knotted law, like nets,  
In which, when they are once imbrangled,  
20 The more they stir, the more they're tangled,  
And while their purses can dispute,  
There's no end of th' immortal suit  
Others still gape t' anticipate  
The cabinet designs of fate,  
25 Apply to wizards, to foresee  
What shall, and what shall never be,  
And as those vultures do forebode,  
Believe events prove bad or good  
A flam more senseless than the roguery  
30 Of old aruspicy and augury,  
That out of garbages of cattle  
Presaged th' events of truce or battle,  
From flight of birds, or chickens pecking,  
Success of great'st attempts would reckon  
35 Though cheats, yet more intelligible  
Than those that with the stars do fribble  
This Hudibras by proof found true,  
As in due time and place we'll shew,  
For he, with beard and face made clean,  
40 Being mounted on his steed again——  
And Ralpho got a cock-horse too,  
Upon ~~his~~ beast, with much ado——  
Advanced on for the widow's house,  
T' acquit himself, and pay his vows,  
45 When various thoughts began to bustle,  
And with his inward man to justle  
He thought what danger might accrue,  
If she should find he swore untrue,  
Or if his squire or he should fail,  
50 And not be punctual in their tale,



- It might at once the ruin prove  
Both of his honour, faith, and love  
But if he should forbear to go,  
She might conclude he 'ad broke his vow ,  
55 And that he durst not now, for shame,  
Appear in court to try his claim  
This was the pen'worth of his thought,  
To pass time, and uneasy trot  
Quoth he, ' In all my past adventures  
60 I ne'er was set so on the tenters,  
Or taken tardy with dilemma,  
That every way I turn does hem me,  
And with inextricable doubt,  
Besets my puzzled wits about  
65 For though the dame has been my bail,  
To free me from enchanted jail,  
Yet, as a dog, committed close  
For some offence, by chance breaks loose,  
And quits his clog, but all in vain,  
70 He still draws after him his chain  
So though my ankle she has quitted,  
My heart continues still committed,  
And like a bailed and mainprized lover,  
Although at large, I am bound over  
75 And when I shall appear in court  
To plead my cause, and answer for 't,  
Unless the judge do partial prove,  
What will become of me and love,  
For if in our account we vary,  
80 Or but in circumstance miscarry ,  
Or if she put me to strict proof,  
And make me pull my doublet off,  
To shew, by evident record,  
Writ on my skin, I've kept my word,

- 85 How can I e'er expect to have her,  
Having demurred unto her favour?  
But faith, and love, and honour lost,  
Shall be reduced t' a knight o' th' post?  
Beside, that stripping may prevent  
90 What I'm to prove by argument,  
And justify I have a tail,  
And that way, too, my proof may fail  
Oh! that I could enucleate,  
And solve the problems of my fate,  
95 Or find, by necromantic art,  
How far the destinies take my part,  
For if I were not more than certain  
To win and wear her, and her fortune,  
I'd go no farther in this courtship,  
100 To hazard soul, estate, and worship  
For though an oath obliges not,  
Where anything is to be got,  
As thou hast proved, yet 'tis profane,  
And sinful, when men swear in vain'  
105 Quoth Ralph, 'Not far from hence doth dwell  
A cunning man, hight Sidrophel,  
That deals in destiny's dark counsels,  
And sage opinions of the moon sells,  
To whom all people, far and near,  
110 On deep importances repair  
When brass and pewter hap to stray,  
And linen slinks out o' the way,  
When geese and pullen are seduced, '  
And sows of sucking pigs are chowd,  
115 When cattle feel indisposition,  
And need th' opinion of physician,  
When murrain reigns in hogs or sheep,  
And chickens languish of the pip,

- When yeast and outward means do fail,  
120 And have no power to work on ale,  
When butter does refuse to come,  
And love proves cross and humoursome,  
To him with questions, and with urine,  
They for discovery flock, or curing'
- 125 Quoth Hudibras, 'This Sidrophel  
I've heard of, and should like it well,  
If thou canst prove the saints have freedom  
To go to sorcerers when they need 'em.'
- Says Ralpho, 'There's no doubt of that,  
130 Those principles I quoted late  
Prove that the godly may allege  
For anything their privilege,  
And to the devil himself may go,  
If they have motives thereunto
- 135 For as there is a war between  
The devil and them, it is no sin  
If they, by subtle stratagem,  
Make use of him, as he does them  
Has not this present parliament
- 140 A ledger to the devil sent,  
Fully empowered to treat about  
Finding revolted witches out?  
And has not he, within a year,  
Hanged threescore of 'em in one shire?
- 145 Some only for not being drowned,  
And some for sitting above ground  
Whole days and nights, upon their breeches,  
And feeling pain, were hanged for witches  
And some for putting knavish tricks
- 150 Upon green geese and turkey-chicks,  
Or pigs, that suddenly deceased  
Of griefs unnatural, as he guessed,

- Who after proved himself a witch,  
And made a rod for his own breech,  
155 Did not the devil appear to Martin  
Luther in Germany for certain?  
And would have gulled him with a trick,  
But Mart was too, too politic  
Did he not help the Dutch to purge,  
160 At Antwerp, their cathedral church?  
Sing catches to the saints at Mascon,  
And tell them all they came to ask him?  
Appear in divers shapes to Kelly,  
And speak i' th' Nun of Loudun's belly?  
165 Meet with the parliament's committee,  
At Woodstock, on a personal treaty?  
At Sarum take a cavalier,  
I' th' cause's service, prisoner?  
As Withers, in immortal rhyme,  
170 Has registered to after-time  
Do not our great reformers use  
This Sidrophel to forebode news,  
To write of victories next year,  
And castles taken, yet i' th' air?  
175 Of battles fought at sea, and ships  
Sunk, two years hence? the last eclipse?  
A total o'erthrow given the king  
In Cornwall, horse and foot, next spring?  
And has not he point-blank foretold  
180 Whats'e'er the close committee would?  
Made Mars and Saturn for the cause,  
The moon for fundamental laws?  
The Ram, the Bull, and Goat, declare  
Against the Book of Common Prayer?  
185 The Scorpion take the protestation,  
And Bear engage for reformation?

Made all the royal stars recant,  
Compound, and take the Covenant?'

Quoth Hudibras, 'The case is clear

190 The saints may employ a conjurer,  
As thou hast proved it by their practice,  
No argument like matter of fact is  
And we are best of all led to  
Men's principles by what they do  
195 Then let us straight advance in quest  
Of this profound gymnosophist,  
And as the fates and he advise,  
Pursue, or waive this enterprise'

This said, he turned about his steed,  
200 And eftsoons on th' adventure rid,  
Where leave we him and Ralph a while,  
And to the Conjurer turn our style,  
To let our reader understand  
What's useful of him beforehand

205 He had been long t'wards mathematics,  
Optics, philosophy, and statics,  
Magic, horoscopy, astrology,  
And was old dog at physiology,  
But as a dog that turns the spit  
210 Bestirs himself, and plies his feet  
To climb the wheel, but all in vain,  
His own weight brings him down again,  
And still he's in the self-same place  
Where at his setting out he was,

215 So in the circle of the arts  
Did he advance his natural parts,  
Till falling back still, for retreat,  
He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat  
For as those fowls that live in water  
220 Are never wet, he did but smatter,

Whate'er he laboured to appear,  
His understanding still was clear,  
Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,  
Since old Hodge Bacon, and Bob Grosted  
225 Th' intelligible world he knew,  
And all men dream on't to be true,  
That in this world there's not a wart  
That has not there a counterpart,  
Nor can there, on the face of ground  
230 An individual beard be found  
That has not, in that foreign nation,  
A fellow of the self-same fashion,  
So cut, so coloured, and so curled,  
As those are in th' inferior world  
235 He 'ad read Dee's prefaces before  
The devil, and Euclid, o'er and o'er,  
And all th' intrigues 'twixt him and Kelly,  
Lescus and th' emperor, wou'd tell ye  
But with the moon was more familiar  
240 Than e'er was almanack well-willer,  
Her secrets understood so clear,  
That some believed he had been there,  
Knew when she was in fittest mood  
For cutting corns, or letting blood,  
245 When sows and bitches may be spay'd,  
And in what sign best cyder's made,  
Whether the wane be, or increase,  
250 Best to set garlic, or sow peas,  
Who first found out the man i' th' moon,  
That to the ancients was unknown,  
How many dukes, and earls, and peers,  
Are in the planetary spheres,  
255 Their airy empire, and command,  
Their several strengths by sea and land,

What factions they 'ave, and what they drive at  
In public vogue, or what in private,  
With what designs and interests  
260 Each party manages contests  
He made an instrument to know  
If the moon shine at full or no,  
That would, as soon as e'er she shone, straight  
Whether 'twere day or night demonstrate,  
265 Tell wh't her d'ameter to an inch is,  
And prove that she's not made of green cheese  
It would demonstrate, that the man in  
The moon's a sea mediterranean  
And that it is no dog nor bitch  
270 That stands behind him at his breech,  
But a huge Caspian sea, or lake,  
With arms, which men for legs mistake,  
How large a gulph his tail composes,  
And what a goodly bay his nose is,  
275 How many German leagues by th' scale  
Cape snout's from promontory tail  
He made a planetary gin,  
Which rats would run their own heads in,  
And come on purpose to be taken,  
280 Without th' expense of cheese or bacon  
With lute-strings he would counterfeit  
Maggot, that crawl on dish of meat,  
Quote moles and spots on any place  
O' th' body, by the index face,  
285 Cure warts and corns, with application  
Of medicines to th' imagination,  
Fright agues into dogs, and scare,  
290 With rhymes, the toothache and catarrh  
Chase evil spirits away by dint  
Of sickle, horse shoe, hollow-flint,

Spit fire out of a walnut shell,  
Which made the Roman slaves rebel,  
295 And fire a mine in China here,  
With sympathetic gunpowder  
He knew what's ever's to be known,  
But much more than he knew would own,  
What medicine 'twas that Paracelsus  
300 Could make a man with, as he tells us,  
What figured slates are best to make,  
On watery surface, duck or drake,  
What bowling stones, in running race  
Upon a board, have swiftest pace,  
305 Whether a pulse beat in the black  
List of a dappled louse's back,  
If systole or diastole move  
Quickest when he's in wrath, or love,  
When two of them do run a race,  
310 Whether they gallop, trot, or pace,  
How many scores a flea will jump,  
Of his own length, from head to rump,  
Which Socrates and Chærephon  
In vain assayed so long ago,  
315 Whether his snout a perfect nose is,  
And not an elephant's proboscis,  
How many different specieses  
Of maggots breed in rotten cheese,  
And which are next of kin to those  
320 Engendered in a chandler's nose,  
Or those not seen, but understood,  
That live in vinegar and wood  
A paltry wretch he had half-starved,  
That him in place of zany served,  
325 Hight Whachum, bred to dash and draw,  
Not wine, but more unwholesome law,



To make 'twixt words and lines huge gaps,  
Wide as meridians in maps,  
To squander paper and spare ink,  
330 Or cheat men of their words, some think  
From this, by merited degrees,  
He'd to more high advancement rise,  
To be an under conjurer,  
Or journeyman astrologer  
335 His business was to pump and wheedle,  
And men with their own keys unriddle,  
To make them to themselves give answers,  
For which they pay the necromancers,  
To fetch and carry intelligence  
340 Of whom, and what, and where, and whence,  
And all discoveries disperse  
Among th' whole pack of conjurers,  
What cut-purses have left with them,  
For the right owners to redeem,  
345 And what they dare not vent, find out,  
To gain themselves and th' art repute,  
Draw figures, schemes, and horoscopes,  
Of Newgate, Bridewell, brokers' shops,  
Of thieves ascendant in the cart,  
350 And find out all by rules of art  
Which way a serving-man, that's run  
With clothes or money away, is gone,  
Who picked a fob at holding-forth,  
And where a watch, for half the worth,  
355 May be redeemed, or stolen plate  
Restored at conscionable rate  
Beside all this, he served his master  
In quality of poetaster,  
And rhymes appropriate could make  
360 To every month i' th' almanack,

Where terms begin, and end, could tell,  
With their returns in doggerel ,  
When the exchequer opes and shuts,  
And sowgeldei with safety cuts ,  
365 When men may eat and drink their fill,  
And when be temperate, if they will ,  
When use, and when abstain from vice,  
Figs, grapes, phlebotomy, and spice  
And as in prison mean rogues beat  
370 Hemp for the service of the great,  
So Whachum beat his dirty brains  
I' advance his masters fame and gains,  
And like the devil's oracles,  
Put into doggerel rhymes his spells,  
375 Which, over ev'ry month's blank page  
I' th' almanack, strange bilks presage  
He would an elegy compose  
On maggots squeezed out of his nose ,  
In lyric numbers write an ode on  
380 His mistress, eating a black pudden ,  
His sonnets charmed th' attentive crowd,  
By wide mouthed mortal trolled aloud,  
385 That, circled with his long-eared guests,  
Like Orpheus looked among the beasts  
A carman's horse could not pass by,  
But stood tied up to poetry ,  
No porter's burthen passed along,  
390 But served for burthen to his song  
Each window like a pillory appears,  
With heads thrust through, nailed by the eais ,  
All trades run in as to the sight  
Of monsters, or their dear delight  
395 The gallow tree, when cutting purse  
Breeds business for heroic verse,

Which none does hear, but would have hung  
T' have been the theme of such a song  
Those two together long had lived,  
400 In mansion, prudently contrived,  
Where neither tree nor house could bar  
The free detection of a star,  
And nigh an ancient obelisk  
Was raised by him, found out by Fisk,  
405 On which was written, not in words,  
But hieroglyphic mute of birds,  
Many rare pithy saws, concerning  
The worth of astrologic learning  
From top of this there hung a rope,  
410 To which he fastened telescope,  
The spectacles with which the stars  
He reads in smallest characters  
It happened as a boy, one night,  
Did fly his tarsel of a kite,  
415 The strangest long winged hawk that flies,  
That, like a bird of Paradise,  
Or herald's martlet, has no legs,  
Nor hatches young ones, nor lays eggs,  
His train was six yards long, milk-white,  
420 At th' end of which there hung a light,  
Inclosed in lantern made of paper,  
That far off like a star did appear  
This Sidrophel by chance espied,  
And with amazement staring wide,  
425 'Bless us,' quoth he, 'what dreadful wonder  
Is that appears in heaven yonder?  
A comet, and without a beard!  
Or star that ne'er before appeared?  
I'm certain 'tis not in the scroll  
430 Of all those beasts, and fish, and fowl,

With which, like Indian plantations,  
The learned stock the constellations,  
Nor those that, drawn for signs, have been  
To th' houses where the planets inn  
435 It must be supernatural,  
Unless it be that cannon ball  
That, shot i' th' air, point blank upright,  
Was borne to that prodigious height,  
That, learned philosophers maintain,  
440 It ne'er came backwards down again,  
But in the any region yet  
Hangs like the body of Mahomet  
For if it be above the shade,  
That by the earth's round bulk is made,  
445 'Tis probable it may, from far,  
Appear no bullet, but a star'  
This said, he to his engine flew,  
Placed near at hand, in open view,  
And raised it, till it levelled right  
450 Against the glow-worm tail of kite,  
Then peeping through, 'Bless us!' gouth he,  
'It is a planet, now, I see,  
And, if I err not, by his proper  
Figure, that's like tobacco-stopper,  
455 It should be Saturn yes, 'tis clear  
'Tis Saturn, but what makes him there?  
He's got between the Dragon's tail  
And farther leg behind o' th' Whale,  
Pray heaven divert the fatal omen,  
460 For 'tis a prodigy not common,  
And can no less than the world's end,  
Or Nature's funeral, portend'  
With that, he fell again to pry  
Through perspective, more wistfully,

- 465 When, by mischance, the fatal string,  
That kept the towering fowl on wing,  
Breaking, down fell the star 'Well shot,'  
Quoth Whachum, who right wisely thought  
He 'ad levelled at a star, and hit it,  
470 But Sidrophel, more subtle-witted,  
Cried out, 'What horrible and fearful  
Portent is this, to see a star fall !  
It threatens nature, and the doom  
Will not be long before it come !  
475 When stars do fall, 'tis plain enough  
The day of judgment's not far off,  
As lately 'twas revealed to Sedgwick,  
And some of us find out by magic  
Then, since the time we have to live  
480 In this world's shortened, let us strive  
To make our best advantage of it,  
And pay our losses with our profit'  
This feat fell out not long before  
The knight, upon the forenamed score,  
485 In quest of Sidrophel advancing,  
Was now in prospect of the mansion,  
Whom he discovering, turned his glass,  
And found far off 'twas Hudibras  
'Whachum,' quoth he, 'Look yonder, some  
490 To try or use our art are come  
The one's the learned knight, seek out,  
And pump 'em what they come about'  
Whachum advanced, with all submiss'ness  
T' accost 'em, but much more their business  
495 He held a stirrup, while the knight  
From leathern Bare-bones did alight,  
And, taking from his hand the bridle,  
Approached, the dark squire to unriddle

- He gave him first the time o' th' day,  
500 And welcomed him, as he might say  
He asked him whence they came, and whither  
Their business lay? Quoth Ralpho, 'Hither  
'Did you not lose'—Quoth Ralpho, 'Nay'  
Quoth Whachum, 'Sir, I meant your way'  
505 Your knight,'—Quoth Ralpho, 'Is a lover,—  
And pains intol'rabable doth suffer,  
For lovers' hearts are not their own hearts,  
Nor lights, nor lungs, and so forth downwards'  
'What time?'—Quoth Ralpho, 'Sir, too long,  
510 Three years it off and on has hung—'  
Quoth he, 'I meant what time o' the day 'tis',  
Quoth Ralpho, 'Between seven and eight 'tis'  
'Why then,' quoth Whachum, 'my small art  
Tells me the dame has a hard heart,  
515 Or great estate —Quoth Ralph, 'A jointure,  
Which makes him have so hot a mind t' her'  
Which having done, the wizard steps in,  
520 To give him a suitable reception,  
But kept his business at a bay,  
Till Whachum put him in the way,  
Who having now, by Ralpho's light,  
Expounded th' errand of the knight,  
525 And what he came to know, drew near  
To whisper in the conjurer's ear,  
Which he prevented thus 'What was't',  
Quoth he, 'that I was saying last,  
Before these gentleman arrived?'  
530 Quoth Whachum, 'Venus you retrieved  
In opposition with Mars,  
And no benign or friendly stars  
T' allay the effect' Quoth wizard, 'So'  
In Virgo? ha!'  
Quoth Whachum, 'No'

- 5 5 'Has Saturn nothing to do in it?'  
'One tenth of's circle to a minute?'  
'Tis well,' quoth he—'Sir, you'll excuse  
This rudeness I am forced to use,  
It is a scheme, and face of heaven  
40 As th' aspects are disposed this even,  
I was contemplating upon  
When you arrived, but now I've done'  
Quoth Hudibras, 'If I appear  
Unseasonable in coming here  
545 At such a time, to interrupt  
Your speculations, which I hoped  
Assistance from, and come to use,  
'Tis fit that I ask your excuse'  
'By no means, Sir,' quoth Sidrophel,  
550 'The stars your coming did foretell,  
I did expect you here, and knew,  
Before you spake, your business too'  
Quoth Hudibras, 'Make that appear,  
And I shall credit whatsoe'er  
555 You tell me after, on your word,  
Howe'er unlikely, or absurd'  
'You are in love, Sir, with a widow,'  
Quoth he, 'that does not greatly heed you,  
And for three years has rid your wit  
560 And passion, without drawing bit,  
And now your business is to know  
If you shall carry her, or no'  
Quoth Hudibras, 'You're in the right,  
But how the devil you come by't  
565 I can't imagine, for the stars,  
I'm sure, can tell no more than a horse,  
Nor can their aspects, though you pore  
Your eyes out on 'em, tell you more

- Than th' oracle of sieve and shears,  
570 That turns as certain as the spheres,  
But if the devil's of your counsel,  
Much may be done, my noble donzel,  
And 'tis on his account I come,  
To know from you my fatal doom'
57. Quoth Sidrophel, 'If you suppose,  
Sir Knight, that I am one of those,  
I might suspect, and take the alarm  
Your business is but to inform,  
But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,  
580 You have a wrong sow by the ear,  
For I assure you, for my part,  
I only deal by rules of art,  
Such as are lawful, and judge by  
Conclusions of astrology,  
585 But for the devil, know nothing by him,  
But only this, that I defy him'
- Quoth he, 'Whatever others deem ye,  
I understand your metonymy,  
Your words of second-hand intention,  
590 When things by wrongful names you mention,  
The mystic sense of all your terms,  
That are indeed but magic charms  
To raise the devil, and mean one thing,  
And that is down right conjuring,  
595 And in itself more warrantable  
Than cheat or canting to a rabble,  
Or putting tricks upon the moon,  
Which by confederacy are done  
Your ancient conjurers were wont  
600 To make her from her sphere dismount,  
And to their incantation stoop,  
They scorned to pore through telescope,



Or idly play at bo-peep with her,  
To find out cloudy or fair weather,  
605 Which every almanack can tell,  
Perhaps as learnedly and well  
As you yourself—Then, friend, I doubt  
You go the farthest way about  
~~The~~ Rosicrucian way's more sure  
To bring the devil to the lure,  
615 Each of 'em has a several gin,  
To catch intelligences in  
Some by the nose, with fumes, trepan 'em,  
As Dunstan did the devil's grannam,  
Others with characters and words  
620 Catch 'em, as men in nets do birds,  
And some with symbols, signs, and tricks,  
Engraved in planetary nicks,  
With their own influences will fetch 'em  
Down from their orbs, arrest, and catch 'em,  
625 Make 'em depose and answer to  
All questions, ere they let them go  
Bombastus kept a devil's bird  
Shut in the pommel of his sword,  
That taught him all the cunning pranks  
630 Of past and future mountebanks  
Kelly did all his feats upon  
The devil's looking-glass, a stone,  
Where, playing with him at bo peep,  
He solved all problems ne'er so deep  
635 Agrippa kept a Stygian pug,  
I' th' garb and habit of a dog,  
That was his tutor, and the cur  
Read to th' occult philosopher,  
And taught him subtly to maintain  
640 All other sciences are vain'

- To this, quoth Sidrophello, 'Sir,  
Agrippa was no conjurer,  
Nor Paracelsus, no, nor Behmen,  
Nor was the dog a cacodæmon,  
645 But a true dog, that would show tricks  
For th' emperor, and leap o'er sticks,  
Would fetch and carry, was more civil  
Than other dogs, and yet no devil,  
And whatsoe'er he's said to do,  
650 He went the self same way we go  
As for the Rosy-cross philosophers,  
Whom you will have to be but sorcerers,  
What they pretend to is no more  
Than Trismegistus did before  
655 Pythagoras, old Zoroaster,  
And Apollonius their master,  
To whom they do confess they owe  
All that they do, and all they know'  
Quoth Hudibras,—'Alas! what is't t' us  
660 Whether 'twas said by Trismegistus  
If it be nonsense, false, or mystic,  
Or not intelligible, or sophistic?  
'Tis not antiquity, nor author,  
That makes truth truth, although Time's daughter,  
665 'Twas he that put her in the pit,  
Before he pulled her out of it,  
And as he eats his sons, just so  
He feeds upon his daughters too  
Nor does it follow, 'cause a herald  
670 Can make a gentleman, scarce a year old,  
To be descended of a race  
Of ancient kings in a small space,  
That we should all opinions hold  
Authentic that we can make old'

- 675 Quoth Sidrophel, 'It is no part  
Of prudence to cry down an art,  
And what it may perform, deny,  
Because you understand not why,  
As Averrois played but a mean trick,  
680 To damn our whole art for eccentric,  
For who knows all that knowledge contains?  
Men dwell not on the tops of mountains,  
But on their sides, or risings, seat,  
So 'tis with knowledge's vast height  
685 Do not the histories of all ages  
Relate miraculous presages  
Of strange turns in the world's affairs,  
Foreseen b' astrologers, soothsayers,  
Chaldeans, learned Genethliacs,  
690 And some that have writ almanacks?  
The Median emperor dreamt his daughter  
\* \* \* all Asia under water,  
And that a vine, sprung from her haunches,  
O'erspread his empire with its branches,  
695 And did not soothsayers expound it,  
As after by th' event he found it?  
When Cæsar in the senate fell,  
Did not the sun eclipsed foretell,  
And, in resentment of his slaughter,  
700 Looked pale for almost a year after?  
Augustus having, b' oversight,  
Put on his left shoe 'fore his right,  
Had like to have been slain that day,  
By soldiers mutin'ing for pay  
705 Are there not myriads of this sort,  
Which stories of all times report?  
Is it not ominous in all countries,  
When crows and ravens croak upon trees?

The Roman senate, when within  
710 The city walls an owl was seen,  
Did cause their clergy, with lustrations,  
Our Synod calls humiliations,  
The round-faced prodigy t' avert  
From doing town or country hurt  
715 And if an owl have so much power,  
Why should not planets have much more,  
That in a region far above  
Inferior fowls of the air move,  
And should see further, and foreknow  
720 More than their augury below?  
Though that once served the polity  
Of mighty states to govern by,  
And this is what we take in hand,  
By powerful art, to understand,  
725 Which, how we have performed, all ages  
Can speak th' events of our presages  
Have we not lately in the moon,  
Found a new world, to th' old unknown?  
Discovered sea and land, Columbus  
730 And Magellan could never compass?  
Made mountains with our tubes appear,  
And cattle grazing on 'em there?'  
Quoth Hudibras, 'You lie so ope,  
That I, without a telescope,  
' 735 Can find your tricks out, and descry  
Where you tell truth, and where you lie  
For Anaxagoras, long ago,  
Saw hills, as well as you, i' th' moon,  
And held the sun was but a piece  
740 Of red-hot iron as big as Greece,  
Believed the heavens were made of stone,  
Because the sun had voided one,

- And, rather than he would recant  
Th' opinion, suffered banishment
- 745 But what, alas ! is it to us,  
Whether i' th' moon, men thus or thus  
Do eat their porridge, cut their corns,  
Or whether they have tails or horns ?  
What trade from thence can you advance,
- 750 But what we nearer have from France ?  
What can our travellers bring home,  
That is not to be learned at Rome ?  
What politics, or strange opinions,  
That are not in our own dominions ?
- 755 What science can be brought from thence,  
In which we do not here commence ?  
What revelations, or religions,  
That are not in our native regions ?  
Are sweating lanterns, or screen-fans,
- 760 Made better there than they're in France ?  
Or do they teach to sing and play  
O' th' guitar there a newer way ?  
Can they make plays there, that shall fit  
The public humour with less wit ?
- 765 Write wittier dances, quantier shows,  
Or fight with more ingenious blows ?  
Or does the man i' th' moon look big,  
And wear a huger periwig ?  
Show in his gait, or face, more tricks
- 770 Than our own native lunatics ?  
But if w' outdo him here at home,  
What good of your design can come ?  
As wind i' th' hypocondres pent,  
Is but a blast, if downward sent,
- 775 But if it upward chance to fly,  
Becomes new light and prophecy,

So when your speculations tend  
Above their just and useful end,  
Although they promise strange and great  
780 Discoveries of things far set,  
They are but idle dreams and fancies,  
And savour strongly of the ganzas  
Tell me but what's the natural cause  
Why on a sign no painter draws  
785 The full-moon ever, but the half?  
Resolve that with your Jacob's staff,  
Or why wolves raise a hubbub at her,  
And dogs howl when she shines in water?  
And I shall freely give my vote,  
790 You may know something more remote '  
At this, deep Sidrophel looked wise,  
And staring round with owl-like eyes,  
He put his face into a posture  
Of sapience, and began to bluster,  
795 For having three times shook his head  
To stir his wit up, thus he said  
'Art has no mortal enemies  
Next ignorance, but owls and geese,  
Those consecrated geese, in orders,  
800 That to the Capitol were warders,  
And being then upon patrol,  
With noise alone beat off the Gaul,  
Or those Athenian sceptic owls,  
That will not credit their own souls,  
805 Or any science understand,  
Beyond the reach of eye or hand,  
But measuring all things by their own  
Knowledge, hold nothing's to be known,  
Those wholesale critics, that in coffee-  
810 Houses cry down all philosophy,

- And will not know upon what ground  
In nature we our doctrine found,  
Although with pregnant evidence  
We can demonstrate it to sense,  
815 As I just now have done to you,  
Foretelling what you came to know  
Were the stars only made to light  
Robbers and burglars by night?  
To wait on drunkards, thieves, gold-finders  
820 And lovers solacing behind doors,  
Or giving one another pledges  
Of matrimony under hedges?  
Or witches simpling, and on gibbets  
Cutting from malefactors snippets?  
825 Or from the pillory tips of ears  
Of rebel saints and perjurers?  
Only to stand by, and look on,  
But not know what is said or done?  
Is there a constellation there  
830 That was not born and bred up here,  
And therefore cannot be to learn  
In any inferior concern?  
Were they not, during all their lives,  
Most of 'em pirates, \* \* \*, and thieves?  
835 And is it like they have not still,  
In their old practices, some skill?  
Is there a planet that by birth  
Does not derive its house from earth,  
And therefore probably must know  
840 What is, and hath been done below?  
Who made the Balance, or whence came  
The Bull, the Lion, and the Ram?  
Did not we here the Argo rig,  
Make Berenice's periwig?

- 845 Whose livery does the coachman wear?  
Or who made Cassiopeia's chair?  
And therefore, as they came from hence,  
With us may hold intelligence  
Plato denied the world can be  
850 Governed without geometry  
For money b'ing the common scale  
Of things by measure, weight, and tale,  
In all th' affairs of church and state,  
'Tis both the balance and the weight,  
855 Then much less can it be without  
Divine astrology made out,  
That puts the other down in worth,  
As far as heaven's above the earth'  
'These reasons,' quoth the knight, 'I grant  
860 Are something more significant  
Than any that the learned use  
Upon this subject to produce,  
And yet they're far from satisfactory,  
T' establish and keep up your factory  
865 Th' Egyptians say, the sun has twice  
Shifted his setting and his rise,  
Twice has he risen in the west,  
As many times set in the east,  
But whether that be true or no,  
870 The devil any of you know  
Some hold, the heavens, like a top,  
Are kept by circulation up,  
And were 't not for their wheeling round,  
They'd instantly fall to the ground,  
875 As sage Empedocles of old,  
And from him modern authors hold  
Plato believed the sun and moon  
Below all other planets run



Some Mercury, some Venus seat  
880 Above the Sun himself in height  
The learned Scaliger complained  
'Gainst what Copernicus maintained,  
That in twelve hundred years, and odd,  
The Sun had left its ancient road,  
885 And nearer to the Earth is come  
'Bove fifty thousand miles from home,  
Swore 'twas a most notorious flam,  
And he that had so little shame  
To vent such fopperies abroad,  
890 Deserved to have his rump well clawed ,  
Which Monsieur Bodin hearing, swore  
That he deserved the rod much more,  
That durst upon a truth give doom,  
He knew less than the pope of Rome  
895 Cardan believed great states depend  
Upon the tip o' th' Bear's tail's end,  
That as she whisked it towards the Sun,  
Strowed mighty empires up and down ,  
Which others say must needs be false,  
900 Because your true bears have no tails  
Some say the Zodiac constellations  
Have long since changed their antique stations  
Above a sign, and prove the same  
In Taurus now, once in the Ram ,  
905 Affirmed the Trigons chopped and changed,  
The watery with the fiery ranged ,  
Then how can their effects still hold  
To be the same they were of old?  
This, though the art were true, would make  
910 Our modern soothsayers mistake,  
And is one cause they tell more lies,  
In figures and nativities,

Than th' old Chaldean conjurers,  
In so many hundred thousand years,  
915 Beside their nonsense in translating,  
For want of accidence and latin,  
Like Idus, and Calendæ, englished  
The quarter days, by skilful linguist,  
And yet with canting, sleight, and cheat,  
920 'Twill serve their turn to do the feat,  
Make fools believe in their foreseeing  
Of things before they are in being,  
To swallow gudgeons ere they're caught,  
And count their chickens ere they're hatched,  
925 Make them the constellations prompt,  
And give 'em back their own accompt,  
But still the best to him that gives  
The best price for 't, or best believes  
Some towns, some cities, some, for brevity  
930 Have cast the 'versal world's nativity,  
And made the infant stars confess,  
Like fools or children, what they please  
Some calculate the hidden fates  
Of monkeys, puppy-dogs, and cats,  
Some take a measure of the lives  
Of fathers, mothers, husbands, wives,  
Make opposition, trine, and quartile,  
940 Tell who is barren, and who fertile,  
As if the planet's first aspect  
The tender infant did infect  
In soul and body, and instil  
All future good and future ill,  
945 Which in their dark fatal'ties lurking,  
At destined periods fall a-working,  
And break out, like the hidden seeds  
Of long diseases, into deeds,

In friendships, enmities, and strife,  
950 And all th' emergencies of life  
No sooner does he peep into  
The world, but he has done his do,  
Caught all diseases, took all physic  
That cures or kills a man that is sick ,  
955 Married his punctual dose of wives,  
Is cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives  
There's but the twinkling of a star  
Between a man of peace and war ,  
A thief and justice, fool and knave,  
960 A huffing officer and a slave ,  
A crafty lawyer and pickpocket,  
A great philosopher and a blockhead ,  
A formal preacher and a player,  
A learned physician and manslayer  
965 As if men from the stars did suck  
Old age, diseases, and ill-luck,  
And draw, with the first air they breathe,  
970 Battle and murder, sudden death  
Are not these fine commodities  
To be imported from the skies,  
And vended here among the rabble,  
For staple goods and warrantable?  
975 Like money by the Druids borrowed,  
In th' other world to be restored '  
Quoth Sidrophel, 'To let you know  
You wrong the art and artists too,  
Since arguments are lost on those  
980 That do our principles oppose,  
I will, although I've done 't before,  
Demonstrate to your sense once more,  
And draw a figure that shall tell you  
What you, perhaps, forget befell you ,

- 985 By way of horary inspection,  
Which some account our worst erection '  
With that, he circles draws, and squares,  
With cyphers, astral characters,  
Then looks 'em o'er to understand 'em,  
990 Although set down hab-nab, at random  
Quoth he, 'This scheme of th' heavens set,  
Discovers how in fight you met,  
At Kingston, with a may pole idol,  
And that y' were banged both back and side well,  
995 And though you overcame the bear,  
The dogs beat you at Brentford fair,  
Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle,  
And handled you like a fop doodle '  
Quoth Hudibras, 'I now perceive  
1000 You are no conjurer, by your leave  
That paltry story is untrue,  
And forged to cheat such gulls as you '  
'Not true!' quoth he, 'Howe'er you vapour,  
I can what I affirm make appear,  
1005 Whachum shall justify it t' your face,  
And prove he was upon the place  
He played the saltinbancho's part,  
Transformed t' a Frenchman by my art,  
He stole your cloak, and picked your pocket,  
1010 Chowshed and caldesed you like a blockhead,  
And what you lost I can produce,  
If you deny it, here i' th' house '  
Quoth Hudibras, 'I do believe  
That argument's demonstrative,  
1015 Ralpo, bear witness, and go fetch us  
A constable to seize the wretches,  
For though they're both false knaves and cheats,  
Impostors, jugglers, counterferts,

I'll make them serve for perpendic'lars,  
1020 As true as eer were used by bricklayers  
They're guilty, by their own confessions,  
Of felony, and at the sessions,  
Upon the bench, I will so handle 'em,  
That the vibration of this pendulum  
1025 Shall make all tailors' yards of one  
Unanimous opinion,  
A thing he long has vapoured of,  
But now shall make it out by proof'  
Quoth Sidrophel, 'I do not doubt  
1030 To find friends that will bear me out,  
Nor have I hazarded my art,  
And neck, so long on the state's part,  
To be exposed, i' th' end, to suffer  
By such a braggadocio huffer'  
1035 'Huffer!' quoth Hudibras, 'this sword  
Shall down thy false throat cram that word  
Ralpho, make haste, and call an officer,  
To apprehend this Stygian sophister,  
Meanwhile I'll hold 'em at a bay,  
1040 Lest he and Whachum run away'  
But Sidrophel, who from th' aspect  
Of Hudibras, did now erect  
A figure worse portending far  
Than that of most malignant star,  
1045 Believed it now the fittest moment  
To shun the danger that might come on't,  
While Hudibras was all alone,  
And he and Whachum, two to one  
This being resolved, he spied by chance,  
1050 Behind the door, an iron lance,  
That many a sturdy limb had gored,

And legs, and loins, and shoulders bored,  
He snatched it up, and made a pass,  
To make his way through Hudibras  
1055 Whachum had got a fire fork,  
With which he vowed to do his work,  
But Hudibras was well prepared,  
And stoutly stood upon his guard  
He put by Sidrophello's thrust,  
1060 And in right manfully he rushed,  
The weapon from his gripe he wrung,  
And laid him on the earth along  
Whachum his sea coal prong threw by,  
And basely turned his back to fly,  
1065 But Hudibras gave him a twitch,  
As quick as lightning, in the breech,  
Just in the place where honour's lodged,  
As wise philosophers have judged,  
Because a kick in that part more  
1070 Hurts honour, than deep wounds before  
Quoth Hudibras, 'The stars determine  
You are my prisoners, base vermin  
Could they not tell you so, as well  
As what I came to know, foretell?  
1075 By this, what cheats you are, we find,  
That in your own concerns are blind  
Your lives are now at my dispose,  
To be redeemed by fine or blows  
But who his honour would defile,  
1080 To take, or sell, two lives so vile?  
I'll give you quarter, but your pillage,  
The conquering warrior's crop and tillage,  
Which with his sword he reaps and ploughs,  
That's mine, the law of arms allows'

- 103, This said in haste, in haste he fell  
To rummaging of Sidrophel  
First he expounded both his pockets,  
And found a watch, with rings and lockets,  
Which had been left with him t' erect  
1090 A figure for, and so detect,  
A copperplate, with almanacks  
Engraved upon 't, with other knacks  
Of Booker's, Lilly's, Sarah Jimmers,  
And blank-schemes to discover nimmers,  
1095 A moon dial, with Napier's bones,  
And several constellation stones,  
Engraved in planetary hours,  
That over mortals had strange powers  
To make 'em thrive in law or trade,  
1100 And stab or poison to evade,  
In wit or wisdom to improve,  
And be victorious in love  
Whachum had neither cross nor pile,  
His plunder was not worth the while,  
1105 All which the conqueror did discompt,  
To pay for curing of his rump  
But Sidrophel, as full of tricks  
As Rota men of politics,  
Straight cast about to over-reach  
1110 Th' unwary conqueror with a fetch,  
And make him glad, at least, to quit  
His victory, and fly the pit,  
Before the secular prince of darkness  
Arrived to seize upon his carcass  
1115 And as a fox with hot pursuit,  
Chased through a warren, casts about  
To save his credit, and among

Dead vermin on a gallows hung,  
And, while the dogs run underneath,  
1120 Escaped by counterfeiting death,  
Not out of cunning, but a train  
Of atoms justling in his brain,  
As learned philosophers give out,  
So Sidrophello cast about,  
1125 And fell to's wonted trade again,  
To feign himself in earnest slain  
First stretched out one leg, then another,  
And, seeming in his breast to smother  
A broken sigh, quoth he, 'Where am I?  
1130 Alive, or dead? or which way came I  
Through so immense a space so soon?  
But now I thought myself i' th' moon,  
And that a monster, with huge whiskers,  
More formidable than a Switzer's,  
1135 My body through and through had drilled,  
And Whachum by my side had killed,  
Had cross-examined both our hose,  
And plundered all we had to lose,  
Look, there he is, I see him now,  
1140 And feel the place I am run through  
And there lies Whachum by my side  
Stone-dead, and in his own blood dyed,  
Oh! oh!' with that he fetched a groan,  
And fell again into a swoon,  
1145 Shut both his eyes, and stopped his breath,  
And to the life out-acted death,  
That Hudibras, to all appearing,  
Believed him to be as dead as herring  
He held it now no longer safe  
1150 To tarry the return of Ralph,



But rather leave him in the lurch  
Thought he, 'He has abused our church,  
Refused to give himself one fir  
To carry on the public work,  
1155 Despised our synod men like dirt,  
And made their discipline his sport,  
Divulged the secrets of their classes,  
And their conventions proved high places,  
Disparaged their tithe pigs, as pagan,  
1160 And set at nought their cheese and bacon,  
Railed at their covenant, and jeered  
Their reverend parsons, to my beard,  
For all which scandals, to be quit  
At once, this juncture falls out fit  
1165 I'll make him henceforth, to beware,  
And tempt my fury, if he dare  
He must, at least, hold up his hand,  
By twelve free-holders to be scanned,  
Who, by their skill in palmistry,  
1170 Will quickly read his destiny,  
And make him glad to read his lesson,  
Or take a turn for't at the session  
Unless his light and gifts prove trueer  
Than ever yet they did, I'm sure,  
1175 For if he 'scape with whipping now,  
'Tis more than he can hope to do,  
And that will disengage my conscience  
Of th' obligation, in his own sense  
I'll make him now by force abide,  
1180 What he by gentle means denied,  
To give my honour satisfaction,  
And right the brethren in the action'  
This being resolved, with equal speed,

And conduct, he approached his steed,  
1185 And, with activity unwont,  
    Essayed the lofty beast to mount,  
    Which once achieved, he spurred his palfrey,  
    To get from th' enemy and Ralph free,  
    Left danger, fears, and foes behind,  
1190 And beat, at least three lengths, the wind

# AN HEROICAL EPISTLE OF HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL

*Ecce iterum Crispinus*

WELL, Sidrophel, though 'tis in vain  
To tamper with your crazy brain,  
Without trepanning of your skull,  
As often as the moon's at full,  
5 'Tis not amiss, ere ye're given o'er,  
To try one desperate medicine more,  
For where your case can be no worse,  
The desp'rat'st is the wisest course  
Is't possible that you, whose ears  
10 Are of the tribe of Issachar's,  
And might, with equal reason, either  
For merit, or extent of leather,  
With William Prynne's, before they were  
Retrenched, and crucified, compare,  
15 Should yet be deaf against a noise  
So roaring as the public voice?  
That speaks your virtues free and loud,  
And openly in every crowd,  
As loud as one that sings his part  
20 T' a wheelbarrow, or turnip cart,

- Or your new nicked-named old invention  
To cry green-hastings with an engine,  
As if the vehemence had stunned,  
And torn your drumheads with the sound,  
25 And 'cause your folly's now no news,  
But overgrown, and out of use,  
Persuade yourself there's no such matter,  
But that 'tis vanished out of nature,  
When folly, as it grows in years,  
30 The more extravagant appears,  
For who but you could be possessed  
With so much ignorance and beast,  
That neither all men's scorn and hate,  
Nor being laughed and pointed at,  
35 Nor brayed so often in a mortar,  
Can teach you wholesome sense and nurture,  
But, like a reprobate, what course  
Soever used, grow worse and worse?  
Can no transfusion of the blood,  
40 That makes fools cattle, do you good?  
Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurse,  
To turn them into mongrel curs,  
Put you into a way, at least,  
To make yourself a better beast?  
45 Can all your critical intrigues,  
Of trying sound from rotten eggs,  
Your several new-found remedies,  
Of curing wounds and scabs in trees,  
Have no effect to operate  
Upon that duller block, your pate?  
50 But still it must be lewdly bent,  
To tempt your own due punishment,  
And, like your whimsied chariots, draw  
The boys to course you without law,

- As if the art you have so long  
 60 Professed, of making old dogs young,  
 In you had virtue to renew  
 Not only youth, but childhood too  
 Can you, that understand all books,  
 By judging only with your looks,  
 65 Resolve all problems with your face,  
 As others do with Bs and As,  
 Unriddle all that mankind knows  
 With solid bending of your brows,  
 All arts and sciences advance,  
 70 With screwing of your countenance,  
 And with a penetrating eye,  
 Into th' abstrusest learning pry,  
 Know more of any trade b' a hint,  
 Than those that have been bred up in 't,  
 75 And yet have no art, true or false,  
 To help your own bad naturals?  
 But still the more you strive t' appear,  
 Are found to be the wretcheder  
 For fools are known by looking wise,  
 80 As men find woodcocks by their eyes  
 Hence 'tis that 'cause ye've gained o' th' college  
 A quarter share, at most, of knowledge,  
 And brought in none, but spent repute,  
 Y' assume a power as absolute  
 85 To judge, and censure, and control,  
 As if you were the sole Sir Poll,  
 And saucily to pretend to know  
 More than your dividend comes to  
 You'll find the thing will not be done  
 90 With ignorance and face alone  
 No, though ye 'ave purchased to your name,  
 In history, so great a fame,

- That now your talent's so well known,  
For having all belief outgrown,  
95 That every strange prodigious tale,  
Is measured by your German scale,  
By which the virtuosi try  
The magnitude of every lie,  
Cast up to what it does amount,  
100 And place the bigg'st to your account,  
That all those stories that are laid  
Too truly to you, and those made,  
Are now still charged upon your score,  
And lesser authors named no more  
105 Alas ! that faculty betrays  
Those soonest it designs to raise ,  
And all your vain renown will spoil,  
As guns o'ercharged the more recoil ,  
Though he that has but impudence,  
110 To all things has a fair pretence ,  
And put among his wants but shame,  
To all the world may lay his claim  
Though you have tried that nothing's borne  
With greater ease than public scorn,  
115 That all affronts do still give place  
To your impenetrable face ,  
That makes your way through all affairs,  
As pigs through hedges creep with theirs  
Yet as 'tis counterfeit, and brass,  
120 You must not think 'twill always pass ,  
For all impostors, when they're known,  
Are past their labour, and undone  
And all the best that can befall  
An artificial natural,  
125 Is that which madmen find, as soon  
As once they're broke loose from the moon,

And, proof against her influence,  
Relapse to e'er so little sense,  
To turn stark fools, and subjects fit  
130 For sport of boys, and rabble wit

## PART III — CANTO I

## THE ARGUMENT

*The knight and squire resolve at once  
 The one the other to renounce ,  
 They both approach the lady's bower,  
 The squire to inform, the knight to woo her  
 She treats them with a masquerade,  
 By furies and hobgoblins made ,  
 From which the squire conveys the knight,  
 And steals him from himself by night*

'TIS true, no lover has that power  
 To enforce a desperate amour,  
 As he that has two strings to his bow,  
 And burns for love and money too ,  
 5 For then he's brave and resolute,  
 Disdains to render in his suit ,  
 Has all his flames and raptures double,  
 And hangs or drowns with half the trouble ,  
 While those who silly pursue  
 10 The simple downright way, and true,  
 Make as unlucky applications,  
 And steer against the stream their passions  
 Some forge their mistresses of stars,  
 And when the ladies prove averse,  
 15 And more untoward to be won  
 Than by Caligula the moon,



- Cry out upon the stars for doing  
Ill offices, to cross their wooing,  
When only by themselves they're hindered,  
20 For trusting those they made her kindred,  
And still the harsher and hide-bounder,  
The damsels prove, become the fonder,  
For what mad lover ever died  
To gain a soft and gentle bride?  
25 Or for a lady tender-hearted,  
In purling streams or hemp departed?  
Leaped headlong int' Elysium,  
Through th' windows of a dazzling room?  
But for some cross ill natured dame,  
30 The amorous fly burnt in his flame  
This to the knight would be no news,  
With all mankind so much in use,  
Who therefore took the wiser course,  
To make the most of his amours,  
35 Resolved to try all sorts of ways,  
As follows in due time and place  
No sooner was the bloody fight  
Between the wizzard and the knight,  
With all th' appurtenances over,  
40 But he relapsed again t' a lover,  
As he was always wont to do,  
When he 'ad discomfited a foe,  
And used the only antique philters  
Derived from old heroic tilters  
45 But now triumphant and victorious,  
He held th' achievement was too glorious  
For such a conqueror to meddle  
With petty constable or beadle,  
Or fly for refuge to the hostess  
50 Of th' inns of court and chancery, justice,

- Who might, perhaps, reduce his cause  
To th' ordeal trial of the laws ,  
Where none escape, but such as branded  
With red hot irons, have past bare handed ,  
55 And if they cannot read one verse  
I' th' psalms, must sing it, and that's woise  
He, therefore, judging it below him  
To tempt a shame the devil might owe him,  
Resolved to leave the squire for bail  
60 And mainprize for him, to the jail,  
To answer, with his vessel, all  
That might disastrously befall  
He thought it now the fittest juncture  
To give the lady a rencounter,  
65 T' acquaint her with his expedition,  
And conquest o'er the fierce magician ,  
Describe the manner of the fray,  
And show the spoils he brought away ,  
His bloody scourging aggravate,  
70 The number of the blows, and weight ,  
All which might probably succeed,  
And gain belief he 'ad done the deed  
Which he resolved t' enforce, and spare  
No pawning of his soul to swear ,  
75 But, rather than produce his back,  
To set his conscience on the rack ,  
And in pursuance of his urging  
Of articles performed, and scourging,  
And all things else, upon his part,  
80 Demand delivery of her heart,  
Her goods and chattels, and good graces,  
And person, up to his embraces  
Thought he, the ancient errant knights  
Won all their ladies' hearts in fights,

- 85 And cut whole giants into fitters,  
To put them into amorous twitters,  
Whose stubborn bowels scorned to yield,  
Until their gallants were half killed,  
But when their bones were drubbed so sore,  
90 They durst not woo one combat more,  
The ladies' hearts began to melt,  
Subdued by blows their lovers felt  
So Spanish heroes, with their lances,  
At once wound bulls, and ladies' fancies,  
95 And he acquies the noblest spouse  
That widows greatest herds of cows,  
Then what may I expect to do,  
Who 'ave quelled so vast a buffalo?  
Meanwhile the squire was on his way,  
100 The knight's late orders to obey,  
Who sent him for a strong detachment  
Of beadles, constables, and watchmen,  
T' attack the cunning man, for plunder  
Committed falsely on his lumber,  
105 When he, who had so lately sacked  
The enemy, had done the fact,  
Had rifled all his pokes and fobs  
Of gumeracks, whims, and jiggumbobs,  
Which he by hook or crook had gathered,  
110 And for his own inventions fathered,  
And when they should, at gaol delivery,  
Unriddle one another's thievery,  
Both might have evidence enough  
To render neither halter proof  
115 He thought it desperate to tarry,  
And venture to be accessory,  
But rather wisely slip his fetters,  
And leave them for the knight, his betters

- He called to mind th' unjust foul play  
110 He would have offered him that day,  
To make him curry his own hide,  
Which no beast ever did beside,  
Without all possible evasion,  
But of the riding dispensation,  
120 And therefore, much about the hour  
The knight, for reasons told before,  
Resolved to leave him to the fury  
Of justice, and an unpacked jury,  
The squire concurred t' abandon him,  
130 And serve him in the self same time,  
T' acquaint the lady what he 'ad done,  
And what he meant to carry on,  
What project 't was he went about,  
When Sidrophel and he fell out,  
135 His firm and steadfast resolution,  
To swear her to an execution,  
To pawn his inward ears to marry her,  
And bribe the devil himself to carry her  
In which both dealt, as if they meant  
140 Their party saints to represent,  
Who never failed, upon their sharing  
In any prosperous arms-bearing,  
To lay themselves out, to supplant  
Each other cousin-german saint  
145 But ere the knight could do his part,  
The squire had got so much the start,  
He 'ad to the lady done his errand,  
And told her all his tricks aforehand  
Just as he finished his report,  
150 The knight alighted in the court,  
And having tied his beast t' a pale,  
And taking time for both to stale,

- He put his band and beard in order,  
The sprucer to accost and board her  
155 And now began t' approach the door,  
When she, wh' had spied him out before,  
Conveyed th' informer out of sight,  
And went to entertain the knight  
With whom encountering, after longees  
160 Of humble and submissive congees,  
And all due ceremonies paid,  
He stroked his beard, and thus he said  
    'Madam, I do, as is my duty,  
Honour the shadow of your shoe-tie,  
165 And now am come, to bring your ear  
A present you'll be glad to hear,  
At least I hope so the thing's done,  
Or may I never see the sun,  
For which I humbly now demand  
170 Performance at your gentle hand,  
And that you'd please to do your part,  
As I have done mine, to my smart'  
    With that he shrugged his sturdy back,  
As if he felt his shoulders ache  
175 But she, who well enough knew what,  
Before he spoke, he would be at,  
Pretended not to apprehend  
The mystery of what he meant,  
And therefore wished him to expound  
180 His dark expressions less profound  
    'Madam,' quoth he, 'I come to prove  
How much I've suffered for your love,  
Which, like your votary, to win,  
I have not spared my tattered skin,  
185 And, for those meritorious lashes,  
To claim your favour and good graces'

Quoth she, 'I do remember once  
I freed you from th' enchanted sconce,  
And that you promised, for that favour,  
190 To bind your back to th' good behaviour,  
And for my sake and service, vowed  
To lay upon 't a heavy load,  
And what 't would bear t' a scruple prove,  
As other knights do oft make love,  
195 Which, whether you have done or no,  
Concerns yourself, not me, to know,  
But if you have, I shall confess,  
Y' are honester than I could guess'

Quoth he, 'If you suspect my troth,  
200 I cannot prove it but by oath,  
And, if you make a question on 't,  
I'll pawn my soul that I have don 't  
And he that makes his soul his surety,  
I think, does give the best secur'ty'

205 Quoth she, 'Some say the soul's secure  
Against distress and forfeiture,  
Is free from action, and exempt  
From execution and contempt,  
And to be summoned to appear  
210 In th' other world's illegal here,  
And therefore few make any account,  
Int' what incumbrances they run 't  
For most men carry things so even  
Between this world, and hell, and heaven,  
215 Without the least offence to either,  
They freely deal in all together,  
And equally abhor to quit  
This world for both, or both for it,  
And when they pawn and damn their souls,  
220 They are but prisoners on paroles'

- ‘For that,’ quoth he, ‘’tis rational,  
They may be accountable in all  
For when there is that intercourse  
Between divine and human poweis,  
225 That all that we determine here  
Commands obedience every where,  
When penalties may be commuted  
For fines, or ears, and executed,  
It follows, nothing binds so fast  
230 As souls in pawn and mortgage past  
For oaths are th’ only tests and scales  
Of right and wrong, and true and false,  
And there’s no other way to try  
The doubts of law and justice by’  
235 Quoth she, ‘What is it you would swear?  
There’s no believing till I hear  
For, till they’re understood, all tales,  
Like nonsense, are not true nor false’  
Quoth he, ‘When I resolved t’ obey  
240 What you commanded th’ other day,  
And to perform my exercise,  
As schools are wont, for your fair eyes,  
T’ avoid all scruples in the case,  
I went to do’t upon the place,  
245 But as the castle is enchanted  
By Sidrophel the witch, and haunted  
With evil spirits, as you know,  
Who took my squire and me for two,  
Before I’d hardly time to lay  
250 My weapons by, and disarray,  
I heard a formidable noise,  
Loud as the Stentrophonic voice,  
That roared far off,—“Dispatch, and strip,  
I’m ready with th’ infernal whip,

- 25, That shall divest thy ribs of skin,  
To expiate thy lingering sin,  
Thou 'ast broke perfidiously thy oath,  
And not performed thy plighted troth,  
But spared thy renegado back,  
26, Where th' hadst so great a prize at stake,  
Which now the Fates have ordered me,  
For penance and revenge, to flea,  
Unless thou presently make haste,  
Time is, time was "—and there it ceased  
26, With which, though startled, I confess,  
Yet th' horror of the thing was less  
Than th' other dismal apprehension  
Of interruption or prevention,  
And therefore, snatching up the rod,  
27, I laid upon my back a load,  
Resolved to spare no flesh and blood,  
To make my word and honour good,  
Till tired, and taking truce at length,  
For new recruits of breath and strength,  
27, I felt the blows still plied as fast,  
As if they 'ad been by lovers placed,  
In raptures of Platonic lashing,  
And chaste contemplative bardashing,  
When facing hastily about,  
28, To stand upon my guard and scout,  
I found th' infernal cunning-man,  
And th' under witch, his Caliban,  
With scourges, like the furies, armed  
That on my outward quarters stormed  
In haste I snatched my weapon up,  
And gave their hellish rage a stop,  
Called thrice upon your name, and fell  
Courageously on Sidrophel,



Who now, transformed himself t' a bear,  
90 Began to roar aloud, and tear  
When I as furiously pressed on,  
My weapon down his throat to run,  
Laid hold on him, but he broke loose,  
And turned himself into a goose,  
295 Dived under water, in a pond,  
To hide himself from being found  
In vain I sought him, but as soon  
As I perceived him fled and gone,  
Prepared, with equal haste and rage,  
300 His under-sorcerer t' engage,  
But bravely scorning to defile  
My sword with feeble blood, and vile,  
I judged it better from a quick-  
Set hedge to cut a knotted stick,  
305 With which I furiously laid on,  
Till in a harsh and doleful tone,  
It roared,—“O hold, for pity, Sir,  
I am too great a sufferer,  
Abused, as you have been, b' a witch,  
310 But conjured int' a worse caprich,  
Who sends me out on many a jaunt,  
Old houses in the night to haunt,  
For opportunities t' improve  
Designs of thievery or love,  
315 With drugs conveyed in drink or meat,  
All feats of witches counterfeited,  
Kill pigs and geese with powdered glass,  
And make it for enchantment pass,  
With cowitch meazle like a leper,  
320 And choke with fumes of Guinea pepper  
Bewitch hermetic men to run  
Stark staring mad with manicon,

- 325 Believe mechanic virtuosi  
Can raise 'em mountains in Potosi ,  
And, sillier than the antic fools,  
Take treasure for a heap of coals ,  
Seek out for plants with signatures,  
330 To quack off universal cures,  
With figures, ground on panes of glass,  
Make people on their heads to pass ,  
And mighty heaps of coin increase,  
Reflected from a single piece ,  
335 To draw in fools, whose natural itches  
Incline perpetually to witches,  
And keep me in continual fears,  
And danger of my neck and ears ,  
With less delinquents have been scourged,  
340 And hemp on wooden anvils forged,  
Which others for cravats have worn  
About their necks, and took a turn"—  
    'I pitied the sad punishment  
The wretched carter underwent,  
345 And held my drubbing of his bones  
Too great an honour for poltroons ,  
For knights are bound to feel no blows  
From paltry and unequal foes,  
Who, when they slash and cut to pieces,  
350 Do all with civillest addresses  
Their horses never give a blow,  
But when they make a leg and bow  
I therefore spared his flesh, and pressed him  
About the witch, with many a quest'on  
355 Quoth he,—“For many years he drove  
A kind of broking-trade in love,  
Employed in all th' intrigues and trust,  
Of feeble speculative lust ,

Procurer to the extravagancy  
360 And crazy ribaldry of fancy,  
By those the devil had forsook,  
As things below him, to provoke,  
But being a virtuoso, able  
To smatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,  
365 He held his talent most adroit,  
For any mystical exploit,  
As others of his tribe had done,  
And raised their prices three to one,  
But as an elf, the devil's valet,  
Is not so slight a thing to get,  
For those that do his business best,  
In hell are used the ruggedest,  
375 Before so meriting a person  
Could get a grant, but in reversion,  
He served two 'prenticeships, and longer,  
I' th' mystery of a lady monger  
For, as some write, a witch's ghost,  
380 As soon as from the body loosed,  
Becomes a puisney-imp itself,  
And is another witch's elf,  
He, after searching far and near,  
At length found one in Lancashire,  
385 With whom he bargained beforehand,  
And, after hanging, entertained  
Since which he 'as played a thousand feats  
And practised all mechanic cheats,  
Transformed himself to th' ugly shapes  
390 Of wolves and bears, baboons and apes,  
Which he has varied more than witches,  
Or Pharaoh's wizards could their switches,  
And all with whom he 'as had to do,  
Turned to as monstrous figures too,

- 395 Witness myself, whom he 'as abused,  
And to this beastly shape reduced,  
By feeding me on beans and peas  
He crams in nasty crevices,  
And turns to comfits by his arts,  
400 To make me relish for desserts,  
And one by one, with shame and fear,  
Lick up the candied provender  
Beside"—but as h' was running on,  
To tell what other feats h' had done,  
405 The lady stopped his full career,  
And told him, now 'twas time to hear  
'If half those things,' said she, 'be true,'—  
'They 're all,' quoth he, 'I swear by you'  
'Why then,' said she, 'that Sidrophel  
410 Has damned himself to th' pit of hell,  
Who, mounted on a broom, the nag  
And hackney of a Lapland hag,  
In quest of you came hither post,  
Within an hour, I'm sure, at most,  
415 Who told me all you sware and say,  
Quite contrary another way,  
Vowed that you came to him, to know  
If you should carry me or no,  
And would have hired him and his imps,  
420 To be your match-makers and pimps,  
T' engage the devil on your side,  
And steal, like Proserpine, your bride,  
But he, disdaining to embrace  
So filthy a design, and base,  
425 You fell to vapouring and huffing,  
And drew upon him like a ruffian,  
Surprised him meanly, unprepared,  
Before he 'ad time to mount his guard,

And left him dead upon the ground,  
40 With many a bruise and desperate wound,  
Swore you had broke and robbed his house,  
And stole his talismanique louse,  
And all his new found old inventions,  
With flat felonious intentions,  
75 Which he could bring out, where he had,  
And what he bought 'em for, and paid  
His flea, his morpion, and punese,  
He 'ad gotten for his proper ease,  
And all in perfect minutes made,  
440 By th' ablest artist of the trade,  
Which, he could prove it, since he lost,  
He has been eaten up almost,  
And altogether, might amount  
To many hundreds on account,  
445 For which he 'ad got sufficient warrant  
To seize the malefactors errant,  
Without capacity of bail,  
But of a cart's or horse's tail,  
And did not doubt to bring the wretches  
450 To serve for pendulums to watches,  
Which, modern virtuosi say,  
Incline to hanging every way  
Beside, he swore, and swore 'twas true,  
That ere he went in quest of you,  
455 He set a figure to discover  
If you were fled to Rye or Dover,  
And found it clear, that, to betray  
Yourselves and me, you fled this way,  
And that he was upon pursuit,  
460 To take you somewhere hereabout  
He vowed he had intelligence  
Of all that passed before and since,

And found that ere you came to him,  
Y' had been engaging life and limb  
465 About a case of tender conscience,  
Where both abounded in your own sense,  
Till Ralpho, by his light and grace,  
Had cleared all scruples in the case,  
And proved that you might swear and own  
470 Whatever's by the wicked done,  
For which, most basely to requite  
The service of his gifts and light,  
You strove t' oblige him, by main force,  
To scourge his ribs instead of yours,  
475 But that he stood upon his guard,  
And all your vapouring outdared,  
For which, between you both, the feat  
Has never been performed as yet'

While thus the lady talked, the knight  
480 Turned th' outside of his eyes to white,  
As men of inward light are wont  
To turn their optics in upon't,  
He wondered how she came to know  
What he had done, and meant to do,  
485 Held up his affidavit-hand,  
As if he 'ad been to be arraigned,  
Cast towards the door a ghastly look,  
In dread of Sidrophel, and spoke  
'Madam, if but one word be true  
490 Of all the wizard has told you,  
Or but one single circumstance  
In all th' apocryphal romance,  
May dreadful earthquakes swallow down  
This vessel, that is all your own,  
495 Or may the heavens fall, and cover  
These relics of your constant lover'

‘You have provided well,’ quoth she,  
‘I thank you, for yourself and me,  
And shown your presbyterian wits  
500 Jump punctual with the jesuits,  
A most compendious way, and civil,  
At once to cheat the world, the devil,  
And heaven and hell, yourselves, and those  
On whom you vainly think t’ impose’  
505 ‘Why then,’ quoth he, ‘may hell surprise,’—  
‘That trick,’ said she, ‘will not pass twice  
I’ve learned how far I’m to believe  
Your pinning oaths upon your sleeve,  
But there’s a better way of clearing  
510 What you would prove, than downright swearing,  
For if you have performed the feat,  
The blows are visible as yet,  
Enough to serve for satisfaction  
Of nicest scruples in the action,  
515 And if you can produce those knobs,  
Although they’re but the witch’s drubs,  
I’ll pass them all upon account,  
As if your natural self had done ’t,  
Provided that they pass th’ opinion  
520 Of able juries of old women,  
Who, used to judge all matter of facts  
For bellies, may do so for backs’  
‘Madam,’ quoth he, ‘your love’s a million,  
To do is less than to be willing,  
525 As I am, were it in my power,  
T’ obey what you command, and more,  
But for performing what you bid,  
I thank you as much as if I did  
You know I ought to have a care,  
530 To keep my wounds from taking air,

For wounds in those that are all heart,  
Are dangerous in any part'

'I find,' quoth she, 'my goods and chattels  
Aie like to prove but mere drawn battles,  
35 For still the longer we contend,  
We are but farther off the end  
But granting now we should agree,  
What is it you expect from me?'

'Your plighted faith,' quoth he, 'and word  
540 You passed in heaven, on record,  
Where all contracts to have and t' hold,  
Are everlastingly enrolled,  
And if 'tis counted treason here  
To raze records, 'tis much more there'

54 Quoth she, 'There are no bargains driven,  
Nor marriages clapped up, in heaven,  
And that's the reason, as some guess,  
There is no heaven in marriages,—  
Two things that naturally press  
550 Too narrowly, to be at ease,  
Their business there is only love,  
Which marriage is not like t' improve,  
Love, that's too gen'rous t' abide  
To be against its nature tied,

555 For where 'tis of itself inclined,  
It breaks loose when it is confined,  
And like the soul, its harbourer,  
Debarred the freedom of the air,  
Disdains against its will to stay,  
560 But struggles out, and flies away  
And therefore never can comply  
T' endure the matrimonial tie,  
That binds the female and the male,  
Where th' one is but the other's bail,



- 565 Like Roman gaolers, when they slept,  
Chained to the prisoners they kept  
Of which the true and faithfull'st lover  
Gives best security to suffer  
Marriage is but a beast, some say,  
570 That carries double in foul way,  
And therefore 'tis not to b' admired  
It should so suddenly be tired,  
A bargain, at a venture made,  
Between two partners in a trade,  
575 For what's infeared by t' have and t' hold,  
But something past away, and sold?  
That, as it makes but one of two,  
Reduces all things else as low,  
And at the best is but a mart  
580 Between the one and th' other part,  
That on the marriage day is paid,  
Or hour of death, the bet it laid,  
And all the rest of better or worse,  
Both are but loseers out of purse  
585 For when upon their ungot heirs  
Th' entail themselves and all that's theirs,  
What blinder bargain e'er was driven,  
Or wage laid at six and seven?  
To pass themselves away, and turn  
590 Their children's tenants ere they're born?  
Beg one another idiot  
To guardians, ere they are begot,  
Or ever shall, perhaps, by th' one  
Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,  
595 Though got b' implicit generation,  
And general club of all the nation,  
For which she's fortified no less  
Than all the island with four seas

- Exacts the tribute of her dower,  
600 In ready insolence and power,  
And makes him pass away, to have  
And hold, to her, himself, her slave,  
More wretched than an ancient villain,  
Condemned to drudgery and tilling,  
605 While all he does upon the by,  
She is not bound to justify,  
Nor at her proper cost and charge  
Maintain the feats he does at large  
Such hideous sots were those obedient  
610 Old vassals to their ladies regent,  
To give the cheats the eldest hand  
In foul play, by the laws o' th' land,  
For which so many a legal cuckold  
Has been run down in courts, and truckled  
615 A law that most unjustly yokes  
All Johns of Stiles to Joans of Nokes,  
Without distinction of degree,  
Condition, age, or quality,  
Admits no power of revocation,  
620 Nor valuable consideration,  
Nor writ of error, nor reverse  
Of judgment past, for better or worse,  
Will not allow the privileges  
That beggars challenge under hedges,  
625 Who, when they're grieved, can make dead horses  
Their spiritual judges of divorces,  
While nothing else but *rem in re*  
Can set the proudest wretches free,  
A slavery beyond enduring,  
630 But that 'tis of their own procuring  
As spiders never seek the fly,  
But leave him, of himself, t' apply,

So men are by themselves employed,  
To quit the freedom they enjoyed,  
635 And run their necks into a noose,  
They'd break 'em after to break loose  
As some, whom death would not depart,  
Have done the feat themselves by art  
Like Indian widows, gone to bed,  
640 In flaming curtains, to the dead,  
And men as often dangled for't,  
And yet will never leave the sport  
Nor do the ladies want excuse  
For all the stratagems they use,  
645 To gain th' advantage of the set,  
And lurch the amorous rook and cheat,  
For as the Pythagorean soul  
Runs through all beasts, and fish, and fowl,  
And has a smack of every one,  
650 So love does, and has ever done,  
And therefore, though 'tis ne'er so fond,  
Takes strangely to the vagabond  
'Tis but an ague that's reversed,  
Whose hot fit takes the patient first,  
655 That after burns with cold as much  
As iron in Greenland does the touch,  
Melts in the furnace of desire,  
Like glass, that's but the ice of fire,  
And when his heat of fancy's over,  
660 Becomes as hard and frail a lover  
For when he's with love powder laden,  
And primed and cocked by Miss, or Madam,  
The smallest sparkle of an eye  
Gives fire to his artillery,  
665 And off the loud oaths go, but, while  
They're in the very act, recoil

Hence 'tis so few dare take their chance  
Without a separate maintenance,  
And widows, who have tried one lover,  
670 Trust not again till they 'ave made over,  
Or if they do, before they marry,  
The foxes weigh the geese they carry,  
And ere they venture o'er a stream,  
Know how to size themselves and them  
675 Whence wittiest ladies always choose  
To undertake the heaviest goose  
For now the world is grown so wary,  
That few of either sex dare marry,  
But rather trust, on tick, t' amours,  
680 The cross and pile for better or worse,  
A mode that is held honourable  
As well as French, and fashionable,  
For when it falls out for the best,  
Where both are incommoded least,  
685 In soul and body two unite  
To make up one hermaphrodite,  
Still amorous, and fond, and billing,  
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling,  
They've more punctilios and caprices  
690 Between the petticoat and breeches,  
More petulant extravagances,  
Than poets make 'em in romances,  
Though when their heroes 'spouse the dames,  
We hear no more of charms and flames,  
695 For then their late attracts decline,  
And turn as eager as pricked wine,  
And all their catterwauling tricks,  
In earnest to as jealous piques,  
Which th' ancients wisely signified  
700 By th' yellow mantos of the bride

705 But all the mischief is, the doubt,  
On whose account they first broke out,  
For though Chinesees go to bed,  
And lie-in in their ladies' stead,  
And, for the pains they took before,  
710 Are nursed and pampered to do more  
But health and sickness being all one,  
Which both engaged before to own,  
And are not with their bodies bound  
720 To worship, only when they're sound,  
Both give and take their equal shares  
Of all they suffer by false wares,  
A fate no lover can divert  
With all his caution, wit, and art  
725 For 'tis in vain to think to guess  
At women by appearances,  
That paint and patch their imperfections  
Of intellectual complexions,  
And daub their tempers o'er with washes  
730 As artificial as their faces,  
Wear under vizard-masks their talents  
And mother wits before their gallants,  
Until they're hampered in the noose,  
Too fast to dream of breaking loose,  
735 When all the flaws they strove to hide  
Are made unready with the bride,  
That with her wedding-clothes undresses  
Her complaisance and gentleness,  
Tries all her arts to take upon her  
740 The government, from th' easy owner,  
Until the wretch is glad to wave  
His lawful right, and turn her slave,  
Find all his having and his holding,  
Reduced t' eternal noise and scolding,

- 745 The conjugal petard, that tears  
Down all portcullisses of ears,  
And makes the volley of one tongue  
For all their leathern shields too strong,  
When only armed with noise and nails,  
750 The female silk-worms ride the males,  
Transform 'em into rams and goats  
Like sirens, with their charming notes,  
Sweet as a screech-owl's serenade,  
Or those enchanting murmurs made  
755 By th' husband mandrake, and the wife,  
Both buried, like themselves, alive'  
Quoth he, 'These reasons are but strains  
Of wanton, over-heated brains,  
Which galliers in their wit or drink  
-60 Do rather wheedle with, than think  
Man was not man in paradise,  
Until he was created twice,  
And had his better half, his bride,  
Carved from th' original, his side,  
765 T' amend his natural defects,  
And perfect his recruited sex,  
Enlarge his breed, at once, and lessen  
The pains and labour of increasing,  
By changing them for other cares,  
770 As by his dried up paps appears  
His body, that stupendous frame,  
Of all the world the anagram,  
Is of two equal parts compact,  
In shape and symmetry exact,  
775 Of which the left and female side  
Is to the manly right a bride,  
Both joined together with such art,  
That nothing else but death can part

- Those heavenly attracts of yours, your eyes,  
780 And face, that all the world surprise,  
That dazzle all that look upon ye,  
And scorch all other ladies tawny,  
Those ravishing and charming graces,  
Are all made up of two half faces  
785 That, in a mathematic line,  
Like those in other heavens, join,  
Of which, if either grew alone,  
'Twould fright as much to look upon  
And so would that sweet bud, your lip,  
790 Without the other's fellowship  
Our noblest senses act by pairs,  
Two eyes to see, to hear two ears,  
Th' intelligencers of the mind,  
To wait upon the soul designed  
795 But those that serve the body alone,  
Are single and confined to one  
The world is but two parts, that meet  
And close at th' equinoctial fit,  
And so are all the works of nature,  
800 Stamped with her signature on matter,  
Which all her creatures, to a leaf,  
Or smallest blade of grass, receive  
All which sufficiently declare  
How entirely marriage is her care,  
805 The only method that she uses,  
In all the wonders she produces,  
And those that take their rules from her  
Can never be deceived, nor err  
For what secures the civil life,  
810 But pawns of children, and a wife?  
That lie, like hostages, at stake,  
To pay for all men undertake,

To whom it is as necessary,  
As to be born and breathe, to marry ,  
815 So universal, all mankind  
In nothing else is of one mind  
For in what stupid age or nation  
Was marriage ever out of fashion ?  
Unless among the Amazons,  
820 Or cloistered friars and vestal nuns,  
Or stoics, who, to bar the freaks  
And loose excesses of the sex,  
Prepost'rously would have all women  
Turned up to all the world in common ,  
825 Though men should find such mortal feuds  
In sharing of their public goods,  
'Twould put them to more charge of lives,  
Than they 're supplied with now by wives,  
Until they graze and wear their clothes,  
830 As beasts do, of their native growths ,  
For what can we pretend t' inherit,  
Unless the marriage deed will bear it ?  
835 Could claim no right to lands or rents,  
But for our parents' settlements ,  
Had been but younger sons o' th' earth,  
Debarred it all, but for our birth  
What honours, or estates of peers,  
840 Could be preserved but by their heirs ?  
And what security maintains  
Their right and title, but the banns ?  
What crowns could be hereditary,  
If greatest monarchs did not marry,  
845 And with their consorts consummate  
Their weightiest interests of state ?  
For all the amours of princes are  
But guarantees of peace or war



Or what but marriage has a charm,  
850 The rage of empires to disarm?  
Make blood and desolation cease,  
And fire and sword unite in peace,  
When all their fierce contests for forage  
Conclude in articles of marriage?  
855 Nor does the genial bed provide  
Less for the interests of the bride,  
Who else had not the least pretence  
T' as much as due benevolence,  
Could no more title take upon her  
860 To virtue, quality, and honour,  
Than ladies errant unconfined,  
And femme coverts to all mankind  
All women would be of one piece,  
The virtuous matron, and the miss,  
865 The nymphs of chaste Diana's train,  
The same with those in Lewkner's lane,  
But for the difference marriage makes  
'Twixt wives and ladies of the lakes  
Besides the joys of place and bith,  
870 The sex's paradise on earth,  
A privilege so sacred held,  
That none will to their mothers yield,  
But rather than not go before,  
Abandon heaven at the door  
875 And if th' indulgent law allows  
A greater freedom to the spouse,  
The reason is, because the wife  
Runs greater hazards of her life,  
Is trusted with the form and matter  
880 Of all mankind, by careful nature,  
Where man brings nothing but the stuff  
She frames the wondrous fabric of,

Who therefore, in a strait, may freely  
Demand the clergy of her belly,  
885 And make it save her the same way,  
It seldom misses to betray,  
Unless both parties wisely enter  
Into the liturgy indenture  
And though some fits of small contest  
890 Sometimes fall out among the best,  
That is no more than every lover  
Does from his hackney-lady suffer,  
That makes no breach of faith and love,  
But rather, sometimes, serves t' improve  
895 For as, in running, every pace  
Is but between two legs a race,  
In which both do their uttermost  
To get before, and win the post,  
Yet when they're at their races' ends,  
900 They're still as kind and constant friends,  
And, to relieve their weariness,  
By turns give one another ease,  
So all those false alarms of strife  
Between the husband and the wife,  
905 And little quarrels, often prove  
To be but new recruits of love,  
When those who're always kind or coy,  
In time must either tire or cloy  
Nor are their loudest clamours more  
910 Than as they're relished, sweet or sour,  
Like music, that proves bad or good,  
According as 'tis understood  
In all amours a lover burns  
With frowns, as well as smiles, by turns,  
915 And hearts have been as oft with sullen,  
As charming looks, surprised and stolen,

Then why should more bewitching clamour  
Some lovers not as much enamour?  
For discords make the sweetest airs,  
920 And curses are a kind of prayers,  
Two slight alloys for all those grand  
Felicities by marriage gained  
For nothing else has power to settle  
Th' interests of love perpetual,  
925 An act and deed that makes one heart  
Become another's counter-part,  
And passes fines on faith and love,  
Inrolled and registered above,  
To seal the slippery knots of vows,  
930 Which nothing else but death can loose  
And what security's too strong  
To guard that gentle heart from wrong,  
That to its friend is glad to pass  
Itself away, and all it has,  
935 And, like an anchorite, gives over  
This world, for the heaven of a lover?'  
'I grant,' quoth she, 'there are some few  
Who take that course, and find it true,  
But millions whom the same does sentence  
940 To heaven, b' another way, repentance  
Love's arrows are but shot at rovers,  
Though all they hit they turn to lovers,  
And all the weighty consequents  
Depend upon more blind events  
945 Than gamesters when they play a set,  
With greatest cunning, at piquet,  
Put out with caution, but take in  
They know not what, unsight, unseen  
For what do lovers, when they're fast  
950 In one another's arms embraced,

But strive to plunder, and convey  
Each other, like a prize, away?  
To change the property of selves,  
As sucking children are by elves?  
95 And if they use their persons so,  
What will they to their fortunes do?  
Their fortunes! the perpetual aims  
Of all their ecstasies and flames  
For when the money's on the book,  
900 And "all my worldly goods"—but spoke,  
The formal livery and seisin  
That puts a lover in possession,  
To that alone the bridegroom's wedded,  
The bride a flam that's superseded,  
965 To that their faith is still made good,  
And all the oaths to us they vowed,  
For when we once resign our powers,  
W' have nothing left we can call ours  
Our money's now become the miss  
970 Of all your lives and services,  
And we forsaken and postponed,  
But bawds to what before we owned,  
Which as it made y' at first gallant us,  
So now hires others to supplant us,  
975 Until 'tis all turned out of doors,  
As we had been, for new amours  
For what did ever heiress get,  
By being born to lordships, yet?  
When the more lady she's of manors,  
980 She's but exposed to more trepanners,  
Pays for their projects and designs,  
And for her own destruction fines,  
And does but tempt them with her riches,  
To use her as the devil does witches,

- 985 Who takes it for a special grace  
To be their cully for a space,  
That when the time's expired, the drazels  
For ever may become his vassals  
So she, bewitched by rooks and spirits,  
990 Betrays herself, and all sh' inherits ,  
Is bought and sold, like stolen goods,  
By pimps, and match-makers, and bawds ,  
Until they force her to convey  
And steal the thief himself away  
995 These are the everlasting fruits  
Of all your passionate love suits,  
Th' effects of all your amorous fancies,  
To portions and inheritances ,  
Your love sick rapture for fruition  
1000 Of dowry, jointure, and tuition ,  
To which you make address and courtship,  
And with your bodies strive to worship,  
That th' infant's fortunes may partake  
Of love too, for the mother's sake  
1005 For these you play at purposes,  
And love your loves with As and Bs ,  
For these, at Beast and Ombre woo,  
And play for love and money too ,  
Stirve who shall be the ablest man  
1010 At right gallanting of a fan ,  
And who the most genteelly bred  
At sucking of a vizard bead ,  
How best t' accost us in all quarters,  
T' our question and command new garters ,  
1015 And solidly discourse upon  
All sorts of dresses *pro* and *con*  
For there's no mystery nor trade,  
But in the art of love is made ,

And when you have more debts to pay  
1020 Than Michaelmas and Lady-day,  
And no way possible to do't  
But love and oaths, and restless suit,  
To us y' apply, to pay the scores  
Of all your culled past amours,  
1025 Act o'er your flames and darts again,  
And charge us with your wounds and pain,  
Lord! what an amorous thing is want!  
How debts and mortgages enchant!  
What graces must that lady have,  
That can from executions save!  
1035 What charms, that can reverse extent,  
And null decree and exigent!  
What magical attracts, and graces,  
That can redeem from *scire facias*!  
From bonds and statutes can discharge,  
1040 And from contempts of courts enlarge!  
These are the highest excellences  
Of all your true or false pretences,  
And you would damn yourselves, and swear  
As much t' an hostess dowager,  
1045 Grown fat and pursy by retail  
Of pots of beer and bottled ale,  
And find her fitter for your turn,  
For fat is wondrous apt to burn,  
Who at your flames would soon take fire,  
1050 Relent, and melt to your desire,  
And, like a candle in the socket,  
Dissolve her graces int' your pocket'  
By this time 'twas grown dark and late,  
When th' heard a knocking at the gate,  
1055 Laid on in haste, with such a powder,  
The blows grew louder still and louder,

Which Hudibras, as if th' had been  
Bestowed as freely on his skin,  
Expounding by his inward light,  
1060 Or rather more prophetic fright,  
To be the wizard, come to search,  
And take him napping in the lurch,  
Turned pale as ashes, or a clout,  
But why, or wherefore, is a doubt  
1065 For men will tremble, and turn paler,  
With too much, or too little valour  
His heart laid on, as if it tried  
To force a passage through his side,  
Impatient, as he vowed, to wait 'em,  
1070 But in a fury to fly at 'em,  
And therefore beat, and laid about,  
To find a cranny to creep out  
But she, who saw in what a taking  
The knight was by his furious quaking  
1075 Undaunted cried, 'Courage, sir knight,  
Know I'm resolved to break no rite  
Of hospitality t' a stranger,  
But, to secure you out of danger,  
Will here myself stand sentinel,  
1080 To guard this pass 'gainst Sidrophel  
Women, you know, do seldom fail  
To make the stoutest men turn tail,  
And bravely scorn to turn their backs,  
Upon the desp'ratest attacks'  
1085 At this the knight grew resolute  
As Ironside, or Hardiknute,  
His fortitude began to rally,  
And out he cry'd aloud, to sally,  
But she besought him to convey  
1090 His courage rather out o' th' way,

And lodge in ambush on the floor,  
Or fortified behind a door,  
That, if the enemy should enter,  
He might relieve her in th' adventure  
1095 Mean while they knocked against the door,  
As fierce as at the gate before,  
Which made the renegado knight  
Relapse again t' his former fright  
He thought it desperate to stay  
1100 Till th' enemy had forced his way,  
But rather post himself, to serve  
The lady for a fresh reserve  
His duty was not to dispute,  
But what sh' had ordered execute,  
1105 Which he resolved in haste t' obey,  
And therefore stoutly marched away,  
And all h' encountered fell upon,  
Though in the dark, and all alone,  
Till fear, that braver feats performs  
1110 Than ever courage dared in arms,  
Had drawn him up before a pass,  
To stand upon his guard, and face,  
This he courageously invaded,  
And, having entered, barricadoed,  
1115 Ensconced himself as formidable  
As could be underneath a table,  
Where he lay down in ambush close,  
T' expect th' arrival of his foes  
Few minutes he had lain *perdue*,  
1120 To guard his desperate avenue,  
Before he heard a dreadful shout,  
As loud as putting to the rout,  
With which impatiently alarmed,  
He fancied th' enemy had stormed,



- 1125 And, after entering, Sidrophel  
Was fallen upon the guards pell mell  
He therefore sent out all his senses  
To bring him in intelligences,  
Which vulgars, out of ignorance,  
1130 Mistake for falling in a trance,  
But those that trade in geomancy,  
Affirm to be the strength of fancy,  
In which the Lapland Magi deal,  
And things incredible reveal  
1135 Meanwhile the foe beat up his quarters,  
And stormed the outworks of his fortress,  
And as another of the same  
Degree and party, in arms and fame,  
That in the same cause had engaged,  
1140 And war with equal conduct waged,  
By venturing only but to thrust  
His head a span beyond his post,  
B' a general of the cavaliers  
Was dragged through a window by the ears,  
1145 So he was served in his redoubt,  
And by the other end pulled out  
Soon as they had him at their mercy,  
They put him to the cudgel fiercely,  
As if they scorned to trade or barter,  
1150 By giving, or by taking quarter,  
They stoutly on his quarters laid,  
Until his scouts came in t' his aid  
For when a man is past his sense,  
There's no way to reduce him thence,  
1155 But twinging him by th' ears or nose,  
Or laying on of heavy blows,  
And if that will not do the deed,  
To burning with hot irons proceed

- No sooner was he come t' himself,  
1160 But on his neck a sturdy elf  
Clapped in a trice his cloven hoof,  
And thus attacked him with reproof  
'Mortal, thou art betrayed to us  
B' our friend, thy evil genius,  
1165 Who for thy horrid perjuries,  
Thy breach of faith, and turning lies,  
The brethren's privilege, against  
The wicked, on themselves, the saints,  
Has here thy wretched carcass sent,  
1170 For just revenge and punishment,  
Which thou hast now no way to lessen,  
But by an open, free confession,  
For if we catch thee failing once,  
'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones  
1175 What made thee venture to betray,  
And filch the lady's heart away,  
To spirit her to matrimony?'—  
'That which contracts all matches, money  
It was the enchantment of her riches  
1180 That made m' apply t' your crony witches,  
That in return would pay th' expense,  
The wear and tear of conscience,  
Which I could have patched up, and turned,  
For th' hundredth part of what I earned'  
1185 'Didst thou not love her then? Speak true'  
'No more,' quoth he, 'than I love you'  
'How wouldst th' have used her and her money?'  
'First turned her up to alimony,  
And laid her dowry out in law,  
1190 To null her jointure with a flaw,  
Which I beforehand had agreed  
T' have put, on purpose, in the deed,

And bar her widow's-making-over

T' a friend in trust, or private lover'

1195 'What made thee pick and chuse her out

T' employ their sorceries about?'

'That which makes gamesters play with those

Who have least wit, and most to lose'

'But didst thou scourge thy vessel thus,

1200 As thou hast damned thyself to us?'

'I see you take me for an ass

'Tis true I thought the trick would pass

Upon a woman, well enough,

As 't has been often found by proof,

1205 Whose humours are not to be won

But when they are imposed upon,

For love approves of all they do

That stand for candidates, and woo'

'Why didst thou forge those shameful lies

1210 Of bears and witches in disguise?'

'That is no more than authors give

The rabble credit to believe,

A trick of following the leaders,

To entertain their gentle readers

1 15 And we have now no other way

Of passing all we do or say,

Which, when 'tis natural and true,

Will be believed b' a very few,

Beside the danger of offence,

1220 The fatal enemy of sense'

'Why didst thou chuse that cursed sin,

Hypocrisy, to set up in?'

'Because it is the thriving'st calling,

The only saints-bell that rings all in,

1225 In which all churches are concerned,

And is the easiest to be learned

For no degrees, unless th' employ 't,  
Can ever gain much, or enjoy it  
A gift that is not only able  
1230 To domineer among the rabble,  
But by the laws impowered to rout,  
And awe the greatest that stand out,  
Which few hold forth against, for fear  
Their hands should slip, and come too near,  
1235 For no sin else, among the saints,  
Is taught so tenderly against '  
    'What made thee break thy plighted vows? '  
    'That which makes others break a house,  
And hang, and scorn ye all, before  
1240 Endure the plague of being poor '  
    Quoth he, 'I see you have more tricks  
Than all our doting politics,  
That are grown old, and out of fashion,  
Compared with your new reformation ,  
1245 That we must come to school to you,  
To learn your more refined and new '  
    Quoth he, 'If you will give me leave  
To tell you what I now perceive,  
You'll find yourself an errant chouse,  
1250 If y' were but at a meeting house '  
    'Tis true,' quoth he, 'we ne'er come there,  
Because w' have let 'em out by th' year '  
    'Truly,' quoth he, 'you can't imagine  
What wondrous things they will engage in ,  
1255 That as your fellow-fiends in hell  
Were angels all before they fell,  
So are you like to be again  
Compared with th' angels of us men '  
    Quoth he, 'I am resolved to be  
1260 Thy scholar in this mystery ,

And therefore first desire to know  
Some principles on which you go'

'What makes a knave a child of God,  
And one of us?'—'A livelihood'

1265 'What renders beating out of brains,  
And murder, godliness?'—'Great gains'

'What's tender conscience?'—'Tis a botch  
That will not bear the gentlest touch,  
But, breaking out, dispatches more

1270 Than th' epidemical'st plague-sore'

'What makes y' incroach upon our trade,  
And damn all others?'—'To be paid'

'What's orthodox and true believing  
Against a conscience?'—'A good living'

1275 'What makes rebelling against kings  
A good old cause?'—'Administrings'

'What makes all doctrines plain and clear?'

'About two hundred pounds a-year'

1280 'And that which was proved true before  
Prove false again?'—'Two hundred more'

'What makes the breaking of all oaths  
A holy duty?'—'Food and clothes'

'What laws and freedom, persecution?'  
'Being out of power, and contribution'

1285 'What makes a church a den of thieves?'  
'A dean and chapter, and white sleeves'

'And what would serve, if those were gone,  
To make it orthodox?'—'Our own'

1290 'What makes morality a crime,  
The most notorious of the time,  
Morality, which both the saints  
And wicked too cry out against?'

'Cause grace and virtue are within  
Prohibited degrees of kin,

- 1295 And therefore no true saint allows  
They shall be suffered to espouse  
For saints can need no conscience,  
That with morality dispense,  
As virtue's impious, when 'tis rooted  
1300 In nature only, and not imputed  
But why the wicked should do so,  
We neither know, nor care to do '  
'What's liberty of conscience,  
I' th' natural and genuine sense? '  
1305 'Tis to restore, with more security,  
Rebellion to its ancient purity,  
And Christian liberty reduce  
To th' elder practice of the Jews,  
For a large conscience is all one,  
1310 And signifies the same with none '  
'It is enough,' quoth he, 'for once,  
And has reprieved thy forfeit bones  
Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick,  
Though he gave his name to our Old Nick,  
1315 But was below the least of these,  
That pass i' th' world for holiness '  
Thus said the furies and the light  
In th' instant vanished out of sight,  
And left him in the dark alone,  
1320 With stinks of brimstone, and his own  
The queen of night, whose large command  
Rules all the sea, and half the land,  
And over moist and crazy brains,  
In high spring-tides, at midnight reigns,  
1325 Was now declining to the west,  
To go to bed and take her rest,  
When Hudibras, whose stubborn blows  
Denied his bones that soft repose,

Lay still expecting worse and more,  
1330 Stretched out at length upon the floor,  
And though he shut his eyes as fast  
As if h' had been to sleep his last,  
Saw all the shapes that fear or wizards,  
Do make the devil wear for vizards,  
1335 And pricking up his ears, to hark  
If he could hear, too, in the dark,  
Was first invaded with a groan,  
And after, in a feeble tone,  
These trembling words 'Unhappy wretch,  
1340 What hast thou gotten by this fetch,  
Or all thy tricks in this new trade,  
Thy holy brotherhood o' th' blade?  
By sauntering still on some adventure,  
And growing to thy horse a centaur?  
1345 To stuff thy skin with swelling knobs  
Of cruel and hard wooded drubs?  
For still th' hast had the worst on't yet,  
As well in conquest as defeat  
Night is the sabbath of mankind,  
1350 To rest the body and the mind,  
Which now thou art denied to keep,  
And cure thy laboured corpse with sleep'  
The knight, who heard the words, explained  
As meant to him this reprimand,  
1355 Because the character did hit  
Point blank upon his case so fit,  
Believed it was some drolling sprite  
That stayed upon the guard that night,  
And one of those h' had seen, and felt  
1360 The drubs he had so freely dealt,  
When, after a short pause and groan,  
The doleful Spirit thus went on,

‘This ’tis t’ engage with dogs and bears  
Pell-mell together by the ears,  
1365 And, after painful bangs and knocks,  
To lie in limbo in the stocks,  
And from the pinnacle of gloiy  
Fall headlong into purgatory ’—  
(Thought he, ‘This devil’s full of malice  
1370 That on my late disasters rallies’)  
‘Condemned to whipping, but declined it,  
By being more heroic minded,  
And at a riding handled worse,  
With treats more slovenly and coarse,  
1375 Engaged with fiends in stubborn wars,  
And hot disputes with conjurers,  
And, when th’ hadst bravely won the day,  
Wast fain to steal thyself away’  
(‘I see,’ thought he, ‘this shameless elf  
1380 Would fain steal me too from myself,  
That impudently dares to own  
What I have suffered for and done’)  
‘And now, but venturing to betray,  
Hast met with vengeance the same way’  
1385 Thought he, ‘How does the devil know  
What ’twas that I designed to do?  
His office of intelligence,  
His oracles, are ceased long since,  
And he knows nothing of the saints,  
1390 But what some treacherous spy acquaints  
This is some pettifogging fiend,  
Some under door keeper’s friend’s friend,  
That undertakes to understand,  
And juggles at the second hand,  
1395 And now would pass for spirit Po,  
And all men’s dark concerns foreknow



I think I need not fear him for't,  
These rallying devils do no hurt'  
With that he roused his drooping heart,  
1400 And hastily cried out, 'What art?'  
    'A wretch,' quoth he, 'whom want of grace  
Has brought to this unhappy place'  
    'I do believe thee,' quoth the knight,  
    'Thus far I'm sure thou'rt in the right  
1405 And know what 'tis that troubles thee,  
Better than thou hast guessed of me  
Thou art some paltry, blackguard sprite,  
Condemned to drudgery in the night,  
Thou hast no work to do in th' house,  
1410 Nor halfpenny to drop in shoes,  
Without the raising of which sum  
You dare not be so troublesome  
To pinch the slatterns black and blue,  
For leaving you their work to do  
1415 This is your business, good Pug Robin,  
And your diversion dull dry bobbing,  
T' entice fanatics in the dirt,  
And wash 'em clean in ditches for't,  
Of which conceit you are so proud,  
1420 At every jest you laugh aloud,  
As now you would have done by me,  
But that I barred your raillery'  
    'Sir,' quoth the Voice, 'y' are no such sophy,  
As you would have the world judge of ye  
1425 If you design to weigh our talents  
I' th' standard of your own false balance,  
Or think it possible to know  
Us ghosts, as well as we do you,  
We who have been the everlasting  
1430 Companions of your drubs and basting,

- And never left you in contest  
With male or female, man or beast,  
But proved as true t' ye, and entire,  
In all adventures, as your squire '  
1435 Quoth he, 'That may be said as true  
By th' idlest pug of all your crew,  
For none could have betrayed us worse  
Than those allies of ours and yours  
But I have sent him for a token  
1440 To your low country Hogen-Mogen,  
To whose infernal shores I hope  
He'll swing like skippers in a rope  
And if ye've been more just to me  
As I am apt to think, than he,  
1445 I am afraid it is as true  
What th' ill-affected say of you,  
Y' have 'spoused the covenant and cause  
By holding up your cloven paws'  
'Sir,' quoth the Voice, 'tis true, I grant,  
1450 We made, and took the covenant,  
But that no more concerns the cause,  
Than other perjuries do the laws,  
Which, when they're proved in open court,  
Wear wooden peccadilloes for't  
1455 And that's the reason cov'nanters  
Hold up their hands, like rogues at bars'  
'I see,' quoth Hudibras, 'from whence  
These scandals of the saints commence,  
That are but natural effects  
1460 Of Satan's malice, and his sects,  
Those spider-saints, that hang by threads  
Spun out o' th' entrails of their heads'  
'Sir,' quoth the Voice, 'that may as true  
And properly be said of you

- 1465 Whose talents may compare with either,  
Or both the other put together  
For all the independents do,  
Is only what you forced 'em to,  
You, who are not content alone
- 1470 With tricks to put the devil down,  
But must have armies raised to back  
The gospel-work you undertake,  
As if artillery and edge tools,  
Were th' only engines to save souls
- 1475 While he, poor devil, has no power  
By force to run down and devour,  
Has ne'er a classis, cannot sentence  
To stools, or poundage of repentance,  
Is tied up only to design
- 1480 T' entice, and tempt, and undermine  
In which you all his arts outdo,  
And prove yourselves his betters too  
Hence 'tis possessions do less evil  
Than mere temptations of the devil,
- 1485 Which all the horrid'st actions done  
Are charged in courts of law upon,  
Because, unless they help the elf,  
He can do little of himself,  
And, therefore, where he's best possessed,
- 1490 Acts most against his interest,  
Surprises none but those who've priests  
To turn him out, and exorcists,  
Supplied with spiritual provision,  
And magazines of ammunition,
- 1495 With crosses, relics, crucifixes,  
Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes,  
The tools of working our salvation  
By mere mechanic operation

With holy water, like a sluice,  
1500 To overflow all avenues  
But those who're utterly unarmed,  
T' oppose his entrance, if he stormed,  
He never offers to surprise,  
Although his falsest enemies,  
1505 But is content to be their drudge,  
And on their errands glad to trudge  
For where are all your forfeitures  
Intrusted in safe hands, but ours?  
Who are but jailers of the holes  
1510 And dungeons where you clap up souls,  
Like under keepers, turn the keys  
T' your mittimus anathemas,  
And never boggle to restore  
The members you deliver o'er  
1515 Upon demand, with fairer justice,  
Than all your covenanting trustees,  
Unless, to punish them the worse,  
You put them in the secular powers,  
And pass their souls, as some demise  
1520 The same estate in mortgage twice  
When to a legal utlegation  
You turn your excommunication,  
And, for a groat unpaid that's due,  
Distrain on soul and body too'  
1525 Thought he, 'Tis no mean part of civil  
State prudence to cajole the devil,  
And not to handle him too rough,  
When h' has us in his cloven hoof'  
'Tis true,' quoth he, 'that intercourse  
1530 Has passed between your friends and ours,  
That, as you trust us, in our way,  
To raise your members, and to lay,

We send you others of our own,  
Denounced to hang themselves, or drown,  
1535 Or, frightened with our oratory,  
To leap down headlong many a story,  
Have used all means to propagate  
Your mighty interests of state,  
Laid out our spiritual gifts to further  
1540 Your great designs of rage and murder  
For if the saints are named from blood,  
We only 'ave made that title good,  
And, if it were but in our power,  
We should not scruple to do more,  
1545 And not be half a soul behind  
Of all dissenters of mankind'  
    'Right,' quoth the Voice, 'and, as I scorn  
To be ungrateful, in return  
Of all those kind good offices,  
1550 I'll free you out of this distress,  
And set you down in safety,—where,  
It is no time to tell you here  
The cock crows, and the morn draws on,  
When 'tis decreed I must be gone,  
1555 And if I leave you here till day,  
You'll find it hard to get away'  
    With that the Spirit groped about  
To find th' enchanted hero out,  
And tried with haste to lift him up,  
1560 But found his forlorn hope, his crup,  
Unserviceable with kicks and blows,  
Received from hardened-hearted foes  
He thought to drag him by the heels,  
Like Gresham carts, with legs for wheels,  
1565 But fear, that soonest cures those sores,  
In danger of relapse to worse,

Came in t' assist him with its aid,  
And up his sinking vessel weighed  
No sooner was he fit to trudge,  
1570 But both made ready to dislodge,  
The Spirit horsed him, like a sack,  
Upon the vehicle his back,  
And bore him headlong into th' hall,  
With some few rubs against the wall,  
1575 Where finding out the postern locked,  
And th' avenues as strongly blocked,  
H' attacked the window, stormed the glass,  
And in a moment gained the pass,  
Through which he dragged the worsted soldier's  
1580 Forequarters out by th' head and shoulders,  
And cautiously began to scout  
To find their fellow-cattle out,  
Nor was it half a minute's quest,  
Ere he retrieved the champion's beast,  
1585 Tied to a pale, instead of rack,  
But ne'er a saddle on his back,  
Nor pistols at the saddle bow,  
Conveyed away, the Lord knows how  
He thought it was no time to stay,  
1590 And let the night, too, steal away,  
But, in a trice, advanced the knight  
Upon the bare ridge, bolt upright,  
And, groping out for Ralpho's jade,  
He found the saddle, too, was strayed,  
1595 And in the place a lump of soap,  
On which he speedily leaped up,  
And, turning to the gate the rein,  
He kicked and cudgelled on amain,  
While Hudibras, with equal haste,  
1600 On both sides laid about as fast,

And spurred, as jockies use, to break,  
Or padders to secure, a neck  
Where let us leave 'em for a time,  
And to their churches turn our rhyme,  
1605 To hold foith their declining state,  
Which now come near an even rate

## PART III —CANTO II

## THE ARGUMENT

*The saints engage in fierce contests  
About their carnal interests,  
To share their sacrilegious preys  
According to their rates of grace  
Their various frenzies to reform,  
When Cromwell left them in a storm,  
Till, in th' effigy of Rumps, the rabble  
Burn all their grandees of the cabal*

THE learned write, an insect breeze  
Is but a mongrel prince of bees,  
That falls before a storm on cows,  
And stings the founders of his house,  
From whose corrupted flesh that breed  
Of vermin did at first proceed  
So, ere the storm of war broke out,  
Religion spawned a various rout  
Of petulant capricious sects,  
10 The maggots of corrupted texts,  
That first run all religion down,  
And after every swarm its own  
For as the Persian Magi once  
Upon their mothers got their sons,  
15 That were incapable t' enjoy  
That empire any other way,



- So presbyter begot the other  
Upon the good old cause, his mother,  
Then bore them like the devil's dam,  
20 Whose son and husband are the same,  
And yet no natural tie of blood,  
Nor interest for the common good,  
Could, when their profits interfered,  
Get quarter for each other's beard  
25 For when they thrived they never fadged,  
But only by the ears engaged  
Like dogs that snarl about a bone,  
And play together when they've none,  
As by their truest characters,  
30 Their constant actions, plainly appears  
Rebellion now began, for lack  
Of zeal and plunder, to grow slack,  
The cause and covenant to lessen,  
And prov'dence to be out of season  
35 For now there was no more to purchase  
O' th' king's revenue, and the church's,  
But all divided, shared, and gone,  
That used to urge the brethren on,  
Which forced the stubborn'st for the cause,  
40 To cross the cudgels to the laws,  
That what by breaking them th' had gained  
By their support might be maintained,  
Like thieves, that in a hemp plot lie  
Secured against the hue and-cry,  
45 For presbyter and independent  
Were now turned plaintiff and defendant  
Laid out their apostolic functions  
On carnal orders and injunctions,  
And all their precious gifts and graces  
50 On outlawries and *scire facias*,

- At Michael's term had many trial,  
Worse than the Dragon and St Michael,  
Where thousands fell, in shape of fees,  
Into the bottomless abyss
- 55 For when, like brethren, and like friends,  
They came to share their dividends,  
And every partner to possess  
His church and state joint purchases,  
In which the ablest saint, and best,
- 60 Was named in trust by all the rest,  
To pay their money, and, instead  
Of every brother, pass the deed,  
He straight converted all his gifts  
To pious frauds, and holy shifts,
- 65 And settled all the other shares  
Upon his outward man and 's heirs,  
Held all they claimed as forfeit lands  
Delivered up into his hands,  
And passed upon his conscience
- 70 By pre entail of providence,  
Impeached the rest for reprobates,  
That had no titles to estates,  
But by their spiritual attainments  
Degraded from the right of saints
- 75 This being revealed, they now begun  
With law and conscience to fall on,  
And laid about as hot and brain sick  
As th' utter barrister of Swanswick,  
Engaged with money bags, as bold
- 80 As men with sand-bags did of old,  
That brought the lawyers in more fees  
Than all unsanctified trustees,  
Till he who had no more to show  
I' th' case, received the overthrow,

- 85 Or, both sides having had the worst,  
They parted as they met at first  
Poor presbyter was now reduced,  
Secluded, and cashiered, and choused '  
Turned out, and excommunicate  
90 From all affairs of church and state,  
Reformed t' a reformado saint,  
And glad to turn itinerant,  
To stroll and teach from town to town,  
And those he had taught up, teach down,  
95 And make those uses serve again  
Against the new enlightened men,  
As fit as when at first they were  
Revealed against the cavalier,  
Damn anabaptist and fanatic,  
100 As pat as popish and prelatie,  
And, with as little variation,  
To serve for any sect i' th' nation,  
The good old cause, which some believe  
To be the devil that tempted Eve  
105 With knowledge, and does still invite  
The world to mischief with new light,  
Had store of money in her purse,  
When he took her for better or worse,  
But now was grown deformed and poor,  
110 And fit to be turned out of door  
The independents (whose first station  
Was in the rear of reformation,  
A mongrel kind of church-dragoons,  
That served for horse and foot at once,  
115 And in the saddle of one steed  
The Saracen and Christian rid ,  
Were free of every spiritual order,  
To preach, and fight, and pray, and murder )

No sooner got the start, to lurch  
120 Both disciplines of war and church,  
And providence enough to run  
The chief commanders of them down,  
But carried on the war against  
The common enemy o' th' saints,  
125 And in a while prevailed so far,  
To win of them the game of war,  
And be at liberty once more  
T' attack themselves as th' had before  
For now there was no foe in arms  
130 T' unite their factions with alarms,  
But all reduced and overcome,  
Except their worst, themselves at home,  
Wh' had compassed all they prayed and swore,  
And fought, and preached, and plundered for,  
135 Subdued the nation, church, and state,  
And all things but their laws and hate,  
But when they came to treat and transact,  
And share the spoil of all th' had ransacked,  
To botch up what th' had torn and rent,  
140 Religion and the government,  
They met no sooner, but prepared  
To pull down all the war had spared,  
Agreed in nothing, but t' abolish,  
Subvert, extirpate, and demolish  
145 For knaves and fools being near of kin,  
As Dutch boors are t a sooterkin,  
Both parties joined to do their best  
To damn the public interest,  
And herded only in consults,  
150 To put by one another's bolts,  
T' out-cant the Babylonian labourers,  
At all their dialects of jabberers,

And tug at both ends of the saw,  
To tear down government and law  
155 For as two cheats, that play one game,  
Are both defeated of their aim,  
So those who play a game of state,  
And only cavil in debate,  
Although there's nothing lost nor won,  
160 The public business is undone,  
Which still the longer 'tis in doing,  
Becomes the surer way to ruin  
This when the royalists perceived,—  
Who to their faith as firmly cleaved,  
165 And owned the right they had paid down  
So dearly for, the church and crown—  
Th' united constanter, and sided  
The more, the more their foes divided  
For though outnumbered, overthrown,  
170 And by the fate of war run down,  
Their duty never was defeated,  
Nor from their oaths and faith retreated,  
For loyalty is still the same,  
Whether it win or lose the game,  
175 True as the dial to the sun,  
Although it be not shined upon  
But when these bretheren in evil,  
Their adversaries, and the devil,  
Began once more to show them play,  
180 And hopes, at least, to have a day,  
They rallied in parades of woods,  
And unfrequented solitudes,  
Convened at midnight in outhouses,  
T' appoint new-rising rendezvouses,  
185 And, with a pertinacy unmatched,  
For new recruits of danger watched

No sooner was one blow diverted,  
But up another party started,  
And as if nature too, in haste  
190 To furnish our supplies as fast,  
Before her time had turned destruction  
T' a new and numerous production,  
No sooner those were overcome,  
But up rose others in their room,  
195 That, like the Christian faith, increased  
The more, the more they were suppressed,  
Whom neither chains, nor transportation,  
Proscription, sale, or confiscation,  
Nor all the desperate events  
200 Of former tried experiments,  
Nor wounds, could terrify, nor mangling,  
To leave off loyalty and dangling,  
Nor death, with all his bones, affright  
From venturing to maintain the right,  
205 From staking life and fortune down  
'Gainst all together, for the crown,  
But kept the title of their cause  
From forfeiture, like claims in laws,  
And proved no prosperous usurpation  
210 Can ever settle on the nation,  
Until, in spite of force and treason,  
They put their loy'lty in possession,  
And, by their constancy and faith,  
Destroyed the mighty men of Gath  
215 Tossed in a furious hurricane,  
Did Oliver give up his reign,  
And was believed, as well by saints  
As moral men and miscreants,  
To founder in the Stygian ferry,  
220 Until he was retrieved by Sterry,

- Who in a false erroneous dream,  
Mistook the New Jerusalem,  
Profanely for th' apocryphal  
False Heaven at the end o' th' Hall,  
225 Whither it was decreed by fate,  
His precious reliques to translate  
So Romulus was seen before  
B' as orthodox a senator,  
From whose divine illumination  
230 He stole the pagan revelation  
Next him his son and heir apparent  
Succeeded, though a lame vicegerent,  
Who first laid by the parliament,  
The only crutch on which he leant,  
235 And then sunk underneath the state  
That rode him above horseman's weight  
And now the saints began their reign,  
For which th' had yearned so long in vain,  
And felt such bowel hankerings,  
240 To see an empire, all of kings,  
Delivered from th' Egyptian awe  
Of justice, government, and law,  
And free t' erect what spiritual cantons  
Should be revealed, or gospel Hans-Towns.  
245 To edify upon the ruins  
Of John of Leyden's old outgoings,  
Who for a weather cock hung up  
Upon their mother church's top,  
Was made a type by Providence,  
250 Of all their revelations since,  
And now fulfilled by his successors,  
Who equally mistook their measures  
For when they came to shape the model,  
Not one could fit another's noddle,

- 255 But found their light and gifts more wide  
From fadging, than th' unsanctified,  
While every individual brother  
Strove hand to fist against another,  
And still the maddest, and most cracked,  
260 Were found the busiest to transact,  
For though most hands dispatch apace,  
And make light work, the proverb says,  
Yet many different intellects  
Are found t' have contrary effects,  
265 And many heads t' obstruct intrigues,  
As slowest insects have most legs  
Some were for setting up a king,  
But all the rest for no such thing,  
Unless king Jesus others tampered  
270 For Fleetwood, Desborough, and Lambert,  
Some for the rump, and some more crafty  
For agitators, and the safety,  
Some for the gospel, and massacres  
Of spiritual affidavit-makers,  
275 That swore to any human regence  
Oaths of suprem'cy and allegiance,—  
Yea, though the ablest swearing saint,  
That vouched the bulls o' th' covenant,  
Others for pulling down th' high places  
280 Of synods and provincial classes,  
That used to make such hostile inroads  
Upon the saints, like bloody Nimrods,  
Some for fulfilling prophecies,  
And th' extirpation of th' excise,  
285 And some against th' Egyptian bondage  
Of holy days, and paying poundage,  
Some for the cutting down of groves,  
And rectifying bakers' loaves,



And some for finding out expedients  
290 Against the slavery of obedience,  
Some were for gospel-ministers,  
And some for redcoat seculars,  
As men most fit t' hold forth the word,  
And wield the one and th' other sword,  
295 Some were for carrying on the work  
Against the pope, and some the Turk,  
Some for engaging to suppress  
The camisado of surplices,  
That gifts and dispensations hindered,  
300 And turned to th' outward man the inward  
More proper for the cloudy night  
Of popery than gospel-light,  
Others were for abolishing  
That tool of matrimony, a ring,  
405 With which th' unsanctified bridegroom  
Is married only to a thumb,—  
As wise as ringing of a pig,  
That used to break up ground, and dig,—  
The bride to nothing but her will,  
510 That nulls the after-marriage still,  
Some were for th' utter extirpation  
Of linsey-woolsey in the nation,  
And some against all idolising  
The cross in shop-books, or baptising,  
315 Others to make all things recant  
The Christian or surname of saint,  
And force all churches, streets, and towns,  
The holy title to renounce,  
Some 'gainst a third estate of souls,  
320 And bringing down the price of coals,  
Some for abolishing black-pudding,  
And eating nothing with the blood in,

To abrogate them roots and branches,  
While others were for eating haunches  
325 Of warriors, and, now and then,  
The flesh of kings and mighty men,  
And some for breaking of their bones  
With rods of iron, by secret ones,  
For thrashing mountains, and with spells  
330 For hallowing carriers' packs and bells,  
Things that the legend never heard of,  
But made the wicked sore afear'd of  
The quacks of government, who sate  
At th' unregarded helm of state,  
335 And understood this wild confusion  
Of fatal madness and delusion  
Must, sooner than a prodigy,  
Portend destruction to be nigh,  
Considered timely how t' withdraw,  
340 And save their wind-pipes from the law,  
For one rencounter at the bar  
Was worse than all th' had scaped in war,  
And therefore met in consultation  
To cant and quack upon the nation,  
345 Not for the sickly patient's sake,  
Nor what to give, but what to take,  
To feel the pulses of their fees,  
More wise than fumbling arteries,  
Prolong the snuff of life in pain,  
350 And from the grave recover—gain  
'Mong these there was a politician,  
With more heads than a beast in vision,  
And more intrigues in every one  
Than all the whores of Babylon,  
355 So politic, as if one eye  
Upon the other were a spy,

That, to trepan the one to think  
The other blind, both strove to blink,  
And in his dark pragmatic way  
360 As busy as a child at play  
H' had seen three governments run down,  
And had a hand in every one,  
Was for 'em, and against 'em all,  
But barbarous when they came to fall  
365 For by trepanning th' old to run,  
He made his interest with the new one,  
Played true and faithful, though against  
His conscience, and was still advanced  
For by the witchcraft of rebellion  
370 Transformed t' a feeble state-camelion,  
By giving aim from side to side,  
He never failed to save his tide,  
But got the start of every state,  
And, at a change, ne'er came too late,  
375 Could turn his word, and oath, and faith,  
As many ways as in a lathe,  
By turning wriggle, like a screw,  
Int' highest trust, and out, for new  
But when h' had happily incurred,  
380 Instead of hemp, to be preferred,  
And passed upon a government,  
He played his trick, and out he went,  
But being out, and out of hopes  
To mount his ladder, more, of ropes,  
385 Would strive to raise himself upon  
The public ruin, and his own,  
So little did he understand  
The desperate feats he took in hand,  
But when h' had got himself a name  
390 For frauds and tricks he spoiled his game,

- And forced his neck into a noose,  
To show his play at fast and loose,  
And, when he chanced t' escape, mistook,  
For art and subtlety, his luck  
395 So right his judgment was cut fit,  
And made a tally to his wit,  
And both together most profound  
At deeds of darkness under ground,  
As th' earth is easiest undermined,  
400 By vermin impotent and blind  
By all these arts, and many more,  
H' had practised long and much before,  
Our state artificer foresaw  
Which way the world began to draw  
405 For as old sinners have all points  
O' th' compass in their bones and joints,  
Can by their pangs and aches find  
All turns and changes of the wind,  
And, better than by Napier's bones,  
410 Feel in their own the age of moons  
So guilty sinners, in a state,  
Can by their crimes prognosticate,  
And in their consciences feel pain,  
Some days before a shower of rain,  
415 He therefore wisely cast about  
All ways he could, t' insure his throat,  
And hither came, t' observe and smoke  
What courses other riskers took,  
And to the utmost do his best  
420 To save himself, and hang the rest  
To match this saint there was another  
As busy and perverse a brother,  
An haberdasher of small wares  
In politics and state-affairs,

- 425 More Jew than rabbi Achitophel,  
And better gifted to rebel,  
For when h' had taught his tribe to 'spouse  
The cause, aloft upon one house,  
He scorned to set his own in order,  
430 But tried another, and went further ,  
So suddenly addicted still  
To 's only principle, his will  
That whatsoe'er it chanced to prove  
No force of argument could move,  
435 Nor law, nor cavalcade of Holborn,  
Could render half a grain less stubborn ,  
For he at any time would hang,  
For th' opportunity t' harangue ,  
And rather on a gibbet dangle,  
440 Than miss his dear delight, to wrangle ,  
In which his parts were so accomplished,  
That, right or wrong, he ne'er was nonplussed ,  
But still his tongue ran on, the less  
Of weight it bore, with greater ease ,  
445 And, with its everlasting clack,  
Set all men's ears upon the rack ,  
No sooner could a hint appear,  
But up he started to pickeer,  
And made the stoutest yield to mercy,  
450 When he engaged in controversy ,  
Not by the force of carnal reason,  
But indefatigable teasing ,  
With volleys of eternal babble,  
And clamour, more unanswerable  
455 For though his topics, frail and weak,  
Could ne'er amount above a freak,  
He still maintained 'em, like his faults,  
Against the desp'ratest assaults ,

And backed their feeble want of sense  
460 With greater heat and confidence,  
As bones of Hector's, when they differ,  
The more they're cudgelled, grow the stiffer  
Yet when his profit moderated,  
The fury of his heat abated,  
465 For nothing but his interest  
Could lay his devil of contest  
It was his choice, or chance, or curse,  
T' espouse the cause for better or worse,  
And with his worldly goods and wit  
470 And soul and body worshipped it  
The Trojan mare, in foal with Greeks,  
Not half so full of jadish tricks,  
475 Though squeamish in her outward woman,  
As loose and rampant as Dol Common,  
He still resolved to mend the matter,  
T' adhere and cleave the obstinater,  
And still, the skittisher and looser  
480 Her freaks appeared, to sit the closer,  
For fools are stubborn in their way,  
As coins are hardened by th' alloy  
And obstinacy's ne'er so stiff,  
As when 'tis in a wrong belief  
485 These two, with others, being met,  
And close in consultation set,  
After a discontented pause,  
And not without sufficient cause,  
The orator we named of late,  
490 Less troubled with the pangs of state,  
Than with his own impatience,  
To give himself first audience,  
After he had a while looked wise,  
At last broke silence, and the ice.

- 495 Quoth he 'There's nothing makes me doubt  
Our last outgoings brought about,  
More than to see the characters  
Of real jealousies and fears  
Not feigned, as once, but sadly horrid,  
500 Scored upon every member's forehead,  
Who, 'cause the clouds are drawn together,  
And threaten sudden change of weather,  
Feels pangs and aches of state-turns,  
And revolutions in their corns,  
505 And, since our workings-out are crossed,  
Throw up the cause before 'tis lost  
Was it to run away we meant,  
When, taking of the covenant,  
The lamest cripples of the brothers  
510 Took oaths to run before all others,  
But in their own sense, only swore,  
To strive to run away before,  
And now would prove, that words and oath  
Engage us to renounce them both?  
515 'Tis true the cause is in the lurch,  
Between a right and mongrel church,  
The presbyter and independent,  
That stickle which shall make an end on't  
As 'twas made out to us the last  
520 Expedient,—I mean Margaret's fast,  
When Providence had been suborned,  
What answer was to be returned  
Else why should tumults fright us now,  
We have so many times gone through,  
525 And understand as well to tame  
As, when they serve our turns, t' inflame?  
Have proved how inconsiderable  
Are all engagements of the rabble,

Whose frenzies must be reconciled  
530 With drums, and rattles, like a child,  
But never proved so prosperous,  
As when they were led on by us,  
For all our scouring of religion  
Began with tumults and sedition,  
535 When hurricanes of fierce commotion  
Became strong motives to devotion  
As carnal seamen in a storm,  
Turn pious converts, and reform,  
When rusty weapons, with chalked edges,  
540 Maintained our feeble privileges,  
And brown bills, levied in the city,  
Made bills to pass the grand committee,  
When zeal, with aged clubs and gleaves,  
Gave chase to rochets and white sleeves,  
545 And made the church, and state, and laws,  
Submit t' old iron, and the cause  
And as we thrived by tumults then,  
So might we better now again,  
If we knew how, as then we did,  
550 To use them rightly in our need  
Tumults, by which the mutinous  
Betray themselves instead of us,  
The hollow hearted, disaffected,  
And close malignant are detected,  
555 Who lay their lives and fortunes down,  
For pledges to secure our own,  
And freely sacrifice their ears  
T' appease our jealousies and fears  
And yet, for all these providences  
560 W' are offered, if we have our senses,  
We idly sit, like stupid blockheads,  
Our hands committed to our pockets,



And nothing but our tongues at large,  
To get the wretches a discharge  
565 Like men condemned to thunder-bolts,  
Who, ere the blow, become mere dolts,  
Or fools besotted with their crimes,  
That know not how to shift betimes,  
That neither have the hearts to stay,  
570 Nor wit enough to run away,  
Who, if we could resolve on either,  
Might stand or fall at least together,  
No mean nor trivial solaces  
To partners in extreme distress,  
575 Who use to lessen their despairs,  
By parting them int' equal shares,  
As if the more there were to bear,  
They felt the weight the easier,  
And every one the gentler hung,  
580 The more he took his turn among  
But 'tis not come to that, as yet,  
If we had courage left, or wit,  
Who, when our fate can be no worse,  
Are fitted for the bravest course  
585 Have time to rally, and prepare  
Our last and best defence, despair  
Despair, by which the gallant'st feats  
Have been achieved in greatest straits,  
And horrid'st dangers safely waived,  
590 By being courageously outbraved,  
As wounds by wider wounds are healed,  
And poisons by themselves expelled  
And so they might be now again,  
If we were, what we should be, men,  
595 And not so dully desperate,  
To side against ourselves with fate

As criminals, condemned to suffer,  
Are blinded first, and then turned over  
This comes of breaking covenants,  
600 And setting up exempts of saints,  
That fine, like aldermen, for grace,  
To be excused the efficacy  
For spiritual men are too transcendent,  
That mount their banks for independent,  
605 To hang, like Mahomet, in the air,  
Or St Ignatius, at his prayer,  
By pure geometry, and hate  
Dependence upon church or state  
Disdain the pedantry o' th' letter,  
610 And since obedience is better,  
The Scripture says, than sacrifice,  
Presume the less on't will suffice,  
And scorn to have the moderat'st stints  
Prescribed their peremptory hints,  
615 Or any opinion, true or false  
Declared as such, in doctrinals,  
But left at large to make their best on,  
Without being called t' account or quest'on  
Interpret all the spleen reveals,  
620 As Whittington explained the bells,  
And bid themselves turn back again  
Lord Mayors of New Jerusalem,  
But look so big and overgrown,  
They scorn their edifiers to own,  
625 Who taught them all their sprinkling lessons,  
Their tones, and sanctified expressions,  
Bestowed their gifts upon a saint,  
Like charity, on those that want,  
And learned the apocryphal bigots  
630 T' inspire themselves with short-hand notes,

For which they scorn and hate them worse  
Than dogs and cats do sow-gelders  
For who first bred them up to pray,  
And teach the house of commons' way?  
635 Where had they all their gifted phrases,  
But from our Calamys and Cases?  
Without whose sprinkling and sowing,  
Who e'er had heard of Nye or Owen?  
Their dispensations had been stifled,  
640 But for our Adoniram Byfield,  
And had they not begun the war,  
Th' had ne'er been sainted as they are  
For saints in peace degenerate,  
And dwindle down to reprobate,  
645 Their zeal corrupts, like standing water,  
In th' intervals of war and slaughter,  
Abates the sharpness of its edge,  
Without the power of sacrilege,  
And though they've tricks to cast their sins,  
650 As easy as serpents do their skins,  
That in a while grow out again,  
In peace they turn mere carnal men,  
And from the most refined of saints,  
As naturally grow miscreants  
655 As barnacles turn solan geese  
I' th' islands of the Orcades  
Their dispensation's but a ticket  
For their conforming to the wicked,  
With whom their greatest difference  
660 Lies more in words and show, than sense  
For as the Pope, that keeps the gate  
Of heaven, wears three crowns of state,  
So he that keeps the gate of hell,  
Proud Cerb'rus, wears three heads as well,

- 665 And, if the world has any troth,  
Some have been canonized in both  
But that which does them greatest harm,  
Their spiritual gizzards are too warm,  
Which puts the overheated sots  
670 In fever still, like other goats,  
Our schismatics so vastly differ,  
Th' hotter th' are they grow the stiffer,  
675 Still setting off their spiritual goods,  
With fierce and pertinacious feuds  
For zeal's a dreadful termagant,  
That teaches saints to tear and rant,  
And independents to profess  
680 The doctrine of dependencies,  
Turns meek, and secret, sneaking ones,  
To rawheads fierce, and bloody bones,  
And not content with endless quarels  
Against the wicked, and their morals  
685 The Gibellines, for want of Guelfs,  
Divert their rage upon themselves  
For, now the war is not between  
The brethren and the men of sin,  
But saint and saint to spill the blood  
690 Of one another's brotherhood,  
Where neither side can lay pretence  
To liberty of conscience,  
Or zealous suffering for the cause,  
To gain one groat's worth of applause,  
695 For, though endured with resolution,  
'Twill ne'er amount to persecution,  
Shall precious saints, and secret ones,  
Break one another's outward bones,  
And eat the flesh of bretheren,  
700 Instead of "kings and mighty men?"

When fiends agree among themselves,  
Shall they be found the greater elves?  
When Bel's at union with the Dragon,  
And Baal-Peor friends with Dagon,  
705 When savage bears agree with bears,  
Shall secret ones lug saints by th' ears,  
And not atone their fatal wrath,  
When common danger threatens both?  
Shall mastiffs, by the collars pulled,  
710 Engaged with bulls, let go their hold?  
And saints, whose necks are pawned at stake,  
No notice of the danger take?  
But though no power of heaven or hell  
Can pacify fanatic zeal,  
715 Who would not guess there might be hopes  
The fear of gallowses and ropes  
Before their eyes, might reconcile  
Their animosities awhile,  
At least until th' had a clear stage,  
720 And equal freedom to engage,  
Without the danger of surprise  
By both our common enemies?  
This none but we alone could doubt  
Who understand their workings-out,  
725 And know 'em, both in soul and conscience,  
Giv'n up t' as reprobate a nonsense  
As spiritual outlaws, whom the power  
Of miracle can ne'er restore  
We, whom at first they set up under  
730 In revelation only of plunder,  
Who since have had so many trials  
Of their encroaching self denials,  
That rooked upon us with design  
To out reform and undermine,

- 735 Took all our interests and commands  
Perfidiously, out of our hands,  
Involved us in the guilt of blood,  
Without the motive gains allowed,  
And made us serve as ministerial,  
740 Like younger sons of father Belial,  
And yet, for all th' inhuman wrong,  
Th' had done us, and the cause so long,  
We never failed to carry on  
The work still, as we had begun,  
745 But true and faithfully obeyed,  
And neither preached them hurt, nor pryed,  
Nor troubled them to crop our ears,  
Nor hang us, like the cavaliers,  
Nor put them to the charge of jails,  
750 To find us pillories and carts' tails,  
Or hangman's wages, which the state  
Was forced, before them, to be at,  
That cut, like tallies, to the stumps,  
Our ears for keeping true accounts,  
755 And burned our vessels, like a new  
Sealed peck, or bushel, for being true,  
But hand in hand, like faithful brothers,  
Held for the cause against all others,  
Disdaining equally to yield  
760 One syllable of what we held  
And though we differed now and then  
'Bout outward things, and outward men,  
Our inward men, and constant frame  
Of spirit still were near the same,  
765 And till they first began to cant,  
And sprinkle down the covenant,  
We ne'er had call in any place,  
Nor dreamed of teaching down free grace,

But joined our gifts perpetually  
770 Against the common enemy,  
Although 'twas ours, and their opinion,  
Each other's church was but a Rimmon  
And yet, for all this gospel union,  
And outward show of church communion,  
775 They'd ne'er admit us to our shares,  
Of ruling church, or state affairs,  
Nor give us leave t' absolve, or sentence  
T' our own conditions of repentance,  
But shared our dividend o' the crown  
780 We had so painfully preached down,  
And forced us, though against the grain,  
T' have calls to teach it up again  
For 'twas but justice to restore  
The wrongs we had received before,  
785 And when 'twas held forth in our way,  
W' had been ungrateful not to pay,  
Who for the right we've done the nation,  
Have earned our temporal salvation,  
And put our vessels in a way,  
790 Once more to come again in play  
For if the tuning of us out,  
Has brought this providence about,  
And that our only suffering  
Is able to bring in the king,  
795 What would our actions not have done,  
Had we been suffered to go on?  
And therefore may pretend t' a share,  
At least, in carrying on th' affair  
But whether that be so, or not,  
800 We've done enough to have it thought,  
And that's as good as if w' had done't,  
And easier passed upon account

For if it be but half denied,  
'Tis half as good as justified  
805 The world is naturally averse  
To all the truth it sees or hears,  
But swallows nonsense and a lie  
With greediness and gluttony,  
And though it have the pique, and long,  
810 'Tis still for something in the wrong,  
As women long, when they're with child,  
For things extravagant and wild,  
For meats ridiculous and fulsome,  
But seldom any thing that's wholesome,  
815 And, like the world, men's jobbernoles  
Turn round upon their ears, the poles,  
And what they're confidently told,  
By no sense else can be controlled  
And this, perhaps, may prove the means  
820 Once more to hedge in Providence  
For as relapses make diseases  
More desperate than their first accesses,  
If we but get again in power,  
Our work is easier than before,  
825 And we more ready and expert  
I' th mystery, to do our part  
We, who did rather undertake  
The first war to create, than make,  
And when of nothing 'twas begun,  
830 Raised funds as strange, to carry 't on,  
Trepanned the state, and faced it down,  
With plots and projects of our own,  
And if we did such feats at first,  
What can we now we're better versed?  
835 Who have a freer latitude  
Than sinners give themselves, allowed;



And therefore likeliest to bring in,  
On fairest terms, our discipline,  
To which it was revealed long since  
840 We were ordained by Providence,  
When three saints' ears, our predecessors,  
The cause's primitive confessors,  
B'ing crucified, the nation stood  
In just so many years of blood,  
845 That, multiplied by six, expressed  
The perfect number of the beast,  
And proved that we must be the men  
To bring this work about again,  
And those who laid the first foundation,  
850 Complete the thorough Reformation  
For who have gifts to carry on  
So great a work, but we alone?  
What churches have such able pastors,  
And precious, powerful, preaching masters?  
855 Possessed with absolute dominions,  
O'er brethren's purses and opinions,  
And trusted with the double keys  
Of heaven, and their warehouses,  
Who, when the cause is in distress,  
860 Can furnish out what sums they please,  
That brooding lie in bankers' hands,  
To be disposed at their commands,  
And daily increase and multiply,  
With doctrine, use, and usury  
865 Can fetch in parties, as, in war  
All other heads of cattle are,  
From th' enemy of all religions,  
As well as high and low conditions,  
And share them, from blue ribbands down  
870 To all blue aprons in the town,

From ladies hurried in caleches,  
With cornets at their footmen's breeches,  
875 Our party's great, and better tied  
With oaths, and trade, than any side,  
Has one considerable improvement  
To double fortify the covenant,  
I mean our covenant to purchase  
800 Delinquents' titles, and the church's,  
That pass in sale, from hand to hand,  
Among ourselves, for current land,  
And rise or fall, like Indian actions,  
According to the rate of factions,  
835 Our best reserve for reformation,  
When new outgoings give occasion,  
That keeps the loins of brethren girt,  
The covenant, their creed, t' assert,  
And, when they've packed a parliament,  
890 Will once more try th' expedient  
Who can already muster friends,  
To serve for members to our ends,  
That represent no part o' th' nation,  
But Fisher's-folly congregation,  
895 Are only tools to our intrigues,  
And sit like geese to hatch our eggs,  
Who, by their precedents of wit  
T' outfast, outloiter, and outfit,  
And order matters under hand,  
900 To put all business to a stand,  
Lay public bills aside, for private,  
And make 'em one another drive out,  
Divert the great and necessary,  
With trifles to contest and vary,  
905 And make the nation represent,  
And serve for us in parliament

Cut out more work than can be done  
In Plato's year, but finish none,  
Unless it be the bulls of Lenthal,  
910 That always passed for fundamental  
Can set up grandee against grandee,  
To squander time away, and bandy,  
Make lords and commoners lay sieges  
To one another's privileges  
915 And, rather than compound the quarrel,  
Engage, to th' inevitable peril  
Of both their ruins, th' only scope  
And consolation of our hope  
Who, though we do not play the game,  
920 Assist us much by giving aim,  
Can introduce our ancient arts,  
For heads of factions t' act their parts,  
Know what a leading voice is worth,  
A seconding, a third, or fourth,  
925 How much a casting voice comes to,  
That turns up trump of *Ay* or *No*,  
And, by adjusting all at th' end,  
Share every one his dividend  
An art that so much study cost,  
930 And now's in danger to be lost,  
Unless our ancient virtuosos,  
That found it out, get into th' houses  
These are the courses that we took  
To carry things by hook or crook,  
935 And practised down from forty-four,  
Until they turned us out of door  
Besides the herds of boutéfeus  
We set on work, without the house,  
When every knight and citizen  
940 Kept legislative journeymen,

To bring them in intelligence,  
From all points of the rabble's sense,  
And fill the lobbies of both houses  
With politic important buzzes,  
940 Set up committees of cabals,  
To pack designs without the walls,  
Examine and draw up all news,  
And fit it to our present use,  
Agree upon the plot o' the farce,  
950 And every one his part rehearse,  
Make Qs of answers, to way-lay  
What th' other party's like to say,  
What repartees, and smart reflections,  
Shall be returned to all objections  
955 And who shall break the master-jest,  
And what, and how, upon the rest,  
Help pamphlets out, with safe editions,  
Of proper slanders and seditions,  
And treason for a token send,  
960 By letter, to a country friend,  
Disperse lampoons, the only wit  
That men, like burglary, commit,  
Wit falser than a padder's face,  
That all its owner does betrays,  
965 Who therefore dares not trust it, when  
He's in his calling, to be seen.  
Disperse the dung on barren earth,  
To bring new weeds of discord forth,  
Be sure to keep up congregations,  
970 In spite of laws and proclamations  
For charlatans can do no good,  
Until they're mounted in a crowd,  
And when they're punished, all the hurt  
Is but to fare the better for't,

- 975 As long as confessors are sure  
Of double pay for all th' endure,  
And what they earn in persecution,  
Are paid t' a groat in contribution  
Whence some tub holders forth have made  
980 In powdering-tubs their richest trade,  
And, while they keep their shops in prison,  
Have found their prices strangely risen,  
Disdain to own the least regret  
For all the christian blood we've let,  
985 'Twill save our credit, and maintain  
Our title to do so again,  
That needs not cost one dram of sense,  
But pertinacious impudence  
Our constancy t' our principles,  
990 In time will wear out all things else,  
Like marble statues, rubbed in pieces  
With gallantry of pilgrims' kisses,  
While those who turn and wind their oaths,  
Have swelled and sunk, like other froths,  
995 Prevailed a while, but 'twas not long  
Before from world to world they swung,  
As they had turned from side to side,  
And as the changelings lived they died'

- This said, th' impatient statesmonger  
1000 Could now contain himself no longer,  
Who had not spared to show his piques  
Against th' haranguer's politics,  
With smart remarks of leering faces,  
And annotations of grimaces  
1005 After he had administered a dose  
Of snuff mundungus to his nose,  
And powdered th' inside of his soul,  
Instead of th' outward jobbernot,

He shook it with a scornful look  
1010 On th' adversary, and thus he spoke  
    'In dressing a calf's head, although  
The tongue and brains together go,  
Both keep so great a distance here,  
'Tis strange if ever they come near,  
1015 For who did ever play his gambols  
With such insufferable rambles,  
To make the bringing in the king,  
And keeping of him out, one thing?  
Which none could do, but those that swore  
1020 T' as point-blank nonsense heretofore,  
That to defend was to invade,  
And to assassinate to aid  
Unless, because you drove him out,—  
And that was never made a doubt,—  
1025 No power is able to restore  
And bring him in, but on your score,  
A spiritual doctrine, that conduces  
Most properly to all your uses  
'Tis true, a scorpion's oil is said  
1030 To cure the wounds the vermin made,  
And weapons dressed with salves, restore  
And heal the hurts they gave before  
But whether presbyterians have  
So much good nature as the salve,  
1035 Or virtue in them as the vermin,  
Those who have tried them can determine  
Indeed 'tis pity you should miss  
Th' arrears of all your services,  
And for th' eternal obligation  
1040 Y' laid upon th' ungrateful nation,  
B' used so unconscionably hard,  
As not to find a just reward,

For letting rapine loose, and murther,  
To rage just so far, but no further  
1045 And setting all the land on fire,  
To burn t' a scantling, but no higher,  
For venturing to assassinate,  
And cut the throats of church and state,  
And not be allowed the fittest men  
1050 To take the charge of both again  
Especially that have the grace  
Of self denying gifted face,  
Who, when your projects have miscarried,  
Can lay them, with undaunted forehead,  
1055 On those you painfully trepanned,  
And sprinkled in at second hand,  
As we have been, to share the guilt  
Of christian blood, devoutly spilt,  
For so our ignorance was flammed  
1060 To damn ourselves, t' avoid being damned,  
Till finding your old foe, the hangman,  
Was like to lurch you at back-gammon,  
And win your necks upon the set,  
As well as ours, who did but bet,  
1065 For he had drawn your ears before,  
And nicked them on the self-same score,  
We threw the box and dice away,  
Before y' had lost us at foul play,  
And brought you down to rook and lie,  
1070 And fancy only on the by,  
Redeemed your forfeit jobbernoles,  
From perching upon lofty poles  
And rescued all your outward traitors,  
From hanging up, like alligators,  
1075 For which ingeniously y' have showed  
Your presbyterian gratitude,

Would freely have paid us home in kind,  
And not have been one rope behind  
Those were your motives to divide,  
1080 And scruple, on the other side,  
To turn your zealous frauds, and force,  
To fits of conscience and remorse,  
To be convinced they were in vain,  
And face about for new again,  
1085 For truth no more unveiled your eyes,  
Than maggots are convinced to flies,  
And therefore all your lights and calls  
Are but apocryphal and false,  
To charge us with the consequences  
1090 Of all your native insolences,  
That to your own imperious wills  
Laid law and gospel neck and heels,  
Corrupted the Old Testament,  
To serve the New for precedent,  
1095 T' amend its errors and defects,  
With murder and rebellion-texts,  
Of which there is not any one  
In all the book to sow upon,  
And therefore from your tribe, the Jews  
1100 Held christian doctrine forth, and use,  
As Mahomet your chief, began  
To mix them in the Alcoran,  
Denounced and prayed with fierce devotion,  
And bended elbows on the cushion,  
1105 Stole from the beggars all your tones,  
And gifted mortifying groans,  
Had lights where better eyes were blind,  
As pigs are said to see the wind,  
Filled Bedlam with predestination,  
1110 And Knightsbridge with illumination,



- Made children, with your tones, to run for't,  
As bad as Bloodybones or Lunsford  
While women, great with child, miscarried,  
For being to malignants married  
1115 Transformed all wives to Dahlahs,  
Whose husbands were not for the cause,  
And turned the men to ten horned cattle,  
Because they came not out to battle,  
Made tailors' 'prentices turn heroes,  
1120 For fear of being transformed to Meroz,  
And rather forfeit their indentures,  
Than not espouse the saints' adventures  
Could transubstantiate, metamorphose,  
And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus,  
1125 Enchant the king's and church's lands,  
T' obey and follow your commands,  
And settle on a new freehold,  
As Marcly-hill had done of old,  
Could turn the cov'nant, and translate  
1130 The gospel into spoons and plate,  
Expound upon all merchants' cashes,  
And open th' intricate places,  
Could catechize a money-box,  
And prove all pouches orthodox,  
1135 Until the cause became a Damon,  
And Pythias the wicked Mammon  
    'And yet, in spite of all your charms  
To conjure Legion up in arms,  
And raise more devils in the rout,  
1140 Than e'er y' were able to cast out,  
Y' have been reduced, and by those fools,  
Bred up, you say, in your own schools,  
Who, though but gifted at your feet,  
Have made it plain they have more wit,

- 1145 By whom you've been so oft trepanned,  
And held forth out of all command,  
Out gifted, out-impulsed, out-done,  
And out-revealed at carryings on,  
Of all your dispensations wormed,  
1150 Out providenced and out-reformed,  
Ejected out of church and state,  
And all things but the people's hate,  
And spirited out of th' enjoyments,  
Of precious, edifying employments,  
1155 By those who lodged their gifts and graces,  
Like better bowlers, in your places  
All which you bore with resolution,  
Charged on th' account of persecution,  
And though most righteously oppressed,  
1160 Against your wills, still acquiesced  
And never hummed and hahed sedition,  
Nor snuffled treason, nor misprision  
That is, because you never durst,  
For, had you preached and prayed your worst,  
1165 Alas ! you were no longer able  
To raise your posse of the rabble  
One single redcoat sentinel  
Out-charmed the magic of the spell,  
And, with his squirt-fire, could disperse  
1170 Whole troops with chapter raised and verse  
We knew too well those tricks of yours,  
To leave it ever in your powers,  
Or trust our safeties, or undings,  
To your disposing of outgoings,  
1175 Or to your ordering providence,  
One farthing's worth of consequence  
    'For had you power to undermine,  
Or wit to carry a design,

Or correspondence to trepan,  
1180 Inveigle, or betray one man,  
" There's nothing else that intervenes,  
And bars your zeal to use the means,  
And therefore wondrous like, no doubt,  
To bring in kings or keep them out  
1185 Brave undertakers to restore,  
That could not keep yourselves in power,  
T' advance the interests of the crown,  
That wanted wit to keep your own  
'Tis true, you have, for I'd be loth  
1190 To wrong ye, done your parts in both,  
To keep him out, and bring him in,  
As grace is introduced by sin,  
For 'twas your zealous want of sense,  
And sanctified impertinence,  
1195 Your carrying business in a huddle,  
That forced our rulers to new-model,  
Obliged the state to tack about,  
And turn you, root and branch, all out,  
To reformado, one and all,  
1200 T' your great croysado general  
Your greedy slaving to devour,  
Before 'twas in your clutches, power,  
That sprung the game you were to set,  
Before y' had time to draw the net,  
1205 Your spite to see the church's lands  
Divided into other hands,  
And all your sacrilegious ventures  
Laid out in tickets and debentures  
Your envy to be sprinkled down,  
1210 By under churches in the town,  
And no course used to stop their mouths,  
Nor th' independents' spreading growths

- All which considered, 'tis most true  
None bring him in so much as you,  
1215 Who have prevailed beyond their plots,  
Their midnight juntos, and sealed knots,  
That thrive more by your zealous piques,  
Than all their own rash politics  
And this way you may claim a share  
1220 In carrying, as you brag, th' affair,  
Else frogs and toads, that croaked the Jews  
From Pharaoh and his brick-kilns loose,  
And flies and mange, that set them free  
From task-masters and slavery,  
1225 Were likelier to do the feat,  
In any indifferent man's conceit  
For who e'er heard of restoration,  
Until your thorough reformation?  
That is, the king's and church's lands  
1230 Were sequestered int' other hands  
For only then, and not before,  
Your eyes were opened to restore,  
And when the work was carrying on,  
Who crossed it, but yourselves alone?  
1235 As by a world of hints appears,  
All plain, and extant, as your ears  
    'But first, o' th' first The isle of Wight  
Will rise up, if you should deny't,  
Where Henderson and th' other masses,  
1240 Were sent to cap texts, and put cases  
To pass for deep and learned scholars,  
Although but paltry Ob and Sollers  
As if th' unseasonable fools  
Had been a coursing in the schools,  
1245 Until th' had proved the devil author  
O' th' cov'nant, and the cause his daughter,

For when they charged him with the guilt  
Of all the blood that had been spilt,  
They did not mean he wrought th' effusion  
1250 In person, like Sir Pride or Hewson,  
But only those who first begun  
The quarrel were by him set on,  
And who could those be but the saints,  
Those reformation termagants?  
1255 But ere this passed, the wise debate  
Spent so much time, it grew too late,  
For Oliver had gotten ground,  
T' inclose him with his warriors round,  
Had brought his providence about,  
1260 And turned th' untimely sophists out  
'Nor had the Uxbridge business less  
Of nonsense in 't, or sottishness,  
When from a scoundrel holder-forth,  
The scum, as well as son o' th' earth,  
1265 Your mighty senators took law,  
At his command were forced t' withdraw,  
And sacrifice the peace o' th' nation  
The doctrine, use, and application  
So when the Scots, your constant cronies,  
1270 Th' espousers of your cause and monies,  
Who had so often, in your aid,  
So many ways been soundly paid,  
Came in at last for better ends,  
To prove themselves your trusty friends,  
1275 You basely left them, and the church  
They trained you up to, in the lurch,  
And suffered your own tribe of Christians  
To fall before, as true Philistines  
This shows what utensils y' have been,  
1280 To bring the king's concernments in

Which is so far from being true,  
That none but he can bring in you ,  
And if he take you into trust,  
Will find you most exactly just,  
1285 Such as will punctually repay  
With double interest, and betray  
‘Not that I think those pantomimes,  
Who vary action with the times,  
Are less ingenious in their art,  
1290 Than those who dully act one part  
Or those who turn from side to side,  
More guilty than the wind and tide  
All countries are a wise man’s home,  
And so are governments to some,  
1295 Who change them for the same intrigues  
That statesmen use in breaking leagues ,  
While others in old faiths and troths  
Look odd, as out of-fashioned clothes,  
And nastier in an old opinion,  
1300 Than those who never shift their linen  
For true and faithful’s sure to lose,  
Which way soever the game goes ,  
And whether parties lose or win,  
Is always nicked, or else hedged in  
1305 While power usurped, like stolen delight,  
Is more bewitching than the right,  
And when the times begin to alter,  
None rise so high as from the halter  
And so we may, if we’ve but sense  
1310 To use the necessary means,  
And not your usual stratagems  
On one another, lights, and dreams  
To stand on terms as positive,  
As if we did not take, but give ,

- 1315 Set up the covenant on crutches,  
'Gainst those who have us in their clutches,  
And dream of pulling churches down,  
Before we're sure to prop our own,  
Your constant method of proceeding,  
1320 Without the carnal means of heeding,  
Who, 'twixt your inward sense and outward,  
Are worse, than if y' had none, accoutred  
'I grant all courses are in vain,  
Unless we can get in again,  
1325 The only way that's left us now,  
But all the difficulty's, how?  
'Tis true we've money, th' only power  
That all mankind falls down before,  
Money that, like the swords of kings,  
1330 Is the last reason of all things,  
And therefore need not doubt our play  
Has all advantages that way,  
As long as men have faith to sell,  
And meet with those that can pay well,  
1335 Whose half starved pride, and avarice,  
One church and state will not suffice  
T' expose to sale, besides the wages  
Of storing plagues to after ages  
Nor is our money less our own  
1340 Than 'twas before we laid it down,  
For 'twill return, and turn t' account,  
If we are brought in play upon't,  
Or but, by casting knaves, get in,  
What power can hinder us to win?  
1345 We know the arts we used before,  
In peace and war, and something more,  
And by th' unfortunate events,  
Can mend our next experiments,

For when we're taken into trust,  
1350 How easy are the wisest choused,  
Who see but th' outsides of our feats,  
And not their secret springs and weights,  
And, while they're busy, at their ease,  
Can carry what designs we please?  
1355 How easy is 't to serve for agents,  
To prosecute our old engagements?  
To keep the good old cause on foot,  
And present power from taking root,  
Inflame them both with false alarms  
1360 Of plots, and parties taking arms,  
To keep the nation's wounds too wide  
From healing up of side to side,  
Profess the passionat'st concerns,  
For both their interests by turns,  
1365 The only way t' improve our own,  
By dealing faithfully with none,  
As bowls run true, by being made  
On purpose false, and to be swayed,  
For if we should be true to either,  
1370 'Twould turn us out of both together,  
And therefore have no other means  
To stand upon our own defence,  
But keeping up our ancient party  
In vigour, confident and hearty  
1375 To reconcile our late dissenters,  
Our brethren, though by other venters,  
Unite them, and their different maggots,  
As long and short sticks are in faggots,  
And make them join again as close,  
1380 As when they first began t' espouse,  
Erect them into separate  
New Jewish tribes in church and state,



To join in marriage and commerce,  
And only 'mong themselves converse,  
385 And all that are not of their mind,  
Make enemies to all mankind  
Take all religions in, and stickle  
From conclave down to conventicle,  
Agreeing still or disagreeing,  
1390 According to the light in being,  
Sometimes for liberty of conscience,  
And spiritual misrule in one sense,  
But in another quite contrary,  
As dispensations chance to vary,  
1395 And stand for, as the times will bear it,  
All contradictions of the spirit  
Protect their emissaries, empowered  
To preach sedition and the word,  
And when they're hampered by the laws,  
400 Release the labourers for the cause,  
And turn the persecution back  
On those that made the first attack,  
To keep them equally in awe,  
For breaking, or maintaining law  
1405 And when they have their fits too soon,  
Before the full tides of the moon,  
Put off their zeal t' a fitter season  
For sowing faction in and treason,  
And keep them hooded, and their churches,  
1410 Like hawks, from baiting on their perches,  
That when the blessed time shall come  
Of quitting Babylon and Rome,  
They may be ready to restore  
Their own fifth monarchy once more  
1415 Meanwhile be better armed to fence  
Against revolts of providence,

By watching narrowly, and snapping  
All blind sides of it, as they happen  
For if success could make us saints,  
1420 Our ruin turned us miscreants,  
A scandal that would fall too hard  
Upon a few, and unprepared  
‘These are the courses we must run,  
Spite of our hearts, or be undone,  
1425 And not to stand on terms and freaks,  
Before we have secured our necks,  
But do our work as out of sight,  
As stars by day, and suns by night,  
All licence of the people own,  
1430 In opposition to the crown,  
And for the crown as fiercely side,  
The head and body to divide,  
The end of all we first designed,  
And all that yet remains behind  
1435 Be sure to spare no public rapine,  
On all emergencies that happen  
For ’tis as easy to supplant  
Authority, as men in want,  
As some of us, in trusts, have made  
1440 The one hand with the other trade,  
Gained vastly by their joint endeavour,  
The right a thief, the left receiver,  
And what the one, by tricks, forestalled,  
The other, by as sly, retailed  
1445 For gain has wonderful effects  
T’ improve the factory of sects,  
The rule of faith in all professions,  
And great Diana of th’ Ephesians,  
Whence turning of religion’s made  
1450 The means to turn and wind a trade,

- And though some change it for the worse,  
They put themselves into a course,  
And draw in store of customers,  
To thrive the better in commerce  
1455 For all religions flock together,  
Like tame and wild fowl of a feather,  
To nab the itches of their sects,  
As jades do one another's necks  
Hence 'tis hypocrisy as well  
1460 Will serve t' improve a church, as zeal,  
As persecution, or promotion,  
Do equally advance devotion.  
    'Let business, like ill watches, go  
Sometime too fast, sometime too slow ,  
1465 For things in order are put out  
So easy, ease itself will do't  
But when the feat's designed and meant,  
What miracle can bar th' event?  
For 'tis more easy to betray,  
1470 Than ruin any other way  
    'All possible occasions start,  
The weightiest matters to divert ,  
Obstruct, perplex, distract, entangle,  
And lay perpetual trains, to wrangle  
1475 But in affairs of less import,  
That neither do us good nor hurt,  
And they receive as little by,  
Out-fawn as much, and out-comply,  
And seem as scrupulously just,  
1480 To bait our hooks for greater trust  
But still be careful to cry down  
All public actions, though our own ,  
The least miscarriage aggravate,  
And charge it all upon the state

- 148, Express the horrid'st detestation,  
And pity the distracted nation,  
Tell stories scandalous and false,  
I' th' proper language of cabals,  
Where all a subtle statesman says,  
1490 Is half in words, and half in face,  
As Spaniards talk in dialogues  
Of heads and shoulders, nods and shrugs,  
Entrust it under solemn vows  
Of mum and silence, and the rose,  
1495 To be retailed again in whispers,  
For th' easy credulous to disperse '  
Thus far the statesman—When a shout,  
Heard at a distance, put him out,  
And straight another, all aghast,  
1500 Rushed in with equal fear and haste,  
Who stared about, as pale as death,  
And for a while, as out of breath,  
Till, having gathered up his wits,  
He thus began his tale by fits  
1505 'That beastly rabble—that came down  
From all the garrets—in the town  
And stalls, and shop-boards—in vast swarms,  
With new-chalked bills, and rusty arms,  
To cry the cause—up, heretofore,  
1510 And bawl the bishops—out of door,  
Are new drawn up—in greater shoals,  
To roast—and broil us on the coals,  
And all the grandees—of our members  
Are carbonading—on the embers,  
1515 Knights, citizens and burgesses—  
Held forth by rumps—of pigs and geese,  
That serve for characters—and badges  
To represent their personages

Each bonfire is a funeral pile,  
1520 In which they roast, and scorch, and broil,  
And every representative  
Have vowed to roast—and broil alive  
And 'tis a miracle we are not  
Already sacrificed incarnate,  
1525 For while we wrangle here, and jar,  
We're grill'd all at Temple-bar,  
Some, on the sign-post of an alehouse,  
Hang in effigy, on the gallows,  
Made up of rags, to personate  
1530 Respective officers of state,  
That, henceforth, they may stand reputed,  
Proscribed in law, and executed,  
And, while the work is carrying on,  
Be ready listed under Dun,  
1535 That worthy patriot, once the bellows,  
And tinder-box, of all his fellows,  
The activ'st member of the five,  
As well as the most primitive,  
Who, for his faithful service then,  
1540 Is chosen for a fifth again  
For since the State has made a quint  
Of generals, he's lifted in 't  
Thus worthy, as the world will say,  
Is paid in specie, his own way,  
1545 For, moulded to the life, in clouts  
Th' have pick'd from dunghills hereabouts,  
He's mounted on a hazel bavin  
A cropped malignant baker gave 'em,  
And to the largest bonfire riding,  
1550 Th' have roasted Cook already, and Pride in,  
On whom, in equipage and state,  
His scarecrow fellow-members wait,  
And march in order, two and two,

As at thanksgivings th' used to do,  
1555 Each in a tattered talisman,  
Like vermin in effigy slain  
    'But, what's more dreadful than the rest,  
Those rumps are but the tail o' th' beast,  
Set up to popish engineers,  
1560 As by the crackers plainly appears,  
For none but jesuits have a mission  
To preach the faith with ammunition,  
And propagate the church with powder,  
Their founder was a blown-up soldier  
Since first they failed in their designs,  
To take in heaven by springing mines,  
And, with unanswerable barrels  
1570 Of gunpowder, dispute their quarrels,  
Now take a course more practicable,  
By laying trains to fire the rabble,  
And blow us up, in th' open streets,  
Disguised in rumps, like sambenites,  
1575 More like to ruin and confound,  
Than all their doctrines under ground  
    'Nor have they chosen rumps amiss,  
For symbols of state-mysteries,  
Though some suppose, 'twas but to shew  
1580 How much they scorned the saints, the few,  
Who, 'cause they're wasted to the stumps,  
Are represented best by rumps  
But jesuits have deeper reaches  
In all their politic far-fetches,  
1585 And from the Coptic priest, Kircherus,  
Found out this mystic way to jeer us  
For, as th' Egyptians us'd by bees  
T' express their antique Ptolemies,  
And by their stings, the swords they wore,

Because these subtle animals  
Bear all their interests in their tails ,  
But when they 're once impaired in that,  
Are banished their well ordered state  
1595 They thought all governments were best,  
By hieroglyphic rumps expressed  
    'For, as in bodies natural,  
The rump's the fundament of all,  
So, in a commonwealth or realm,  
1600 The government is called the helm ,  
With which, like vessels under sail,  
They're turned and winded by the tail ,  
The tail, which birds and fishes steer  
Their courses with, through sea and air ,  
1605 To whom the rudder of the rump is  
The same thing with the stern and compass ,  
This shows, how perfectly the rump  
And commonwealth in nature jump  
For as a fly that goes to bed,  
1610 Rests with his tail above his head,  
So, in this mongrel state of ours,  
The rabble are the supreme powers,  
That horsed us on their backs, to show us  
A jadish trick at last, and throw us  
1615 'The learned rabbins of the Jews  
Write, there's a bone, which they call Luez,  
I' th' rump of man, of such a virtue,  
No force in nature can do hurt to ,  
And therefore, at the last great day,  
1620 All th' other members shall, they say,  
Spring out of this, as from a seed  
All sorts of vegetals proceed ,  
From whence the learned sons of art,  
*Os sacrum* justly style that part  
1625 Then what can better represent,

Than this rump bone, the parliament?  
That after several rude ejections,  
And as prodigious resurrections,  
With new reversions of nine lives,  
1630 Starts up, and, like a cat, revives?  
But now, alas! they're all expired,  
And th' house, as well as members, fired,  
Consumed in kennels by the rout,  
With which they other fires put out,  
1635 Condemned t' ungoverning distress,  
And paltry private wretchedness,  
Worse than the devil to privation,  
Beyond all hopes of restoration,  
And parted, like the body and soul,  
1640 From all dominion and control  
We, who could lately, with a look,  
Enact, establish, or revoke,  
Whose arbitrary nods gave law,  
And frowns kept multitudes in awe,  
1645 Before the bluster of whose huff,  
All hats, as in a storm, flew off,  
Adored and bowed to by the great,  
Down to the footman and valet,  
Had more bent knees than chapel-mats,  
1650 And prayers than the crowns of hats,  
Shall now be scorned as wretchedly,  
For ruin's just as low as high,  
Which might be suffered were it all  
The horror that attends our fall  
1655 For some of us have scores more large  
Than heads and quarters can discharge,  
And others, who, by restless scraping,  
With public frauds, and private rapine,  
Have mighty heaps of wealth amassed,  
Would gladly lay down all at last,



And, to be but undone, entail  
Their vessels on perpetual jail,  
And bless the devil to let them farms  
Of forfeit souls on no worse terms '

- 1665 This said, a near and louder shout  
Put all th' assembly to the rout,  
Who now began t' outrun their fear,  
As horses do, from those they bear,  
But crowded on with so much haste,  
1670 Until th' had blocked the passage fast,  
And barricadoed it with haunches  
Of outward men, and bulks and paunches,  
That with their shoulders strove to squeeze,  
And rather save a crippled piece  
1675 Of all their crushed and broken members,  
Than have them grilled on the embers,  
Still pressing on with heavy packs  
Of one another on their backs,  
The van-guard could no longer bear  
1680 The charges of the forlorn rear,  
But, borne down headlong by the rout  
Were trampled sorely under foot,  
Yet nothing proved so formidable,  
As th' horrid cookery of the rabble,  
1685 And fear, that keeps all feeling out,  
As lesser pains are by the gout,  
Relieved 'em with a fresh supply  
Of rallied force, enough to fly,  
And beat a Tuscan running horse,  
1690 Whose jockey-rider is all spurs

## PART III —CANTO III

## THE ARGUMENT

*The knight and squire's prodigious flight  
 To quit th' enchanted bouer by night  
 He plods to turn his amorous suit,  
 T' a plea in law, and prosecute  
 Repairs to counsel, to advise  
 Bout managing the enterprise  
 But first resolves to try by letter,  
 And one more fair address, to get her*

WHO would believe what strange bugbears  
 Mankind creates itself, of fears,  
 That spring, like fern, that insect weed,  
 Equivocally, without seed,  
 5 And have no possible foundation,  
 But merely in th' imagination?  
 And yet can do more dreadful feats  
 Than hags, with all their imps and teats,  
 Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,  
 10 Than all their nurseries of elves  
 For fear does things so like a witch,  
 'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which,  
 Sets up communities of senses,  
 To chop and change intelligences,  
 15 As Rosicrucian virtuosos  
 Can see with ears, and hear with noses,

- And when they neither see nor hear,  
Have more than both supplied by fear,  
That makes them in the dark see visions,  
20 And hag themselves with apparitions,  
And when their eyes discover least,  
Discern the subtlest objects best,  
Do things not contrary alone,  
To th' course of nature, but its own,  
25 The courage of the bravest daunt,  
And turn poltroons as valiant  
For men as resolute appear  
With too much, as too little fear,  
And, when they're out of hopes of flying,  
30 Will run away from death, by dying,  
Or turn again to stand it out,  
And those they fled, like lions, rout  
This Hudibras had proved too true,  
Who, by the furies, left *perdue*,  
35 And haunted with detachments, sent  
From Marshal Legion's regiment,  
Was by a fiend, as counterfeit,  
Relieved and rescued with a cheat,  
When nothing but himself, and fear,  
40 Was both the imps and conjurer,  
As by the rules o' th' virtuosi,  
It follows in due form of poesie  
Disguised in all the masks of night,  
We left our champion on his flight,  
45 At blindman's buff, to grope his way,  
In equal fear of night and day,  
Who took his dark and desperate course,  
He knew no better than his horse,  
And by an unknown devil led,  
50 He knew as little, whither, fled,

- He never was in greater need,  
Nor less capacity of speed,  
Disabled, both in man and beast,  
To fly and run away, his best,  
55 To keep the enemy, and fear,  
From equal falling on his rear  
And though with kicks and bangs he plied  
The further and the nearer side,  
As seamen ride with all their force,  
60 And tug as if they rowed the horse,  
And when the hackney sails more swift,  
Believe they lag, or run a-drift,  
So, though he posted e'er so fast,  
His fear was greater than his haste  
65 For fear, though fleeter than the wind,  
Believes 'tis always left behind  
But when the morn began t' appear,  
And shift t' another scene his fear,  
He found his new officious shade,  
70 That came so timely to his aid,  
And forced him from the foe t' escape,  
Had turned itself to Ralpho's shape,  
So like in person, garb, and pitch,  
'Twas hard t' interpret which was which  
75 For Ralpho had no sooner told  
The lady all he had t' unfold,  
But she conveyed him out of sight,  
To entertain the approaching knight,  
And while he gave himself diversion,  
80 T' accommodate his beast and person,  
And put his beard into a posture  
At best advantage to accost her,  
She ordered th' antimasquerade,  
For his reception, aforesaid

- 85 But when the ceremony was done,  
The lights put out, the furies gone,  
And Hudibras, among the rest,  
Conveyed away, as Ralpho guessed,  
The wretched cartiff, all alone,  
90 As he believed, began to moan,  
And tell his story to himself,  
The knight mistook him for an elf,  
And did so still, till he began  
To scruple at Ralph's outward man,  
95 And thought, because they oft agreed  
T' appear in one another's stead,  
And act the saint's and devil's part,  
With undistinguishable art,  
They might have done so now, perhaps,  
100 And put on one another's shapes,  
And, therefore, to resolve the doubt,  
He stared upon him, and cried out,  
'What art? My squire, or that bold sprite  
That took his place and shape to-night?  
105 Some busy independent pug,  
Retainer to his synagogue?'  
'Alas!' quoth he, 'I'm none of those  
Your bosom friends, as you suppose,  
But Ralph himself, your trusty squire,  
110 Wh' has dragged your dunship out o' th' mire,  
And from th' enchantments of a widow,  
Wh' had turned you int' a beast, have freed you,  
And, though a prisoner of war,  
Have brought you safe, where now you are,  
115 Which you would gratefully repay,  
Your constant presbyterian way'  
'That's stranger,' quoth the knight, 'and stranger,  
Who gave thee notice of my danger?'

- Quoth he, 'Th' infernal conjurer  
120 Pursued, and took me prisoner ,  
And, knowing you were hereabout,  
Brought me along to find you out,  
Where I, in hugger-mugger hid,  
Have noted all they said or did  
125 And, though they lay to him the pageant,  
I did not see him, nor his agent ,  
Who played then sorceries out of sight,  
T' avoid a fiercer second fight '  
    'But didst thou see no devils then? '  
30 'Not one,' quoth he, 'but carnal men,  
A little worse than fiends in hell,  
And that she devil Jezebel,  
That laughed and tee-heed with derision,  
To see them take your deposition '  
135 'What then,' quoth Hudibras, 'was he  
That played the devil to examine me? '  
    'A rallying weaver in the town,  
That did it in a parson's gown  
Whom all the parish takes for gifted,  
140 But, for my part, I ne'er believed it  
In which you told them all your feats,  
Your conscientious frauds and cheats ,  
Denied your whipping, and confessed  
The naked truth of all the rest,  
145 More plainly than the reverend writer  
That to our churches veiled his mitre ,  
All which they take in black and white,  
And cudgelled me to underwrite '  
    'What made thee, when they all were gone,  
150 And none but thou and I alone,  
To act the devil, and forbear  
To rid me of my hellish fear? '

Quoth he, 'I knew your constant rate,  
And frame of spirit too obstinate  
To be by me prevailed upon,  
155 With any motives of my own,  
And therefore strove to counterfeit  
The devil a while, to nick your wit,  
The devil, that is your constant crony,  
160 That only can prevail upon ye,  
Else we might still have been disputing,  
And they with weighty drubs confuting'  
The knight, who now began to find  
They'd left the enemy behind,  
165 And saw no farther harm remain,  
But feeble weariness and pain,  
Perceived, by losing of their way,  
Th' had gained th' advantage of the day,  
And, by declining of the road,  
170 They had, by chance, their rear made good,  
He ventured to dismiss his fear,  
That parting's wont to rant and tear,  
And give the desperat'st attack  
To danger still behind its back  
175 For having paused to recollect,  
And on his past success reflect,  
T' examine and consider why,  
And whence, and how, he came to fly,  
And when no devil had appeared,  
180 What else it could be said he feared,  
It put him in so fierce a rage,  
He once resolved to re engage,  
Tossed, like a football, back again  
With shame, and vengeance, and disdain  
185 Quoth he, 'It was thy cowardice,  
That made me from this leaguer rise,

And when I'd half-reduced the place,  
To quit it infamously base,  
Was better covered by the new  
190 Arrived detachment, than I knew,  
To slight my new acquests, and run,  
Victoriously, from battles won,  
And, reckoning all I gained or lost,  
To sell them cheaper than they cost,  
195 To make me put myself to flight,  
And, conquering, run away by night,  
To drag me out, which th' haughty foe  
Durst never have presumed to do,  
To mount me in the dark, by force,  
200 Upon the bare ridge of my horse,  
Exposed in querpo to their rage,  
Without my arms and equipage,  
Lest, if they ventured to pursue,  
I might the unequal fight renew,  
205 And, to preserve thy outward man,  
Assumed my place, and led the van'  
    'All this,' quoth Ralph, 'I did, 'tis true,  
Not to preserve myself, but you  
You, who were damned to baser drubs  
210 Than wretches feel in powdering tubs,  
To mount two-wheeled carroches, worse  
Than managing a wooden horse,  
Dragged out through straiter holes by th' ears,  
Erased, or couped for perjurers,  
215 Who, though th' attempt had proved in vain,  
Had had no reason to complain,  
But, since it prospered, 'tis unhandsome  
To blame the hand that paid your ransom,  
And rescued your obnoxious bones  
220 From unavoidable battoons



The enemy was reinforced,  
And we disabled and unhorsed,  
Disarmed, unqualified for fight,  
And no way left but hasty fight,  
225 Which, though as desperate in th' attempt,  
Has given you freedom to condemn 't  
But were our bones in fit condition  
To reinforce the expedition  
'Tis now unseasonable and vain,  
235 To think of falling on again  
No martial project to surprise  
Can ever be attempted twice,  
Nor cast design serve afterwards,  
As gamesters tear their losing cards  
235 Beside, our bangs of man and beast  
Are fit for nothing now but rest,  
And for a while will not be able  
To rally, and prove serviceable  
And therefore I, with reason, chose  
240 This stratagem to amuse our foes,  
To make an honourable retreat,  
And waive a total sure defeat  
For those that fly may fight again,  
Which he can never do that's slain  
245 Hence timely running's no mean part  
Of conduct, in the martial art,  
By which some glorious feats achieve,  
As citizens by breaking thrive,  
And cannons conquer armies, while  
250 They seem to draw off and recoil,  
Is held the gallant'st course, and bravest,  
To great exploits, as well as safest,  
That spares th' expense of time and pains,  
And dangerous beating out of brains,

- 255 And, in the end, prevails as certain  
As those that never trust to fortune,  
But make their fear do execution  
Beyond the stoutest resolution,  
As earthquakes kill without a blow,
- 260 And, only trembling, overthrow  
If th' ancients crowned then bravest men  
That only saved a citizen,  
What victory could e'er be won,  
If every one would save but one?
- 265 Or fight endangered to be lost,  
Where all resolve to save the most?  
By this means, when a battle's won,  
The war's as far from being done,  
For those that save themselves and fly,
- 270 Go halves, at least, i' th' victory,  
And sometime, when the loss is small,  
And danger great, they challenge all,  
Print new additions to their feats,  
And emendations in gazettes,
- 275 And when, for furious haste to run,  
They durst not stay to fire a gun,  
Have done 't with bonfires, and at home  
Made squibs and crackers overcome,  
To set the rabble on a flame,
- 280 And keep their governors from blame,  
Disperse the news the pulpit tells,  
Confirmed with fireworks and with bells,  
And, though reduced to that extreme,  
They have been forced to sing *Te Deum*,
- 285 Yet, with religious blasphemy,  
By flattering heaven with a lie,  
And, for their beating, giving thanks,  
Th' have raised recruits, and filled their banks,

For those who run from th' enemy,  
290 Engage them equally to fly,  
And when the fight becomes a chace,  
Those win the day that win the race,  
And that which would not pass in fights,  
Has done the feat with easy flights,  
295 Recovered many a desperate campaign  
With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaign,  
Restored the fainting high and mighty,  
With brandy-wine, and aqua-vitæ,  
And made them stoutly overcome  
300 With bacrack, hoccamore, and mum,  
With th' uncontrolled decrees of fate  
To victory necessitate,  
With which, although they run or burn,  
They unavoidably return,  
305 Or else their sultan populaces  
Still strangle all their routed bassas'  
Quoth Hudibras, 'I understand  
What fights thou mean'st at sea and land,  
And who those were that run away,  
310 And yet gave out th' had won the day,  
Although the rabble souced them for 't,  
O'er head and ears, in mud and dirt  
'Tis true our modern way of war  
Is grown more politic by far,  
315 But not so resolute and bold,  
Nor tied to honour, as the old  
For now they laugh at giving battle,  
Unless it be to herds of cattle,  
Or fighting convoys of provision,  
320 The whole design o' the expedition,  
And not with downright blows to rout  
The enemy, but eat them out

As fighting, in all beasts of prey,  
And eating, are performed one way,  
375 To give defiance to their teeth,  
And fight their stubborn guts to death,  
And those achieve the highest renown,  
That bring the other stomachs down  
There's now no fear of wounds nor maiming,  
330 All dangers are reduced to famine,  
And feats of arms to plot, design,  
Surprise, and stratagem, and mine,  
But have no need nor use of courage,  
Unless it be for glory, or forage  
335 For if they fight 'tis but by chance,  
When one side venturing to advance,  
And come uncivilly too near,  
Are charged unmercifully i' th' rear,  
And forced, with terrible resistance,  
340 To keep hereafter at a distance,  
To pick out ground t' encamp upon,  
Where store of largest rivers run,  
That serve, instead of peaceful barriers,  
To part th' engagements of their warriors,  
345 Where both from side to side may skip,  
And only encounter at bo-peep  
For men are found the stouter-hearted,  
The certainer they're to be parted,  
And therefore post themselves in bogs,  
350 As th' ancient mice attacked the frogs,  
And made their mortal enemy,  
The water rat, their strict ally  
For 'tis not now who's stout and bold?  
But who bears hunger best, and cold?  
355 And he's approved the most deserving,  
Who longest can hold out at starving,

And he that routs most pigs and cows,  
The formidablest man of prowess  
So th' emperor Caligula,  
360 That triumphed o'er the British sea,  
Took crabs and oysters prisoners,  
And lobsters, 'stead of curasiers,  
Engaged his legions in fierce bustles,  
With periwinkles, prawns, and muscles,  
365 And led his troops with furious gallops,  
To charge whole regiments of scallops,  
Not like their ancient way of war,  
To wait on his triumphal car,  
But when he went to dine or sup,  
370 More bravely ate his captives up,  
And left all war, by his example,  
Reduced to vict'ling of a camp well'  
Quoth Ralph, 'By all that you have said,  
And twice as much that I could add,  
375 'Tis plain you cannot now do wiose  
Than take this out of fashioned course,  
To hope, by stratagem, to woo her,  
Or waging battle to subdue her,  
Though some have done it in romances,  
380 And banged them into amorous fancies  
As those who won the Amazons,  
By wanton drubbing of their bones,  
And stout Rinaldo gained his bride  
By courting of her back and side  
385 But since these times and feats are over,  
They are not for a modern lover,  
When mistresses are too cross grained,  
By such addresses to be gained,  
And if they were, would have it out  
390 With many another kind of bout

Therefore I hold no course s' infeasible,  
As this of force, to win the Jezebel,  
To storm her heart by th' antique charms  
Of ladies errant, force of arms,  
395 But rather strive by law to win her,  
And try the title you have in her  
Your case is clear, you have her word,  
And me to witness the accord,  
Besides two more of her retinue  
400 To testify what passed between you,  
More probable, and like to hold,  
Than hand, or seal, or breaking gold,  
For which so many that renounced  
Their plighted contracts, have been trounced,  
405 And bills upon record been found,  
That forced the ladies to compound,  
And that, unless I miss the matter,  
Is all the business you look after  
Besides, encounters at the bar  
410 Are braver now than those in war,  
In which the law does execution,  
With less disorder and confusion,  
Has more of honour in't, some hold,  
Not like the new way, but the old,  
415 When those the pen had drawn together,  
Decided quarrels with the feather,  
And winged arrows killed as dead,  
And more than bullets now of lead  
So all their combats now, as then,  
420 Are managed chiefly by the pen,  
That does the feat, with braver vigours,  
In words at length, as well as figures,  
Is judge of all the world performs  
In voluntary feats of arms,

And whatsoe'er's achieved in fight,  
Determines which is wrong or right  
For whether you prevail, or lose,  
All must be tried there in the close,  
And therefore 'tis not wise to shun  
What you must trust to ere ye've done  
The law, that settles all you do,  
And marries where you did but woo,  
That makes the most perfidious lover,  
A lady, that's as false, recover,  
And if it judge upon your side,  
Will soon extend her for your bride,  
And put her person, goods, or lands,  
Or which you like best, int' your hands  
For law's the wisdom of all ages,  
And managed by the ablest sages,  
Who, though their business at the bar  
Be but a kind of civil war,  
In which th' engage with fiercer dudgeons  
Than e'er the Grecians did, and Trojans,  
They never manage the contest  
T' impair their public interest,  
Or by their controversies lessen  
The dignity of their profession  
Not like us brethren, who divide  
Our common wealth, the cause, and side,  
And though we're all as near of kindred  
As th' outward man is to the inward,  
We agree in nothing, but to wrangle  
About the slightest fingle-fangle,  
While lawyers have more sober sense,  
Than t' argue at their own expense,  
But make their best advantages  
Of others' quarrels, like the Swiss,

And out of foreign controversies,  
460 By aiding both sides, fill their purses ,  
But have no interest in the cause  
For which th' engage, and wage the laws,  
Nor further prospect than their pay,  
Whether they lose or win the day  
465 And though th' abounded in all ages,  
With sundry learned clerks and sages ,  
Though all their business be dispute,  
Which way they canvass every suit,  
Th' have no disputes about their art,  
470 Nor in polemics controvert ,  
While all professions else are found  
With nothing but disputes t' abound  
Divines of all sorts, and physicians,  
Philosophers, mathematicians ,  
475 The Galenist, and Paracelsian,  
Condemn the way each other deals in ,  
Anatomists dissect and mangle,  
To cut themselves out work to wrangle ,  
Astrologers dispute their dreams,  
480 That in their sleeps they talk of schemes ,  
And heralds stickle who got who,  
So many hundred years ago  
But lawyers are too wise a nation  
T' expose their trade to disputation,  
485 Or make the busy rabble judges  
Of all their secret piques and grudges ,  
In which, whoever wins the day,  
The whole profession's sure to pay  
Beside, no mountebanks, nor cheats,  
490 Dare undertake to do their feats,  
When in all other sciences  
They swarm like insects, and increase



For what bigot durst ever draw,  
By inward light, a deed in law?  
95 Or could hold forth, by revelation,  
An answer to a declaration?  
For those that meddle with their tools,  
Will cut their fingers, if they're fools  
And if you follow their advice,  
∞ In bills, and answers, and replies,  
They'll write a love-letter in chancery,  
Shall bring her upon oath to answer ye,  
And soon reduce her to b' your wife,  
Or make her weary of her life'  
505 The knight, who used with tricks and shifts  
To edify by Ralpho's gifts  
But in appearance cried him down,  
To make them better seem his own,  
All plagiaries' constant course  
10 Of sinking, when they take a purse,  
Resolved to follow his advice,  
But kept it from him by disguise,  
And, after stubborn contradiction,  
To counterfeit his own conviction,  
15 And, by transition, fall upon  
The resolution as his own  
Quoth he, 'This gambol thou advisest  
Is, of all others, the unwisest,  
For, if I think by law to gain her,  
There's nothing sillier nor vainer  
'Tis but to hazard my pretence,  
Where nothing's certain but th' expense,  
To act against myself, and traverse  
My suit and title to her favours,  
25 And if she should, which heaven forbid!  
O'erthrow me, as the fiddler did,

What after course have I to take,  
'Gainst losing all I have at stake?  
He that with injury is grieved,  
530 And goes to law to be relieved,  
Is sillier than a sottish chouse,  
Who, when a thief has robbed his house,  
Applies himself to cunning men,  
To help him to his goods again,  
535 When all he can expect to gain,  
Is but to squander more in vain  
And yet I have no other way,  
But is as difficult to play  
For to reduce her, by main force  
540 Is now in vain, by fair means, worse,  
But worst of all to give her over,  
Till she's as despeiate to recover  
For bad games are thrown up too soon,  
Until they're never to be won,  
545 But since I have no other course,  
But is as bad t' attempt, or worse,  
He that complies against his will,  
Is of his own opinion still,  
Which he may adhere to, yet disown,  
550 For reasons to himself best known,  
But 'tis not to b' avoided now,  
For Sidrophel resolves to sue,  
Whom I must answer, or begin,  
Inevitably, first with him,  
555 For I've received advertisement,  
By times enough, of his intent,  
And knowing he that first complains  
Th' advantage of the business gains,  
For courts of justice understand  
560 The plaintiff to be eldest hand,

Who what he pleases may aver,  
The other nothing till he swear,  
Is freely admitted to all grace,  
And lawful favour, by his place,  
565 And, for his bringing custom in,  
Has all advantages to win  
I, who resolve to oversee  
No lucky opportunity,  
Will go to counsel, to advise  
570 Which way t' encounter or surprise,  
And, after long consideration,  
Have found out one to fit th' occasion,  
Most apt for what I have to do,  
As counsellor, and justice too '  
575 And truly so, no doubt, he was,  
A lawyer fit for such a case,  
An old dull sot, who told the clock,  
For many years at Bridewell dock,  
At Westminster, and Hicks's hall,  
80 And *hucius doctus* played in all,  
Where in all governments and times,  
H' had been both friend and foe to crimes,  
And used two equal ways of gaining,  
By hindering justice or maintaining  
585 To many gave privilege,  
And whipped, for want of quarterage,  
Cart loads of bawds to prison sent,  
For being behind a fortnight's rent,  
And many a trusty pump and crony  
590 To Puddle-dock, for want of money  
Engaged the constable to seize  
All those that would not break the peace,  
Nor give him back his own foul words,  
Though sometimes commoners, or lords,

- 595 And kept 'em prisoners of course,  
For being sober at ill hours,  
That in the morning he might free,  
Or bind 'em over for his fee,  
Made monsters fine, and puppet-plays,  
600 For leave to practise in their ways,  
Farmed out all cheats, and went a share  
With th' headborough and scavenger,  
And made the dirt i' th' streets compound,  
For taking up the public ground,  
605 The kennel, and the king's highway,  
For being unmolested, pay,  
Let out the stocks and whipping-post,  
And cage to those that gave him most,  
Imposed a tax on bakers' ears,  
610 And for false weights on chandelers,  
Made victuallers and vintners fine  
For arbitrary ale and wine,  
But was a kind and constant friend  
To all that regularly offend,  
615 As residentiary bawds,  
And brokers that receive stol'n goods,  
That cheat in lawful mysteries,  
And pay church duties, and his fees,  
But was implacable and awkward,  
620 To all that interloped and hawkered  
To this brave man the knight repairs  
For counsel in his law affairs,  
And found him mounted in his pew,  
With books and money placed, for show,  
625 Like nest eggs to make clients lay,  
And for his false opinion pay  
To whom the knight, with comely grace,  
Put off his hat, to put his case,

- Which he as proudly entertained,  
630 As th' other courteously strained,  
And, to assure him 'twas not that  
He looked for, bid him put on 's hat  
Quoth he, 'There is one Sidrophel  
Whom I have cudgelled'—'Very well'—  
635 'And now he brags t' have beaten me'—  
'Better, and better still,' quoth he—  
And vows to stick me to a wall,  
Where'er he meets me'—'Best of all'—  
'Tis true the knave has taken 's oath  
640 That I robbed him'—'Well done, in troth'—  
'When h' has confessed he stole my cloak,  
And picked my fob, and what he took,  
Which was the cause that made me bang him,  
And take my goods again'—'Marry, hang him'—  
645 'Now, whether I should beforehand,  
Swear he robbed me?'—'I understand'—  
'Or bring my action of conversion  
And trover for my goods?'—'Ah, whoreson!'—  
'Or, if 'tis better to endite,  
650 And bring him to his trial?'—'Right'—  
'Prevent what he designs to do,  
And swear for th' state against him?'—'True'—  
'Or whether he that is defendant,  
In this case, has the better end on't,  
655 Who, putting in a new cross bill,  
May traverse the action?'—'Better still'  
'Then there's a lady too'—'Ay, marry'—  
'That's easily proved accessary,  
A widow, who by solemn vows,  
660 Contracted to me for my spouse,  
Combined with him to break her word,  
And has abetted all'—'Good Lord!'—

- 'Suborned th' aforesaid Sidrophel  
To tamper with the devil of hell,  
66, Who put m' into a horrid fear,  
Fear of my life'—'Make that appear'—  
'Made an assault with fiends and men  
Upon my body'—'Good again'—  
'And kept me in a deadly fright,  
670 And false imprisonment, all night  
Meanwhile they robbed me, and my horse,  
And stole my saddle'—'Worse and worse'  
'And made me mount upon the bare ridge  
T' avoid a wretcheder miscarriage'  
675 'Sir,' quoth the lawyer, 'not to flatter ye,  
You have as good and fair a battery  
As heart can wish and need not shame  
The proudest man alive to claim  
For if th' have used you as you say,  
680 Mary, quoth I, God give you joy,  
I would it were my case, I'd give  
More than I'll say, or you'll believe  
I would so trounce her, and her purse,  
I'd make her kneel for bett'r or worse,  
685 For matrimony, and hanging here,  
Both go by destiny so clear,  
That you as sure may pick and choose,  
As cross I win, and pile you lose  
As if I durst, I would advance  
690 As much in ready maintenance,  
As upon any case I've known,  
But we that practice dare not own  
The law severely contrabands  
Our taking business off men's hands,  
695 'Tis common barratry, that bears  
Point blank an action 'gainst our ears,

And crops them till there is not leather,  
To stick a pin in left of either,  
For which some do the summer sault,  
60 And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault  
But you may swear at any rate,  
Things not in nature for the state,  
For in all courts of justice here  
A witness is not said to swear,  
70 But make oath, that is in plain terms,  
To forge whatever he affirms'  
'I thank you,' quoth the knight, for that,  
Because 'tis to my purpose pat'  
'For justice, though she's painted blind,  
710 Is to the weaker side inclined,  
Like charity, else right and wrong  
Could never hold it out so long,  
And, like blind fortune, with a sleight,  
Convey men's interest, and right,  
715 From Stiles's pocket into Nokes's,  
As easily as *hocus pocus*,  
Plays fast and loose, makes men obnoxious,  
And clear again, like *hiccus doctus*  
Then whether you would take her life,  
720 Or but recover her for your wife,  
Or be content with what she has,  
And let all other matters pass,  
The business to the law's alone,  
The proof is all it looks upon,  
725 And you can want no witnesses,  
To swear to anything you please,  
That hardly get their mere expenses  
By th' labour of their consciences,  
Or letting out, to hire, their ears  
730 To affidavit customers,

- At inconsiderable values,  
To serve for jurymen or tales,  
Although retained in th' hardest matters  
Of trustees and administrators'  
735 'For that,' quoth he, 'let me alone,  
W' have store of such, and all our own,  
Bred up and tutored by our teachers,  
Th' ablest of conscience-stretchers'  
    'That's well,' quoth he, 'but I should gues ,  
740 By weighing all advantages,  
Your surest way is first to pitch  
On Boney for a water witch,  
And when y' have hanged the conjurer,  
Y' have time enough to deal with her  
745 In th' interim spare for no tiepans  
To draw her neck into the banms,  
Ply her with love-letters and billets,  
And bait 'em well for quiks and quullets,  
With trains t' inveigle, and surprise  
750 Her heedless answers and replies,  
As if she miss the mouse-trap lines,  
They'll serve for other by-designs,  
And make an artist understand,  
To copy out her seal, or hand ,  
755 Or find void places in the paper,  
To steal in something to entrap her ,  
Till, with her worldly goods, and body,  
Spite of her heart, she has endowed ye  
Retain all sorts of witnesses,  
760 That ply i' th' Temple, under trees,  
Or walk the round, with knights o' th' posts,  
About the cross legged knights, their hosts ,  
Or wait for customers between  
The pillar rows in Lincoln's inn,



- 765 Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail,  
And affidavit-men ne'er fail  
T' expose to sale all sorts of oaths,  
According to their ears and clothes,  
Then only necessary tools,  
770 Besides the Gospel, and their souls,  
And when y' are furnished with all purveys,  
I shall be ready at your service '  
    'I would not give,' quoth Hudibras,  
    'A straw to understand a case,  
775 Without the admirable skill  
To wind and manage it at will,  
To veer, and tack, and steer a cause,  
Against the weather-gage of laws,  
And ring the changes upon cases,  
780 As plain as noses upon faces,  
As you have well instructed me,  
For which y' have earned,— here 'tis,—your fee  
I long to practise your advice,  
And try the subtle artifice,  
785 To bait a letter, as you bid'—

As, not long after, thus he did,  
For, having pumped up all his wit,  
And hum'd upon it, thus he writ

## AN HEROICAL EPISTLE OF HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY

I WHO was once as great as Cæsar,  
I Am now reduced to Nebuchadnezzar,  
And from as famed a conqueror,  
As ever took degree in war,  
5 Or did his exercise in battle,  
By you turned out to grass with cattle  
For since I am denied access  
To all my earthly happiness,  
Am fallen from the paradise  
10 Of your good graces, and fair eyes,  
Lost to the world, and you, I'm sent  
To everlasting banishment,  
Where all the hopes I had t' have won  
Your heart, being dashed, will break my own  
15 Yet if you were not so severe  
To pass your doom before you hear,  
You'd find, upon my just defence,  
How much y' have wronged my innocence  
That once I made a vow to you,  
20 Which yet is unperformed, 'tis true,  
But not because it is unpaid  
'Tis violated, though delayed

Or if it were, it is no fault  
So heinous, as you'd have it thought,  
25 To undergo the loss of ears,  
Like vulgar hackney perjurers,  
For there's a difference in the case,  
Between the noble and the base,  
Who always are observed t' have done t  
30 Upon as different an account,  
The one for great and weighty cause,  
To salve in honour ugly flaws,  
For none are like to do it sooner  
Than those who're nicest of their honour  
35 The other, for base gain and pay,  
Forswear and perjure by the day,  
And make th' exposing and retailing  
Their souls and consciences a calling  
It is no scandal, nor aspersion,  
40 Upon a great and noble person,  
To say, he naturally abhorred  
Th' old fashioned trick to keep his word,  
Though 'tis perfidiousness and shame  
In meaner men, to do the same  
45 For to be able to forget,  
Is found more useful to the great  
Than gout, or deafness, or bad eyes  
To make 'em pass for wondrous wise  
But though the law, on perjurers,  
50 Inflicts the forfeiture of ears,  
It is not just, that does exempt  
The guilty, and punish the innocent,  
To make the ears repair the wrong  
Committed by th' ungoverned tongue,  
55 And when one member is forsworn,  
Another to be cropped or torn

- And if you should, as you design,  
By course of law, recover mine,  
You're like, if you consider right,  
60 To gain but little honour by't  
For he that for his lady's sake  
Lays down his life, or limbs at stake,  
Does not so much deserve her favour,  
As he that pawns his soul to have her  
65 This y' have acknowledged I have done,  
Although you now disdain to own,  
But sentence what you rather ought  
T' esteem good service than a fault  
Besides, oaths are not bound to bear  
70 That literal sense the words infer,  
But, by the practice of the age,  
Are to be judged how far th' engage,  
And where the sense by custom 's checked,  
Are found void, and of none effect,  
75 For no man takes or keeps a vow,  
But just as he sees others do,  
Nor are they obliged to be so brittle,  
As not to yield and bow a little  
For as best tempered blades are found,  
80 Before they break, to bend quite round,  
So truest oaths are still most tough,  
And, though they bow, are breaking proof  
Then wherefore should they not b' allowed  
In love a greater latitude?  
85 For as the law of arms approves  
All ways to conquest, so should love's,  
And not be tied to true or false,  
But make that justest that prevails  
For how can that which is above  
90 All empire, high and mighty love,

Submit its great prerogative,  
 To any other power alive?  
 Shall love, that to no crown gives place,  
 Become the subject of a case?  
 95 The fundamental law of nature  
 Be over ruled by those made after?  
 Commit the censure of its cause  
 To any, but its own great laws?  
 Love, that's the world's preervative,  
 100 That keeps all souls of things alive,  
 Controls the mighty power of fate,  
 And gives mankind a longer date,  
 The life of nature, that restores  
 As fast as time and death devours,  
 105 To whose free gift the world does owe  
 Not only earth, but heaven too  
 For love's the only trade that's driven,  
 The interest of state in heaven,  
 Which nothing but the soul of man  
 110 Is capable to entertain  
 For what can earth produce, but love,  
 To represent the joys above?  
 Or who but lovers can converse,  
 Like angels, by the eye-discourse?  
 115 Address, and compliment by vision,  
 Make love, and court by intuition?  
 And burn in amorous flames as fierce  
 As those celestial ministers?  
 Then how can any thing offend,  
 120 In order to so great an end?  
 Or heaven itself a sin resent,  
 That for its own supply was meant?  
 That merits, in a kind mistake,  
 A pardon for th' offence's sake?

- 15 Or if it did not, but the cause  
Were left to th' injury of laws,  
What tyranny can disapprove  
There should be equity in love?  
For laws, that are inanimate,
- 130 And feel no sense of love or hate,  
That have no passion of their own,  
Not pity to be wrought upon,  
Are only proper to inflict  
Revenge on criminals as strict
- 135 But to have power to forgive,  
Is empire and prerogative,  
And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem  
To grant a pardon, than condemn  
Then, since so few do what they ought,
- 140 'Tis great t' indulge a well-meant fault,  
For why should he who made address,  
All humble ways, without success,  
And met with nothing in return  
But insolence, affronts, and scorn
- 45 Not strive by wit to countermine,  
And bravely carry his design?  
He who was used so unlike a soldier,  
Blown up with philtres of love-powder,  
And after letting blood, and purging,
- 150 Condemned to voluntary scourging,  
Alarmed with many a horrid fright,  
And clawed by goblins in the night,  
Insulted on, reviled and jeered,  
With rude invasion of his beard,
- 155 And when our sex was foully scandal'd,  
As foully by the rabble handled,  
Attacked by despicable foes,  
And drubbed with mean and vulgar blows,

- And, after all, to be debarred  
 60 So much as standing on his guard,  
 When horses, being spurred and pricked,  
 Have leave to kick for being kicked?  
 Or why should you, whose mother wits  
 Are furnished with all perquisites,  
 165 That with your breeding teeth begin,  
 And nursing babies that lie in,  
 B' allowed to put all tricks upon  
 Our cully sex, and we use none?  
 We, who have nothing but frail vows  
 170 Against your stratagems t' oppose,  
 Or oaths, more feeble than your own,  
 By which we are no less put down?  
 You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,  
 And kill with a retreating eye,  
 175 Retire the more, the more we press,  
 To draw us into ambushes  
 As pirates all false colours wear,  
 T' intrap th' unwary mariner,  
 So women, to surprise us, spread  
 180 The borrowed flags of white and red,  
 Display 'em thicker on their cheeks,  
 Than their own grandmothers, the Picts,  
 And raise more devils with their looks,  
 Than conjurers' less subtle books  
 185 Lay trains of amorous intrigues,  
 In towers, and curls, and periwigs,  
 With greater art and cunning reared,  
 Than Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard,  
 Prepost'rously t' entice and gain  
 190 Those to adore em they disdain,  
 And only draw 'em in to clog,  
 With idle names, a catalogue

- A lover is, the more he's brave,  
T' his mistress but the more a slave,  
195 And whatsoever she commands,  
Becomes a favour from her hands,  
Which he's obliged t' obey, and must,  
Whether it be unjust or just  
Then when he is compelled by her  
200 T' adventures he would else forbear,  
Who, with his honour, can withstand,  
Since force is greater than command?  
And when necessity's obeyed,  
Nothing can be unjust or bad  
205 And therefore, when the mighty powers  
Of love, our great ally, and yours,  
Joined forces not to be withstood  
By frail enamoured flesh and blood,  
All I have done, unjust or ill,  
210 Was in obedience to your will,  
And all the blame that can be due  
Falls to your cruelty, and you  
Nor are those scandals I confest,  
Against my will and interest,  
215 More than is daily done, of course,  
By all men, when they're under force  
Whence some, upon the rack, confess  
What th' hangman and their prompters please,  
But are no sooner out of pain,  
220 Than they deny it all again  
But when the devil turns confessor,  
Truth is a crime he takes no pleasure  
To hear or pardon, like the founder  
Of liars, whom they all claim under  
225 And therefore when I told him none,  
I think it was the wiser done



Nor am I without precedent,  
 The first that on th' adventure went,  
 All mankind ever did of course,  
 230 And daily does the same, or worse  
 For what romance can show a lover,  
 That had a lady to recover,  
 And did not steer a nearer course,  
 To fall aboard in his amours?  
 235 And what at first was held a crime,  
 Has turned to honourable in time  
 To what a height did infant Rome,  
 By ravishing of women, come?  
 When men upon their spouses seized,  
 240 And freely married where they pleased,  
 They ne'er forswore themselves, nor lied,  
 Nor, in the mind they were in, died,  
 Nor took the pains t' address and sue,  
 Nor played the masquerade to woo  
 245 Disdained to stay for friends' consents,  
 Nor juggled about settlements,  
 Did need no licence, nor no priest,  
 Nor friends, nor kindred, to assist,  
 Nor lawyers, to join land and money  
 250 In the holy state of matrimony,  
 Before they settled hands and hearts,  
 Till alimony or death departs,  
 Nor would endure to stay, until  
 Th' had got the very bride's good will,  
 255 But took a wise and shorter course  
 To win the ladies—downright force,  
 And justly made 'em prisoners then,  
 As they have, often since, us men,  
 With acting plays, and dancing jigs,  
 260 The luckiest of all love's intrigues,

- And when they had them at their pleasure,  
They talked of love and flames at leisure,  
For after matrimony's over,  
He that holds out but half a lover,  
265 Deserves, for every minute, more  
Than half a year of love before,  
For which the dames, in contemplation  
Of that best way of application,  
Proved nobler wives than e'er were known,  
270 By suit, or treaty, to be won,  
And such as all posterity  
Could never equal, nor come nigh  
For women first were made for men,  
Not men for them — It follows, then,  
275 That men have right to every one,  
And they no freedom of their own,  
And therefore men have power to choose,  
But they no charter to refuse  
Hence 'tis apparent that what course  
280 Soe'er we take to your amours,  
Though by the indirectest way,  
'Tis no injustice or foul play,  
And that you ought to take that course,  
As we take you, for better or worse,  
285 And gratefully submit to those  
Who you, before another, chose  
For why should every savage beast  
Exceed his great lord's interest?  
Have freer power than he, in grace  
290 And nature, o'er the creature has?  
Because the laws he since has made  
Have cut off all the power he had,  
Retrenched the absolute dominion  
That nature gave him over women,

295 When all his power will not extend  
 One law of nature to suspend,  
 And but to offer to repeal  
 The smallest clause, is to rebel  
 This, if men rightly understood  
 300 Their privilege, they would make good,  
 And not, like sots, permit their wives  
 T' encroach on their prerogatives,  
 For which sin they deserve to be  
 Kept, as they are, in slavery  
 305 And this some precious gifted teachers,  
 Unreverently reputed lechers,  
 And disobeyed in making love,  
 Have vowed to all the world to prove,  
 And make ye suffer as you ought,  
 310 For that uncharitable fault  
 But I forget myself, and rove  
 Beyond th' instructions of my love  
 Forgive me, Fair, and only blame  
 Th' extravagancy of my flame,  
 315 Since 'tis too much at once to show  
 Excess of love and temper too,  
 All I have said that's bad and true,  
 Was never meant to aim at you,  
 Who have so sovereign a control  
 320 O'er that poor slave of yours, my soul  
 That, rather than to forfeit you,  
 Has ventured loss of heaven too,  
 Both with an equal power possest,  
 To render all that serve you blest,  
 325 But none like him who's destined either  
 To have or lose you both together,  
 And if you'll but this fault release,  
 For so it must be, since you please,

I'll pay down all that vow, and more,  
330 Which you commanded, and I swore,  
And expiate, upon my skin,  
Th' arrears in full of all my sin  
For 'tis but just that I should pay  
Th' accruing penance for delay,  
335 Which shall be done, until it move  
Your equal pity and your love

The knight, perusing this epistle,  
Believed h' had brought her to his whistle,  
And read it, like a jocund lover,  
340 With great applause, t' himself, twice over,  
Subscribed his name, but at a fit  
And humble distance, to his wit,  
And dated it with wondrous art,  
'Given from the bottom of his heart,'  
345 Then sealed it with his coat of love,  
A smoking faggot—and above,  
Upon a scroll—'I burn, and weep'—  
And near it—'for her Ladyship,  
Of all her sex most excellent,  
350 These to her gentle hands present'  
Then gave it to his faithful squire,  
With lessons how t' observe, and eye her  
She first considered which was better,  
To send it back, or burn the letter  
355 But guessing that it might import,  
Though nothing else, at least her sport,  
She opened it, and read it out,  
With many a smile and leering flout,  
Resolved to answer it in kind,  
360 And thus performed what she designed

THE  
LADY'S ANSWER TO THE KNIGHT

THAT you're a beast, and turned to grass,  
Is no strange news, nor ever was,  
At least to me, who once, you know,  
Did from the pound replevin you,  
5 When both your sword and spurs were won  
In combat, by an Amazon,  
That sword that did, like fate, determine  
Th' inevitable death of vermin,  
And never dealt its furious blows,  
10 But cut the throats of pigs and cows,  
By Trulla was, in single fight,  
Disarmed and wrested from its knight,  
Your heels degraded of your spurs,  
And in the stocks close prisoners,  
15 Where still they'd lain, in base restraint,  
If I, in pity of your complaint,  
Had not, on honourable conditions,  
Released 'em from the worst of prisons,  
And what return that favour met,  
20 You cannot, though you would, forget,  
When being free, you strove t' evade  
The oaths you had in prison made,  
Forsook yourself, and first denied it,  
But after owned, and justified it,

- 25 And when y' had falsely broke one vow,  
Absolved yourself, by breaking two  
For while you sneakingly submit,  
And beg for pardon at our feet,  
Discouraged by your guilty fears,  
30 To hope for quarter, for your ears,  
And doubting 'twas in vain to sue,  
You claim us boldly as your due,  
Declare that treachery and force,  
To deal with us, is th' only course,  
55 We have no tittle nor pretence  
To body, soul, or conscience,  
But ought to fall to that man's share  
That claims us for his proper ware  
These are the motives which, t' induce,  
40 Or fright us into love, you use,  
A pretty new way of gallanting,  
Between soliciting and ranting,  
Like sturdy beggars, that intreat  
For charity at once, and threat  
45 But since you undertake to prove  
Your own propriety in love,  
As if we were but lawful prize  
In war, between two enemies,  
Or forfeitures which every lover,  
50 That would but sue for, might recover  
It is not hard to understand  
The mystery of this bold demand,  
That cannot at our persons aim,  
But something capable of claim  
55 'Tis not those paltry counterfeit  
French stones, which in our eyes you set,  
But our right diamonds, that inspire  
And set your amorous hearts on fire,

- Nor can those false St Martin's beads  
60 Which on our lips you lay for reds,  
And make us wear like Indian dames,  
Add fuel to your scorching flames,  
But those true rubies of the rock,  
Which in our cabinets we lock  
65 'Tis not those orient pearls, our teeth,  
That you are so transported with,  
But those we wear about our necks  
Produce those amorous effects  
Nor is 't those threads of gold, our hair,  
70 The periwigs you make us wear,  
But those bright guineas in our chests,  
That light the wildfire in your breasts  
These love tricks I've been versed in so,  
That all their sly intrigues I know,  
75 And can unriddle, by their tones,  
Their mystic cabals, and jargones,  
Can tell what passions, by their sounds,  
Pine for the beauties of my grounds,  
What raptures fond and amorous,  
80 O' th' charms and graces of my house,  
What ecstasy and scorching flame,  
Burns for my money in my name,  
What from th' unnatural desire  
To beasts and cattle, takes its fire,  
85 What tender sigh, and trickling tear,  
Longs for a thousand pounds a year,  
And languishing transports are fond  
Of statute, mortgage, bill, and bond  
These are th' attracts which most men fall  
90 Enamoured, at first sight, withal,  
To these th' address with serenades,  
And court with balls and masquerades,

- And yet, for all the yearning pain  
Ye've suffered for their loves in vain,  
95 I fear they'll prove so nice and coy,  
To have, and t' hold, and to enjoy,  
That all your oaths and labour lost,  
They'll ne'er turn ladies of the post  
This is not meant to disapprove  
100 Your judgment, in your choice of love,  
Which is so wise, the greatest part  
Of mankind study 't as an art,  
For love should, like a deodand,  
Still fall to th' owner of the land,  
105 And where there's substance for its ground,  
Cannot but be more firm and sound  
Than that which has the slighter basis  
Of airy virtue, wit, and graces,  
Which is of such thin subtlety,  
110 It steals and creeps in at the eye,  
And, as it can't endure to stay,  
Steals out again as nice a way  
But love, that its extraction owns  
From solid gold and precious stones,  
115 Must, like its shining parents, prove  
As solid, and as glorious love  
Hence 'tis you have no way t' express  
Our charms and graces but by these,  
For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,  
120 Which beauty invades and conquers with,  
But rubies, pearls, and diamonds,  
With which a philtre love commands?  
This is the way all parents prove,  
In managing their children's love,  
125 That force 'em t' intermarry and wed,  
As if th' were burying of the dead,



Cast earth to earth, as in the grave,  
To join in wedlock all they have,  
And, when the settlement's in force,  
130 Take all the rest for better or worse,  
For money has a power above  
The stars, and fate, to manage love,  
Whose arrows, learned poets hold,  
That never miss, are tipped with gold  
135 And though some say, the parents' claims  
To make love in their children's names,—  
Who, many times, at once provide  
The nurse, the husband, and the bride,  
Feel darts and charms, attracts and flames,  
140 And woo, and contract, in their names,  
And, as they christen, use to marry 'em,  
And, like their gossips, answer for 'em,—  
Is not to give in matrimony,  
But sell and prostitute for money,  
145 'Tis better than their own betrothing,  
Who often do't for worse than nothing,  
And when they're at their own dispose,  
With greater disadvantage choose  
All this is right, but, for the course  
150 You take to do 't, by fraud of force,  
'Tis so ridiculous, as soon  
As told, 'tis never to be done,  
No more than setters can betray,  
That tell what tricks they are to play  
155 Marriage, at best, is but a vow,  
Which all men either break, or bow,  
Then what will those forbear to do,  
Who perjure when they do but woo?  
Such as beforehand swear and lie,  
160 For earnest to their treachery,

- And, rather than a crime confess,  
With greater stive to make it less  
Like thieves, who, after sentence past,  
Maintain their innocence to the last
- 165 And when their crimes were made appear,  
As plain as witnesses can swear,  
Yet when the wretches come to die,  
Will take upon their death a lie  
Nor are the virtues you confessed,
- 170 T' your ghostly father as you guessed,  
So slight as to be justified,  
By being as shamefully denied,  
As if you thought your word would pass,  
Point blank on both sides of a case ,
- 175 Or credit were not to be lost  
B' a brave knight errant of the post,  
That eats perfidiously his word,  
And swears his ears through a two-inch board ,  
Can own the same thing, and disown,
- 180 And perjure booty *pro* and *con* ,  
Can make the Gospel serve his turn,  
And help him out to be forsworn ,  
When 'tis laid hands upon, and kist,  
To be betrayed and sold, like Christ
- 185 These are the virtues in whose name  
A right to all the world you claim,  
And boldly challenge a dominion,  
In grace and nature, o'er all women ,  
Of whom no less will satisfy,
- 190 Than all the sex, your tyranny  
Although you'll find it a hard province,  
With all your crafty frauds and covins,  
To govern such a numerous crew,  
Who, one by one, now govern you ,

- 195 For if you all were Solomons,  
And wise and great as he was once,  
You'll find they're able to subdue,  
As they did him, and baffle you  
And if you are imposed upon,  
200 'Tis by your own temptation done,  
That with your ignorance invite,  
And teach us how to use the sleight  
For when we find y' are still more taken  
With false attracts of our own making,  
205 Swear that's a rose, and that's a stone,  
Like sots, to us that laid it on,  
And what we did but slightly prime  
Most ignorantly daub in rhyme,  
You force us, in our own defences,  
210 To copy beams and influences,  
To lay perfections on the graces,  
And draw attracts upon our faces,  
And, in compliance to your wit,  
Your own false jewels counterfeit  
215 For, by the practice of those arts  
We gain a greater share of hearts,  
And those deserve in reason most,  
That greatest pains and study cost  
For great perfections are, like heaven,  
220 Too rich a present to be given  
Nor are those master strokes of beauty  
To be performed without hard duty,  
Which, when they're nobly done, and well,  
The simple natural excel  
225 How fair and sweet the planted rose,  
Beyond the wild in hedges grows!  
For, without art, the noblest seeds  
Of flowers degenerate into weeds

How dull and rugged, ere 'tis ground  
230 And polished, looks a diamond !  
Though paradise were e'er so fair,  
It was not kept so without care  
The whole world, without art and dress,  
Would be but one great wilderness ,  
235 And mankind but a savage herd,  
For all that nature has conferred  
This does but rough-hew and design,  
Leaves art to polish and refine  
Though women first were made for men,  
240 Yet men were made for them again  
For when, out witted by his wife,  
Man first turned tenant but for life,  
If woman had not intervened,  
How soon had mankind had an end !  
245 And that it is in being yet,  
To us alone you are in debt  
And where's your liberty of choice,  
And our unnatural no-voice ?  
Since all the privilege you boast,  
250 And falsely usurped, or vainly lost,  
Is now our right, to whose creation  
You owe your happy restoration  
And if we had not weighty cause  
To not appear in making laws,  
255 We could, in spite of all your tricks,  
And shallow formal politics,  
Force you our managements t' obey,  
As we to yours, in show, give way  
Hence 'tis, that while you vainly strive  
260 T' advance your high prerogative,  
You basely, after all your braves,  
Submit and own yourselves our slaves ,

## THE LADY'S ANSWER

And 'cause we do not make it known,  
Nor publicly our interests own,  
265 Like sots, suppose we have no shares  
In ordering you and your affairs,  
When all your empire, and command,  
You have from us, at second hand,  
As if a pilot, that appears  
270 To sit still only, while he steers,  
And does not make a noise and stu,  
Like every common mariner,  
Knew nothing of the card, nor star,  
And did not guide the man of war  
275 Nor we, because we don't appear  
In councils, do not govern there,  
While, like the mighty Prester John,  
Whose person none dares look upon,  
But is preserved in close disguise,  
280 From being made cheap to vulgar eyes,  
W' enjoy as large a power, unseen,  
To govern him, as he does men,  
And, in the right of our Pope Joan,  
Make emperors at our feet fall down  
285 Or Joan de Pucelle's braver name,  
Our right to arms and conduct claim,  
Who, though a spinster, yet was able  
To serve France for a grand constable,  
We make and execute all laws,  
290 Can judge the judges, and the cause,  
Prescribe all rules of right or wrong,  
To th' long robe, and the longer tongue,  
'Gainst which the world has no defence,  
But our more powerful eloquence  
295 ~~We~~ We manage things of greatest weight  
In all the world's affairs of state,

Are ministers of war and peace,  
That sway all nations how we please  
We rule all churches, and their flocks,  
300 Heretical and orthodox,  
And are the heavenly vehicles  
O' th' spirits in all conventicles  
By us is all commerce and trade  
Improved, and managed, and decayed,  
305 For nothing can go off so well,  
Nor bears that price, as what we sell  
We rule in every public meeting,  
And make men do what we judge fitting,  
Are magistrates in all great towns,  
310 Where men do nothing but wear gowns  
We make the man of war strike sail,  
And to our braver conduct vail  
And, when h' has chased his enemies,  
Submit to us upon his knees  
315 Is there an officer of state,  
Untimely raised, or magistrate,  
That's haughty and imperious?  
He's but a journeyman to us,  
That, as he gives us cause to do't,  
320 Can keep him in, or turn him out  
We are your guardians, that increase,  
Or waste your fortunes how we please,  
And, as you humour us, can deal  
In all your matters, ill or well  
325 'Tis we that can dispose alone,  
Whether your heirs shall be your own,  
To whose integrity you must,  
In spite of all your caution, trust,  
And, 'less you fly beyond the seas,  
330 Can fit you with what heirs we please,

And force you t' own them, though begotten  
By French valets, or Irish footmen  
Nor can the rigorous course  
Prevail, unless to make us worse,  
335 Who still, the harsher we are used,  
Are further off from being reduced,  
And scorn t' abate, for any ills,  
The least punctilios of our wills  
Force does but whet our wits t' apply  
340 Arts, born with us, for remedy,  
Which all your politics, as yet,  
Have ne'er been able to defeat  
For, when y' have tried all sorts of ways,  
What fools do we make of you in plays?  
345 While all the favours we afford,  
Are but to girt you with the sword,  
To fight our battles in our steads,  
And have your brains beat out o' your heads,  
Encounter, in despite of nature,  
350 And fight, at once, with fire and water,  
With pirates, rocks, and storms, and seas  
Our pride and vanity t' appease,  
Kill one another, and cut throats,  
For our good graces, and best thoughts,  
355 To do you exercise for honour,  
And have your brains beat out the sooner,  
Or cracked, as learnedly, upon  
Things that are never to be known,  
And still appear the more industrious,  
360 The more your projects are preposterous,  
To square the circle of the arts,  
And run stark mad to show your parts,  
Expound the oracle of laws,  
And turn them which way we see cause,

- 365 Be our solicitors and agents,  
And stand for us in all engagements  
And these are all the mighty powers  
You vainly boast to cry down ours,  
And what in real value's wanting,  
370 Supply with vapouring and ranting  
Because yourselves are terrified,  
And stoop to one another's pride,  
Believe we have as little wit  
To be out-hectored, and submit  
375 By your example, lose that right  
In treaties, which we gained in fight,  
And terrified into an awe,  
Pass on ourselves a salique law,  
Or, as some nations use, give place,  
380 And truckle to your mighty race,  
Let men usurp th' unjust dominion,  
As if they were the better women



## NOTES



# NOTES

## PART II — CANTO I

### ARGUMENT

- 1 In the first edition the argument began thus—

‘The knight by damnable magician  
Being cast illegally in prison.

The change has certainly not been for the better, the second line as it now stands being very obscure

3 **action on the case** A legal technical term for an action brought to recover redress for injuries done without force, and where the law has not specially provided a remedy

5 **receives** In the first edition this read *revies*, an old word signifying to cap a small stake with a larger one

### CANTO I

1 The opening of this canto is, as Butler himself informs us, imitated from the opening lines of the Fourth Book of Virgil's *Aeneid*—

‘At regina gravi jamdudum saucia cura  
Vulnus alit venis, et caeco carpitur igni.’

- 2 **rusty** First edition reads ‘bloody’

- 3—6 These four lines are in the first edition given thus—

‘And unto Love we turn our style  
To let our reader breathe a while,  
By this time tired with th horrid sounds  
Of blows and cuts and blood and wounds’

9 **strange** = wonder Glanvill, in the *Vanity of Dogmatizing*, speaking of Aristotle says—'Which yet we need not strange at from one of whom a father saith *nec Deum coluit nec curavit*'

17 **drawing blood** The old superstition was that by drawing blood from a witch her magic power was destroyed Cf—

'Devil or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee,  
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch'

SHAKS *Henry VI*, Pt I Act I Sc v

So also—

'Scots are like witches, do but whet your pen,  
Scratch till the blood comes, they'll not hurt you then'

CLEVELAND, *Rebel Scot*

20 **by pulling, &c** Considerable skill in the healing art was an indispensable accomplishment for the lady of the chivalric age

24 **to change their site** In these and the following lines, modern playwrights are bantered for having abandoned the restraints of the 'unities' of time, of place, and of action, which had been so strictly observed by the classical dramatists

25 **former times, &c** That is commit anachronisms Many such are found in Shakspeare But as Butler had just been imitating Virgil's Fourth Book of the *Aeneid*, it is probable that he was alluding in this line to the bringing together of Dido and Aeneas

29-30 Cf II ii 321-4 and note

32 **lately** First edition reads 'whilom'

40 **dog bolt** 'Dog' is a prefix of contempt, as in *dog Latin, dog truck, &c* The use of the word dog bolt as an adjective is very rare and seems difficult to explain Perhaps Johnson's suggestion may be near the mark, that the allusion is to the refuse of a sifting, (bolter = sieve) only fit for dogs Cf—

'I'll not be made a prey unto the marshall  
For ne'er a snarling dog bolt of you both'

BEN JONSON, *Alchemist*, Act I Sc 1

46 **ycleped**, called The *y* is the A S prefix *ge* which is probably the same as the Greek enclitic *γε*, a particle only used to lay stress on the word to which it is attached The same prefix is found also in *ywis* = certainly This latter word being generally written in MSS *wis* or *Iwis* has, by confusion with the 1st personal pronoun, given rise to a purely fictitious verb *wis* = to know, which has even found its way into most dictionaries.

47 **boards on air** Alluding to the old superstition that the chameleon fed only on air

48 **eats her words** Explained by Warbulton to mean that if you trace home a rumour it always contradicts itself

49 *sq* The rest of this description of Fame is a burlesque of Virgil's account of her, *Aeneid* iv 178, *sq* —

'Illam Teria parens ira irritata deorum,  
Extremam ut perlubent, Caeco Enceladoque sororem  
Progeniuit, pedibus celerem et pernicibus alis  
Monstrum horrendum, ingens, cui quot sunt corpore plumac  
Tot vigiles oculi subtei, mirabile dictu  
Tot linguae, totidem ora sonant, tot subnigrit aures'

53 **welkin** A S *wolcen* = cloud The word has come however to be applied to the *blue sky* Cf —

'But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,  
Dashes the fire out'

*Tempest*, Act I Sc 11 l 4

Cf also for the meaning *blue sky*—

'Look on me with your welkin eye'

*Winter's Tale*, Act 1 Sc 11 l 136

56 **Mercuries** and **Diurnals** were the newspapers of the time

60 **whetstones** Any incitement to a lie seems to have been known as a 'whetstone' the metaphor being clearly that of sharpening the inventive wit of the narrator Grey suggests that the word may be indebted for this signification to the tale of Attus Navius, the augur, cutting the whetstone of Tarquinius Priscus with a razor But the simple metaphor of sharpening is probably the true explanation in this sense Robert Ricorde (died 1558) called his treatise on Algebra *The Whetstone of Witte*

61 **pacquet mail**, a parcel bag French *malle*, a bag

66 **twice two legs** Butler possesses both wit and humour, of which the latter is by far the more difficult of appreciation Nearly all commentators complain that 'there is nothing wonderful in puppies with twice two legs,' and propose to read 'twice four' Of course the whole humour of the line depends on just that very fact that there is nothing wonderful in twice two legs

81 **Democritus** Born about B.C. 430 With his name is intimately connected the origin of the Atomic Theory in philosophy, though the credit of its real origination rests rather with his teacher Leucippus In the ethical side of his teaching he advised a life of tranquil contemplation of the brighter side of human affairs, hence by misapprehension of later writers he

was supposed to have always laughed at everything and thus obtained the title of 'the laughing philosopher'. For similar reasons and with similar injustice the title of the 'crying philosopher' was bestowed on Heraclitus of Ephesus, who by dwelling on the transitory nature and paltry value of individual existences, may in a sense be said to have been the source whence the Stoic philosophy took its rise.

84 **dump** Plight, condition. More commonly in the plural. Cf. Hudibras I. iii. 95 note. The nearest allied word is the Swedish *dumppin* = melancholy, cf. German *dumppf* = damp, as in 'to damp one's spirits'. For the use of the singular—He is in a deep dump now, Beaumont and Fletcher, *Humorous Lieutenant*, IV. 6.

91-2 These two lines originally ran—

'That is, to see him delivered safe  
Of's wooden burthen and Squire Ralph.'

96 **usher** There seems some doubt amongst commentators whether this signifies an attendant, or a part of the widow's dress. In Part III Canto. i. l. 399, Ralpho, alluding to this occasion, speaks of 'two of her retinue' as having been present. The 'waiting damsel' would have been one, and the usher must have been the other. From the words as they stand it seems almost impossible that *usher* can here mean *attendant* for attendants are not 'implements which ladies wear'. And yet it appears that there is absolutely no authority for the use of 'usher' as an article of dress.

100 **limbo**, the abl. of *limbus*, a border. *In limbo patrum* is the full phrase, applied to the border of hell, where the saints of the Old Testament were said to have awaited the descent of Christ. Cf.—

'All the e, upwhuled aloft,  
Fly o'er the back side of the world far off  
Into a limbo large and broad, since called  
The Paradise of Fools.'

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, iii. 495

110 **cheek by jowl** Exactly side by side. The two words are intimately connected through the Saxon *ceole* = cheek. The word *jowl* is now chiefly used for the hanging cheek of some dogs such as the bloodhound, &c. Hence the peculiar applicability of the phrase in the verse of the old song—

'When I gwoes dead as it may hap  
My grave shall be under the good yeal tap,  
Wi vaulded earmes ther wool I lie  
Cheek by jowl my dog and I.'

So also—

'Follow' nay I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl.'

SHAKS *Midsummer Night's Dream*, III. ii. 338

132 **beat a drum** A drummer boy is a very common form of family ghost, and superstition has been busy in concocting stories in which a supernatural drummer gives warning of a death impending in the family to which he is attached See *Glanvil on Witchcraft*

171 **landerer** French *lavendrier*, a washer, our *laundress*

172 **the Russian standard** Peter the Great put a fine on the wearing of the luxuriant beards in which his nobility had taken so much pride Hence in his reign the beards had to be either entirely shaved off or cut down to a small size

174 **bravest**, best adorned Bravery in the English of the time means *finery* Cf —

‘With all her bravery on and tackle trim’

MILTON, *Sams Ag* v 717

178 This line is difficult to explain exactly In advancing upon the enemy the part furthest from the foe is the rear whilst in any movement the van is the part of the army which leads that movement To say that the rear leads the van is thus a whimsical way of saying that the army is retreating Here the knight's beard is in the rear & furthest from the enemy, and yet it leads the van The knight was therefore running away

184 **Stoics** The founder of this sect was Zeno of Citium Teaching that Reason was the great principle of Nature, and that life according to Nature was the ideal to be aimed at, it was almost a necessary conclusion that all mere passions and affections were as far as possible to be kept under control and suppressed by force of will in order that the purely intellectual side of man's nature might hold undisputed sway over him Pain therefore was taught not to be an evil in itself, and the disciple was encouraged to rise above it by smothering all expression of it In these lines Butler as usual shows sound scholarship however quaint the garb in which he clothes it

201 **conceit**, in its proper sense of *opinion* or *imagination* Cf —

‘Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee’

SHAKS *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, III ii 18

It is more common in the sense of the product of imagination, in particular an unexpected or quaint turn of fancy—‘Composed with great ambition of such conceits as, notwithstanding the reformation begun by Waller and Denham, the example of Cowley still kept in reputation —JOHNSON, *Life of Dryden*, Clar Press Ed. p. 4 So also—

‘Some to conceit alone their works confine

And glittering thoughts struck out at every line’

POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, l 289

202 **of mere opinion**, that is, of fear Many such cases are recorded

203 **in reason**, in reality The word is used to contrast with *conceit* in l 201

204 **discretion** Cut, separation of parts Butler gives this sense to this word on the strength of its etymology, but there does not seem to be another instance in which it is so used

206 **mice** and rats completely ate up Bishop Hatto, to whom Butler is thought by Grey to allude, though the notes in the old editions would seem to disprove this by expressly alluding to the case of Bishop Hatto as much more wonderful

233 **a second** It is one of the absurdities of the 'code of honour' justly ridiculed here by Butler, that a man who has been struck must challenge the striker, and the challenged having choice of weapons, a great advantage is put into the hands of the professed duellist or bully, who having thus inflicted one injury is almost always enabled either to inflict a 'second' and much severer one, or to ruin the social position and prestige of his victim What Butler here burlesques has been seriously treated by Tennyson in his *Maud*—

'And he struck me, madman, over the face,  
Struck me before the languid fool  
Who was gaping and grinning by  
Struck for himself an evil stroke  
Wrought for his house an irredeemable woe  
For front to front in an hour we stood  
And a million horrible bellowing echoes broke  
From the red ribbed hollow behind the wood,  
And thundered up to heaven the Christless code  
That must have life for a blow

236 **with a blow** There were three forms of manumission in use in Rome, of which Butler alludes to the oldest — *Si neque censu neque vindicta nec testamento liber factus est, non est liber*, CICERO, Top II 10, *Iusta ac legitima manumissione liberetur, id est vindicta, aut censu, aut testamento*, GAIUS, Commentaries, I 16 The *vindicta* or *festuca* was a small wand When the slave to be manumitted was brought by his master before a magistrate, a lictor laid this wand with a light stroke on his head the master turning him round with the words *hunc hominem liberum volo*

**our princes worship** Cf Hudibras, I 1 20

237 **King Pyrrhus** Pyrrhus was supposed to have a marvellous power of curing a disease of the spleen by the pressure of the great toe of his right foot, just as the royal touch was till quite modern times considered a remedy for the scrofula or



kings evil' Queen Anne was the last who touched for 'the evil' Cf.—Τοῖς δὲ σπληνιῶσιν ἐδόκει βοηθεῖν ἀλεκτρονα θυῶν λευκὸν ὑπτιῶν τε κατακειμένων τῷ δεξιῷ ποδὶ πιεζῶν ἀτρεμὰ το σπλαγγχρον Οὐδεὶς δὲ ἦν πενήτης οὐδὲ ἡδῶτος οὕτως ὥστε μὴ τυχεῖν τῆς ιατρείας δεθελὲς Λεγεται δὲ τοῦ ποδὸς ἐκείνου τὸν μείζονα δακτυλον ἔχειν δύναμιν θείας ὥστε μετὰ τὴν τελευτήν τοῦ λοιποῦ σώματος κατακαεντος ἀπαθῆ καὶ ἀβικτον ὑπὸ τοῦ πυρὸς εὐρεθῆναι — PLUTARCH, *Life of Pyrrhus*

239 **Negus** King of Abyssinia

259 **catasta** A stage on which slaves were exposed for sale

286 **wines work, &c** This proverb was supposed to be founded on fact

298 'I shall but just mention another kind of reasoning which may be called arguing by Poll and another which is of equal force, in which wagers are made use of as arguments, according to the celebrated line in *Hudibras* — ADDISON in *Spectator*, No 239

'The misfortune of the thing is I have, as it happens, sometimes a greater stock of learning than of money' The gentleman I am speaking of takes advantage of the narrowness of my circumstances in such a manner that he has read all I can pretend to, and runs me down with such a positive air and with such powerful arguments, that from a very learned person I am thought a mere pretender Not long ago I was relating that I had read such a passage in Tacitus up starts my young gentleman in a full company, and pulling out his purse offered to lay me ten guineas to be staked immediately in that gentleman's hands (pointing to one smoking at another table) that I was utterly mistaken I was dumb for want of ten guineas — STEELE, in *Spectator*, No 145

310 **fire in antique Roman urns** Accounts have come down of lamps having been found still burning on the opening of Roman tombs The phosphorescence of decomposition may have been at the bottom of the legend

'Rosicrusius,' say his disciples, 'made use of this method to show the world that he had reinvented the ever burning lamps of the ancients' — *Spectator*, No 379

332 **fanatic** Grey proposes 'fantastic,' and for once the proposed emendation does seem preferable to the text Butler himself, however, must have passed 'fanatic' without alteration

352 **kill cow** This burlesque word is probably a survival of the legends of Guy of Warwick Cf. note on *Hudibras*, I ii 306

353 **leaguer lion's skin** *Leaguer* means a camp to beleaguer a city is to encamp round it Thus leaguer lion's skin simply means 'the lion's skin, his dress of war'

354 **made him spin** Hercules having been attacked by illness was advised by the Delphian Oracle to serve three years for wages He entered the service of Omphale, queen of Lydia, where, according to the later poets, he led an effeminate life, exchanging with Omphale his club for her distaff A beautiful description of this is given by Ovid, *Fasts II* 305 sq

370 The blank is filled up with the name of Stennet in L Estrange's *Key to Hudibras*

374 **a wife of snow** The devil, we are told, tempted St Francis by appearing to him as a beautiful woman, but he overcame the Devil's plot by rolling himself in the snow

384 **Turk and Pope** There is a hymn, once well known, by one R. Wisdom, containing the lines—

'Preserve us, Lord, by thy dear Word,  
From Turk and Pope defend us, Lord'

Cf note on III n 630

394 **town-bull** Pasiphae, daughter of Helios and wife of Minos, King of Crete, became enamoured of a bull, and the fruit of their union was the famous Minotaur, for whom Daedalus designed the labyrinth, and who was finally slain by Theseus

402 **buried quick**, buried alive, the regular punishment for any Vestal Virgin who broke her vow of chastity

406 **varlets-des chambers** The spelling of the day

418 **windore** For this form of the word of *Hudibras I*  
n 214 Etymologically it is simply a corruption

426 **extract coals** Charcoal is here meant

430 **dragged backwards** Cf —

'At furus Caci mens effera, ne quid inausum  
Aut intractatum scelerisve dolive fuisset,  
Quatuor a stabulis praestanti corpore tauros  
Avertit, totidem forma superante juvenecas,  
Atque hos ne qua forent pedibus vestigia rectis,  
Cauda in speluncam tractos versisque viarum  
Indicens raptos, saxo occultabat opaco'

VIRGIL, *Aeneid*, viii 208

438 **Albertus** This is Albertus Magnus, who flourished about the middle of the 13th century, and wrote a work called *De Secretis Mulierum*, whence he is called by the knight the ladies secretary

445 **real** There is reason to believe that this word should be pronounced as a dissyllable—*real* Butler's lines are as a rule of eight syllables, but at the same time he scarcely ever pairs a line of nine syllables with one of only eight When one line of the couplet has nine syllables the other should therefore have the same number Cf ll 456-7 461-2, 473-4 &c &c In the substantive *reality* we have the original pronunciation preserved, though it is lost in the legal *reality* Cf —

'And oft I wish amidst the scene to find  
Some spot to real happiness consigned'

GOLDSMITH, *Traveller*, l 59

And again—

'Honour, that praise which real merit gains

*Ibid* l 259

469 **goes his half** Shares with him

470 **squint and laugh** To squint and to laugh are here said to be peculiar to the human race Pliny in his *Natural History* affirms that man is the only animal whose eyes ever squint (Bk xi chap 37) Butler might have added another as obvious—to cook

483 **sowning** Thus in all the earlier editions The orthography taken in conjunction with the rhyme (which latter by itself would of course prove nothing in Butler) seems to show pretty conclusively that this word was so pronounced in Butler's day

514 **eight to the week** This is really a grotesque way of saying that the soldier's pay is three shillings a week. This rate might be called sixpence a day with the Sundays left out, or that he had to serve eight days to earn three and sixpence, the real value per week of sixpence a day The rate of pay for soldiers and sailors has been a subject for small wit time out of mind A midshipman's pay used to be called three farthings a year paid quarterly, &c &c

532 **Friar Bacon** Cf note on *Hudibras*, I ii 344 The tradition is that Friar Bacon made a brazen head which uttered the words 'Time is

534 **musket proof** Cf 'Here cometh to my remembrance a thing which I have oftentimes noted in these Indians, and this is that they have the bones of the skulls of their heads four times thicker and much stronger than ours, so that in coming to handstrokes with them it shall be requisite not to strike them on the heads with swords, for so have many swords been broken on their heads with little hurt done —*Purchas his Pilgrimes*, Part III, Bk V, chap iii, Edit 1625, p 993

**540 strike me luck** A phrase in use by the vulgar in concluding a bargain. If a portion of the purchase money was to be paid as deposit or 'earnest' the recipient, extending his hand for it, always held in that hand some money of his own, and the buyer 'struck his luck' by clapping his deposit into the extended hand so as to strike the money already there. Cf —

'*Young Loveless* What money? Speak

'*Morecraft* Six thousand pounds Sir

'*Captain* Take it, has overbidden by the sun, bind him to his bargain quickly

'*Young Loveless* Come, strike me luck with earnest and draw the writings

'*Morecraft* There's a God's penny for thee'

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER,

*Scornful Lady*, Act II *sub fin*

**547 implicit**, the opposite of *explicit*, hence 'secret'

**558 hugger mugger** Cf I iii 267 and note

**560 pigsney** Butler seems to use this word wrongly, perhaps of malice prepense. It is here used as equivalent for pig's eye, a jesting epithet for a very small eye. But properly *pigsney* or *pigsnie* has no connection with this. It is a term of endearment applied to a girl, and means 'little maid, (A S *piga*, a virgin whence the name Peggy, and the phrase 'Please the pigs') Cf Pembroke's *Arcadia*, p 277—'Miso, mine own pigsnie,—thou shalt have news of Dametas

'As soon as she close to him came

She spake and called him by his name

Striking him on the head, Pigsney,

Quoth she, tell me who made it cry'

*Honour a la Mode* 1665

**569 stum** Any thick unfermented liquor Cf —

'Renegado priests

That preach up thee for God, dispense thy laws,

And with thy stum ferment their fainting cause'

DRYDEN, *Medal*, l 268

**drink every letter, &c** A cup to every letter of his name Cf —

'*Nævia sex cyathis, septem Justina bibatur*

*Quinque Lycas, Lyde quattuor, Ida tribus*

MARTIAL, *Epigrams*, I 72

**572-582** Another instance showing how Butler could have excelled in smooth verse had he been inclined. On this point cf I iii 157 sq, and Introduction to Part I p xiv

**590 fustian** Cf I i 98 and note

598 These words were altered in 1704 to *haut gouts*,  
*bouillions*, *ragouts*

600 As rubies are polished on a mill, whoever compares  
a lady's lips to 'polished rubies,' grinds her lips upon a mill

601 **facet doublet** Facet, the small surfaces into which  
the diamond is cut *Doublet*, a false gem, made by joining two  
pieces of crystal with colour between Hence *facet doublet*, a  
false gem with false colour, cut like a diamond

608 **Indian lake and ceruse** Lake is the pink paint of  
that name, used as rouge, ceruse, properly white lead, is applied  
here to the powder used to make the complexion fair

612 **cut into suns, &c** The patches were cut into  
many fantastic shapes, suns, moons, and even a coach and  
horses Cf —

'Your black patches you wear variously,  
Some cut like stars, some in half moons some lozenges,  
All which but show you still a younger brother

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER,  
*Elder Brother* Act III Sc v

613-616 These lines were not in the first edition and were  
added in 1674

617 **music of the Spheres** An idea as old as Pytha-  
goras, and not rejected in a sense by modern science Pythagoras  
held that the planets made melody by their flight, but that the  
human ear was too small to admit a sound of such volume We  
now know that the extreme range of the human ear is about 10  
octaves, or from 20 to 73,000 vibrations per second Many  
persons cannot hear the cry of a bat, its acuteness putting it  
outside their range Thus though we know nothing as to  
whether they are musical or otherwise, we can safely infer  
that there must be sounds in nature which we cannot hear  
Cf —

'Look how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold  
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims,  
Such harmony is in immortal souls,  
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it'

SHAKS *Merchant of Venice*, V 1 57

624 **they sung** So Waller in his lines 'To a Girdle —  
'A narrow compass' and yet there  
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair,  
Give me but what this ribband bound  
Take all the rest the sun goes round'

The two following lines also seem clearly to point to Waller, who wrote a panegyric on the Lord Protector, and another poem 'To the King, upon his Majesty's Happy Return'. Charles observed with much truth that the former was far the better poem of the two and obtained the memorable answer—'Sir, we poets never succeed so well in truth as in fiction'. These lines are noticeable also as being, what is so rare in Butler, a distinct stroke of flattery aimed at the Court.

642 **fulhams** Also spelt *fullams*, loaded dice. The name is generally supposed to be derived from Fulham, the London suburb, where they were first manufactured, and which in Elizabeth's reign was a rendezvous for all the blacklegs in the city. There were obviously two ways of loading dice, either by actually weighting one side to make it heavier than the other, or by leaving a cavity in one side, so to make that side lighter than the other. The loaded dice are *fullams*, the dice with a cavity are *gourds*. 'High fullams' or 'high gourds' always threw high numbers, low fullams or gourds always threw low. Cf. —

'Let vultures gripe thy guts, for gourd and fullam holds,  
And high and low beguiles the rich and poor

SHAKS *Merry Wives of Windsor*, I iii 97

Hence we have the transitional meaning of 'make believes,' as in this passage and in

'Have their fullams at command  
Brought up to do their feats at hand

BUILEY, *Upon Gaming*

So also Cleveland 'Character of a Diurnal Maker' Works, Ed 1677, p 108 — 'A Scotchman's tongue runs high fullams

668 **constellation** Poets often likened their ladies to stars, in Butler's burlesque a lady is a whole constellation

691 **buyers** *Caveat emptor*

694 **twelve hands**, = four feet. The lady loses no opportunity of bantering the knight on his personal appearance

695 **lock on's hoof** Horses were often thus marked to prevent their being stolen, so Hudibras has the stocks about his ankle.

698 **tolled** By a statute of Elizabeth, horses sold in pairs were publicly tolled to prevent their being stolen

699 **stray** Cattle coming astray could be kept by the finders thereof if they were not claimed by their owners within a year and a day

730 **a boy** There are various tales to this effect Butler probably is alluding to Sir Kenelm Digby's *Treatise on Bodies*, wherein is told such a tale of a boy of Hesse who was lost in the woods and grew up among wild beasts

753 **Prince of Cambay** 'The Sultan of Cambaya at my being there was named Macamut, and had reigned fortie years

He is so accustomed to poyson from his infancy that he daily eateth some to keep it in use And although he himselfe feel no hurt thereof by reason of custome, yet doth hee thereby so impoyson himself that he is poyson to other He entertaineth about foure thousand concubines, for whensoever he hath lyen with any of them, shee with whom he hath lyen is dead in the morning —*Purchas his Pilgrimes*, Pt II, lib IX, chap vii, Edit 1626, p 1495

771 **mainprize** = bail

794 **unwholesome to your spurs** Endangering his honour In times of chivalry a knight disgraced would have his spurs struck off

802 **Honour's temple** The temples of Honour and Virtue, built by Marius, were conjoined so as to have a common entrance as described by Butler Cf 'Et ad Mariana Honoris et Virtutis sine postico a Mutio facta —*Vitruvius De Architectura*, Bk III, chap 1

804 **there's no way, &c** The pillory or the stocks was commonly followed by a whipping

819 *sq* By the old laws against vagrancy offenders were whipped in the parish where the offence was committed, and then sent back to their native parish with information to the authorities thereof of the punishment that had been inflicted on them It was in no humanitarian spirit, but to avert a real social danger, that the first poor law was enacted under Elizabeth, as proved by the continuing ferocity of the laws against poverty and vagrancy, incorrigible vagrancy being actually punishable with death

824 **their ancient seats** An exquisite touch of burlesque The poor vagrants, sent back after their whipping to their native parish, or parish of their 'settlement', are represented as knights returning to their 'ancient seats'

831-2 These lines in the first editions were given thus—

'I here engage myself to loose ye  
And free your heels from caperdewsie,

caperdewsie being an old word for the stocks

The change has been accounted for by the fact that we have no statement of any power or authority by which the lady could release a prisoner from the stocks, unless the much debated 'usher' (l 96) who accompanied her was the parish beadle or some such functionary, with whom the lady would have influence to obtain a release. This, however, seems hardly a satisfactory explanation when we remember that the knight was never impounded by legal authority at all, but only by the rabble who had taken him prisoner. In this case the lady had clearly the same authority to set him free as Tiulla had to fix him in the stocks. On the whole, therefore, we must conclude that Butler altered the lines in question as he altered many more, simply to suit his altered taste.

839 'Marriage and hanging go by destiny' is an old proverb

843 **love is a boy** Alluding to Cupid Cf the old song—

' Love was once a little boy,  
Heigh ho, heigh ho,  
Then with him twas sweet to toy,  
Heigh ho, heigh ho,  
He was then so innocent,  
Not as now on mischief bent,  
Free he came and freely went  
Heigh ho, heigh ho '

845 **his grannam** Venus was by poets later than Homer represented as having sprung from the foam of the sea and as Venus was mother of Cupid, the sea is thus Cupid's 'grannam'. Venus and the sea are closely connected by the Latin poets Cf—

' Laevum marinae qui Veneris latus  
Custodit

HORACE, *Odes*, III xxvi 5

**whipped** This was when the bridge of boats which Xerxes had ordered to be made across the Hellespont was destroyed by a storm, — *ὡς δ' ἐπύθετο Ξερξῆς, δεινὰ ποιεύμενος, ἰδὼν Ἑλλήσποντον ἐκέλευε τριηκοσίας ἐπικεσθαι μάλιστα πληγὰς καὶ κατεῖναι ἐς τὸ πέλαγος πεδῶν ζεύγος ἥδη δὲ ἤκουσα ὡς καὶ στιγῆας ἅμα τούτοις ἀπεπέμψε στίζοντας τὸν Ἑλλήσποντον* HERODOTUS, VII 35

848 **rosemary** A kind of poetical pun *Ros maris*, the sea daisy, was supposed to have influence in love affairs, and the plant had similar virtues attributed to it from similarity of name



850 **Lydian and Phrygian dubs**, alternate soft taps and hard blows Dubs = blows, as in the phrase dubbed knight The Lydian and Phrygian styles in music were contrasted, the Lydian being soft and plaintive the Phrygian spirited and martial Cf *Tives οὐν μαλακαί, τε καὶ συμποτικά τῶν ἀρμονιῶν* "ἴασσι ἧ δ' ος, καὶ λυδιστί, αἰτῖνες χαλαραὶ καλοῦνται — PLATO, *Republic*, III 398, c

860 **spell names over with beer glasses** Cf I 569, and note

875 Alluding to Don Quixote's penance on the mountain, Part I Book III chap 2

881 **Florio** The romance of Florio and Biancifiore forms the subject matter of Boccaccio's *Filocolo*

885 **certain lady** Lady Munson is alluded to Her husband Lord Munson of Bury St Edmunds, was suspected of being lukewarm in the parliamentary cause, so with the help of her servants Lady Munson tied him to a bedpost and thrashed him till he promised to show more zeal for the future For this she seems to have received public thanks Grey, who explains the passage thus, gives no authority but the name of his informant, who seems to have had his information from a private source In WALKER'S *History of Independency*, however, a somewhat similar tale is told of Lady Mildmay

888 **clawed** Cf Hudibras II ii 4, and note

**fundamental** 'Legislative' in earlier editions

901-2 **artist, charms** These words keep up the burlesque of the magic confinement in an enchanted castle

903 **Sun grew low** Then so far we have had the history of only one day

908 **her lustre and her shade** It is the sun's light which both displays and hides the moon from view

These lines are another proof, if further were wanting, how excellently Butler could have tuned his harp to smooth measures had he pleased

909 First edition thus—

'And in the lantern of the night  
With shining horn hung out her light

## PART II — CANTO II

## ARGUMENT

5 **sackle** Cf Hudibras I ii 437, and note

## CANTO II

4 **clawed** Butler seems rather fond of this word for scuffling Cf II i 888

5 **in cases** A punning allusion to 'cases of conscience and the study of 'casuistry'

6 **bases** Violoncellos

8 **fit** *Fit, fyt fitte*, are all forms of a word which was applied to the divisions of a ballad or poem The modern word 'canto' has taken its place Cf the old ballad—

'To Carlisle went three bold yeomen,  
All in the morning of May,  
Here is a fyt of Cloudesly,  
And another is for to say'

ADAM BELL, *Clym of the Clough,*  
*and William of Cloudesly*

14 **Helmont** Of the two Helmonts, father and son Butler probably alluded to the latter, who was a contemporary of his own The father, John Baptist van Helmont, born in Brussels about 1580, was a celebrated chemist, to whom chemistry is said to owe the use of the term *gas*, he having applied the word *geist* to the effervescence of the Spa waters The son, Francis Mercury van Helmont, claimed to have found the philosopher's stone, and the original language of man which a child would speak without any process of acquisition of it, &c &c

**Montaigne**, 1533-1591, the famous essayist Allusions to his quaint sayings are frequent in the literature of Butler's time and the generation or two after Cf Hudibras I i 38

**White** It is difficult to fix with any precision the particular White here referred to. Probably the allusion is to Thomas White (died 1676) who wrote as the champion of the Church of Rome, and of some of Sir Kenelm Digby's curious notions. His philosophical writings are chiefly remarkable for his having been one of the earliest English writers who clearly grasped and plainly enunciated the Law of Association of Ideas, with which Hartley's name is now generally connected somewhat too exclusively.

**Tully** It is under this part of his name that Marcus Tullius Cicero was alluded to until the present century. Cf. 'How Mr Deane could spend, with a boy who had translated so much of Ovid, some months over a small part of Tully's 'Offices' it is now vain to inquire'—JOHNSON, *Life of Pope*, p. 127, ed. Clar Press. There is another reading 'Lully' in some editions, but Tully seems certainly the correct one, nor is it necessary as some commentators have done to appeal to one in particular, the *Stoicorum Paradoxa* of his works in explanation of Butler's allusion to him. There is quite enough in the tone of much of Cicero's writing *passim* to justify his introduction into the present company by a burlesque poet in compliance with the exigencies of rhyme.

**15-17 with fierce dispute fight and study** Butler is very rarely inaccurate, even in his quaintest humours. But he certainly seems here to have mistaken a passage in Diogenes Laertius which refers to slaughter having taken place in the Stoa, not in connection with the Stoic teaching, but under the Thirty Tyrants. Cf. *Ἀνακαμπτων δὲ ἐν τῇ ποικίλῃ στοᾷ τῇ καὶ Πεισιανακτεῖφ καλουμένη, ἀπὸ δὲ τῆς γραφῆς τῆς Παλυνγῶτον ποικίλῃ, διατίθετο τοὺς λόγους βουλόμενος καὶ τὸ χωρίον ἀπεριστατον ποιῆσαι ἐπὶ γὰρ τῶν τριάκοντα τῶν πολιτῶν πρὸς τοῖς χιλίοις τετρακόσιοι ἀνήρηντ ἐν αὐτῷ*—DIOGENES LAERTIUS, *Vita Zenonis*, § 5.

Into this error Grey follows Butler even to the length of giving in a note the following—'In Porticu Discipulorum seditioibus mille quadringenti triginta cives interfecti sunt'—a translation in which there is nothing of the original. Diogenes Laertius except the number, and even that is not quite accurately given.

**18 virtue is a body** A current account of the Stoic doctrine on this head. One main point of the departure of the Stoics from Plato and Aristotle, was their rigid maintenance of the theorem that nothing incorporeal exists, save only accidents of existences themselves corporeal, and that of these accidents (*τὰ λεκτα*) the existence was only nominal, not real, they were somewhat between a notion and a thing. Thus, to the Stoics, night and day are not bodies, nor are numbers such as ten and

fifteen, but virtue, vice, memory, &c., have in their idea a real corporeal existence Cf *αναπαλιν δε η αληθεια σῶμα εστι παρσον επιστήμη παντων αληθῶν αποφαντικη δοκεῖ τυγχανειν, πᾶσα δε επιστήμη πῶς ἔχει εστὶ ηγεμονικον τὸ δε ηγεμονικὸν σῶμα κατα τουτους υπήρχεν* — SEXTUS EMPERICUS, *Adv Math* vii 38 So also Cicero gives the same account of the Stoics—'Nullo modo arbitrabatur quidquam effici posse ab ea [natura] quae expers esset corporis, nec vero aut quod efficeret aliquid aut quod efficeretur posse esse non corpus (*Acad Post* I ii) So too Seneca (*Ep* 106) 'Quaeris bonum an corpus sit Bonum prodest, facit enim, quod facit corpus est'

19 **an animal** The analogies that could be made out with the animal frame were favourites with the Stoics Thus *Εικαζουσι δε ζω την φιλοσοφίαν οστοῖς μεν και νευροις τὸ λογικὸν προσομοιουντες, τοῖς δε σαρκοδεστεροις τὸ θηικόν τῇ δὲ ψυχῇ τὸ φυσικόν* — DIOGENES LAERT I ii 40

But the most probable source of the allusions in the whole of this difficult passage is the account of the Stoics given by Plutarch an author whom we know Butler to have read with much care and to whom he is much indebted Cf *Ἀτοπον γαρ εἶναι μαλα τὰς ἀρετας και τὰς κακίας, πρὸς δε αὐταῖς τὰς τεχνὰς και τὰς μὲν τὰς πάσας, ἔτι δὲ φαντασίας και πάθη και ὄρμεις και συγκαταθεσεις σωματι ποιουμενους εν μηδενὶ φανει κεισθαι*

*Οἱ δ ου μονον τὰς ἀρετας και τὰς κακίας ζῶα εἶναι λεγουσιν ουδε τα παθὴ μόνον, ὀργας και φθονους και λύπας και επιχαιρεκακίας, ουδὲ καταλήψεις και φαντασίας και ἀγνοίας, ουδὲ τὰς τεχνὰς ζῶα τὴν σκυτοτομικην, τὴν χαλκοτυπικην, ἀλλα πρὸς τουτοις ετι και τὰς ενεργείας σώματα και ζῶα ποιουσι* — PLUTARCH, *Adversus Stoicos de Communibus Notitiis* 45

So also we have the same thing in DIOGENES LAERTIUS, *Vita Zenonis*, § 139—*οὕτω δη και τὸν ὅλον κόσμον ζων ὄντα και ἔμψυχον και λογικόν, ἔχειν ηγεμονικόν μεν τὸν αἰθερα*

30 **Thetis**, was a marine divinity, daughter of Nereus She was condemned to marry a mortal, that mortal was Peleus, and by him she became the mother of Achilles Her name is used by Butler here simply as an equivalent for the sea, her native element, and the opening in this way of a new phase of adventure for squire and knight is in imitation of the opening lines of more than one of Homer's books Cf —

*Ὡς μεν κροκόπεπλος ἀπ' Ὠκεανοῦ βροαὺν ὄρνυθ, ἵν' ἀθανάτοισι φάως φέροι ἠδὲ βροτοῖσιν*

*Iliad* xix 1

48 **whipping duty** The first editions read 'whipping duly'

74 **claw** Cf *Hudibras* II ii 4, and note

78 **clan and clan** Allusion to the clan feuds of Scotland

87 **sacrifice of bridewells** The floggings in prisons

88 **mongrel Christians** A phrase applied to the Roman Catholics and Episcopalians

107 **but wind** Cf —

‘Nec jurare time, Veneris perjuria venti  
Irrita per terras et freta summa ferunt’

LIBULLUS, *Eleg* I iv 21

116 **reformado saint** Reformado officers were those whose companies had been disbanded, but who were kept in the service on lowered pay and reduced position. The squire coolly patronises the knight by allowing that he is a reformado saint, *i.e.* that he is still a saint though of saintliness far inferior to that of the squire.

118 **pretend** Put forward. The original meaning of this word in English was in strict accordance with its etymology. Cf —

‘His target always over her pretended

SPENSER, *Faerie Queene*, vi. 2, 19

From this strict sense it comes to mean as here ‘to bring forward but without any of the implied fulseness that is conveyed by the modern use of the word’. Cf — ‘He pretends a quarrel to me that I have fallen foul upon priesthood’ — DRYDEN in Johnson’s *Life*, Clar. Press Ed. p. 55. Finally, the word came to include the notion of alleging *falsely*. This is a good example of that degradation of meaning of which other examples are ‘cunning’ (properly *skull* or *skilful*), ‘silly’ (A S *sælg* = happy), ‘craft’ (proper meaning seen in *handicraft*), &c.

134 **self denying** Another hit at the Self Denying Ordinance. The skilful form in which Butler puts the insinuation that the Self Denying Ordinance was all a lie is well worthy of notice.

136 **by Providence** Alluding to the claim set up on the part of the Parliamentary party that they acted by special direction of ‘the Spirit’. Cf — ‘When they break their faith, articles, promises, declarations, and covenant, they allege the Spirit is the author thereof. When Cromwell (contrary to his vows and protestations made to the king) kept him close prisoner in Carisbrook Castle, he affirmed *the Spirit would not let him keep his word*. When contrary to the public faith they murdered him, they pretended *they could not resist the motions of the Spirit*’ — CLEMENT WALKER, *History of Independency*, Pt. III, p. 28, Edit. 1661.

**142 perjury** The Royalists always bitterly complained that the original vows of the Parliamentary party were only kept so far forth as they afterwards found convenient. The curious fiction of dividing the monarch into a political and natural king (Cf I ii 513, and note), the latter of which they opposed in the name of the former, gave rise to occurrences which justified the accusation. Thus by the Solemn League and Covenant itself the parties to it were bound in the third article thus—'We shall with the same reality, sincerity, and constancy, in our several vocations endeavour with our estates and lives to preserve and defend the King's Majesty's Person and Authority, in the preservation and defence of the true religion and liberties of the kingdoms, that the world may bear witness with our consciences of our loyalty and that we have no thoughts or intentions to diminish his Majesty's just power and greatness. When we consider the bearing that the signing of the Covenant had on the ultimate results of the war, we can easily see why Butler, thinking of the words above quoted, should say that the cause was begun in perjury.

**144 they broke** Many of the Presbyterian divines themselves felt the difficulty of the position, a difficulty of which Butler here takes merciless advantage, when they were called upon to subscribe the Covenant and remembered their own vows of ordination. Cf —'Dr Featly declared he durst not abjure Prelacy absolutely because he had sworn to obey his bishop in all things lawful and honest —NEALS *History of the Puritans*, Vol III chap ii. In those days, as for long afterwards, an oath had been imposed on graduation at the Universities, which also had of necessity to be broken by all subscribers to the Covenant.

**146 before our plate** Cf I ii 567 sq

**154 Protestation** Cf I ii 521, and note. The Protestation was really a solemn oath to maintain 'the true reformed Protestant religion, expressed in the doctrine of the Church of England. All men were ordered to 'take it (May 4, 1641), and to 'break it when called on to subscribe the Covenant (September 1643).

**155 to recant** After the king's death and when the Independents were the really powerful party in the State, they forced upon the nation a new oath of allegiance known as the Engagement. This was 'to be true and faithful to the government established without king or house of peers (1649). This of course overthrew the Covenant utterly, since the vow of the Covenant to defend the king's person and authority became nugatory when it had been expressly declared that there was no longer either the person or authority of a king to defend.

157 **disclaim it** This alludes to the fact that those who enforced the Engagement were just the very people who put an end to the Long Parliament, which by the Engagement they had vowed to obey

166 **with Essex** The Parliament thus declared their fidelity to Essex when he was first appointed Commander in Chief of the forces Yet in 1645 the Self Denying Ordinance was passed chiefly in order to transfer the power to more thorough going men than he

168 **did no more** 'Of whom it was loudly said by many of his friends that he had been poisoned —CLAPENDON'S *History of the Great Rebellion*

191 **public faith** The credit of the Parliament pledged to lenders of money

203 **honour** Alluding to the privilege of a peer to give evidence not on oath but on honour, and to plead at his trial before his peers 'Not guilty, upon my honour'

212 **commissions**, four syllables

221 **an accident** The Quakers insisted on a use of the second singular personal pronoun, which certainly was in strictness correct Priscian being a grammarian, a violation of grammar is a breaking of Priscian's head and thus the Quakers are here said to object to as a sin, since they were so scrupulous about the use of 'thou

226 **stirring hats** Priscian is here comically represented as the founder of the Quakers, and Nash thinks he is said to be averse to taking hats off because, in the sense above explained, his head was so constantly battered George Fox, the real founder of the Quakers, declares in his journal that the Lord forbade him to take off his hat to any, high or low There have been many imitations of the banter here aimed at the Quakers for the importance attached to retaining the hat One of the best is a tale told of the late Judge Maule who, when the court crier had many times shouted an angry 'Hats off' to an unheeding Quaker, said 'Crier, let that man alone, it's a part of his religion to keep his hat on

241 **for as on land, &c** This was a prevailing idea before natural history began to be studied with scientific accuracy Sir Thomas Browne notices it in his *Vulgar Errors*, and is at some pains to refute it

245-6 Cf note on 'perfection truths, I n 1102

250 **above ordinances** Cf CLAPENDON'S *History of the Great Rebellion*, Book xvi, Clarendon Press Edit, Vol vii, p 373 'Vane was not a man to be described by any character of religion, in which he had swallowed some of the fancies and

extravagances of every faction, and so became (which cannot be expressed by any other language than was peculiar to that time) a man above ordinances

251 **the wicked**, *i.e.* the Royalist party

283 **but to admonish** See Introduction to Part I, pp xx, xxi

291 **the rabbins write** Cf Moses ben Maimon (Maimonides), *Constitutiones de Jurejurando Latine redditae a Justo Christophoro Dithmaro* (Edit Lugduni in Batavis 1706) —

‘Quomodo absolvunt? Accedit qui juravit ad illustrem sapientem, aut tres e vulgo si ibidem non sit alius probatus, dicitque *Ego in illud vel illud juravi, et poenitet me Quod si ego scrivissem tanto me dolore affectum iri propterea aut fore ut tale quid contingat non jurassem Et si ea fuisset mens mea quando juravi qualis nunc est, non jurassem* Tunc sapiens aut praecipuus e tribus dicit ei *Dudum ergo poenitet te?* ipse respondet *imo* Dicunt illi, *Solutum tibi sit vel Licet tibi, vel Venia datur tibi*, vel simile quid in quacumque lingua Verum si dicant ei *Irritum sit tibi*, aut *pro nullo habendum iusjurandum tuum*, aliudque simile, nihil dicunt Nemo enim irritum facit nisi maritus aut pater Sapiens autem non potest uti nisi vocibus solutionis et remissionis

306 **pie powder** The French *pied poudreux* (dusty foot) is applied to a pedlar or a vagabond By a grant of Edward IV a court was authorised to be held at a fair on St Giles Hill, near Winchester, called the *pied poudreux* court, for the summary settlement of disputes arising between the pedling dealers of the fair and their customers This name was corrupted into Pie Powder, and similar courts were held at other fairs

308 **ex officio** The oath *ex officio* was an oath compulsorily administered to the accused Its use was permitted by the instructions to the Court of High Commission under Elizabeth Cf — ‘Further, her Majesty empowers the Commissioners to examine such persons as they suspected upon their corporal oaths for the better trial and opening of the truth, and to punish those that reject the oath by fine or imprisonment, according to their discretion This refers to the oath *ex officio mero*, and was not in the first five commissions ‘Tis undoubtedly contrary to the laws of nature and of nations, where this is a received maxim, *Nemo tenetur seipsum accusare* — NEAL’S *History of the Puritans*, Vol I, chap vii

310 **vis franc pledge** = *visus francpleigni* In the later Anglo Saxon times the southern portions of England were divided into tythings, every man in which whose position was



not in itself supposed to be a security for good behaviour had to find a surety called *borh*. Hence the *tything* was also called *fr th borh*, or peace surety, and the Norman French translation of this gave rise to the name *frank pledge*. By this arrangement all the members of one *tything* were made responsible for the good behaviour of each of them. That this division into *tythings* still had influence on English society in Butler's day there is more than one proof. Cf. '*tythingmen*', I 1 720, and note.

314 Cf. *Hudibras* I 1 131

323 **invoking cuckold's names** A certain Thomas Webb, carver to the Lord Mayor in the reign of Charles I, was equally celebrated for skill at his trade and for his wife's faithlessness.

324 **do points** = solve points of conscience

321-324 Butler in these lines takes a course very unusual with him and makes the sense overrun the limits of one couplet thus breaking a rule he has himself laid down in such whimsical terms in *Hudibras* II 1 29-30.

326 The High Court of Justice, sworn in to try Charles I, had of necessity no law to go on, and so were obliged to make as it were their own law. Whence Butler says they declared anything was law that served their purpose.

332 **make pictures** The common superstition about witchcraft. An image was made in wax or clay of the person to be bewitched, and this image subjected to ill usage of various kinds. This was supposed to produce tortures or death in the person represented.

335 **rack 'em** It was a common accusation against the Parliamentary party that they tortured prisoners to obtain information or evidence. The practice had been declared illegal by the twelve judges in the case of Felton, who murdered the Duke of Buckingham (1628), nevertheless, though the sources of the accusation are far from trustworthy there seems but too much reason to fear that the practice was revived, in Ireland if not also in England, with the sanction and connivance of the Parliament.

338 **those that engaged their lives for them** Such a case was that of Sir John Hotham, who shut the gates of Hull against the King, 1644, and who was afterwards condemned by the Parliament. Butler's contemporary readers would doubtless have been able to remember many more.

344 **bottled air** The idea of witches having power to store up and confine the particular winds for their own purposes is a common one Cf —

'*Second Witch* I'll give thee a wind

'*First Witch* Thou art kind

'*Third Witch* And I another

'*First Witch* I myself have all the other,

'And the very ports they blow

'All the quarters that they know

SHAKS *Macbeth*, I iii 11

For the Lapland witches as making peculiar claims in this matter, cf —

'The Finns and Laplands are acquainted well

With suchlike sprits and winds to merchants sell,

Making then covenant when and how they please,

They may with prosperous weather cross the seas'

HEYWOOD, *Hierarchie of Angels*, Bk viii Edit 1635, p 506

Cf also 'This is by Olaus Magnus and justly related of the Finlanders who border on the sea and sell winds to those merchants that traffic with them, when they are at any time detained by contrary ones The manner is this, they deliver a small rope with three knots upon it with this caution, that if they loose the first they shall have a good wind, if the second a stronger, if the third such a storm will arise that they can neither see how to direct the ship and avoid rocks, or so much as stand upon the deck or handle the tackle — SCHEFFER, *History of Lapland*, Edit 1751, p 36

355 This simile appears also in the 'Speech in the Rump Parliament' in BUTLER'S *Remains*—'For as, when the sea breaks over its bounds and overflows the land, those dams and banks that were made to keep it out, do afterwards serve to keep it in so, when tyranny and usurpation break in upon common right and freedom, the laws of God and the land are abused, to support that which they were intended to oppose'

364 **is cast** = loses its cases

368 **packed** The slang phrase 'to *pack* a jury' is thus a very old one

377 Cf II ii 275

384 **the near** = 'the nearer' This word *near* has a curious history The AS form was *neah*, Old English *neh* Modern English *nigh*, whereof the *gh* is a kind of diminutive suffix *Near* is probably only a corruption of *neah*, but there was a form *narre*, a comparative (= modern *nearer*), which lasted until times comparatively late and was not quite defunct in Butler's day As this form *narre* became obsolete, *near* was

substituted for it thus resuming for a time its more proper function as a comparative But the habit of using it as a positive had become too strong, and such an expression as that in the text is now quite obsolete Thus 'ne ex the near = 'ne'er the narre = 'none the neurr' Cf —

'So longe we may go seke  
For that which is not farre,  
Till ended be the week  
And we never the narre '

MS COTTON, *Vesp A xxv*

Cf also—

'Nor near nor further off my gracious lord  
Than this weak am '

SHAKS *Richard II* III ii 64

And—

'Better far off than near be ne'er the near '

*Ibid* V i 88

So also—

'Your time is lost and you are never the near  
*Legend of Shore's Wife* by THOMAS CHURCHYARD,  
in the *Murrour for Magistrates*, 1578

385 **glassy bubble** The 'Rupert drop

390 **to swear by only in a lord** Cf note on II  
ii 203

391 **huff** A piece of arrogance Cf JOHNSON'S *Life of Dryden*, Clar Press Ed p 21.—'But it is a huff, and let Abdalla do it if he dare

394 **insenseless** *Var loc* Is senseless

403 **nice**, delicate to handle

409 **use**, are accustomed We now say 'are used to '

411 **hang the guiltless** Cf the note to the first edition, where it is implied that this story is actually true Grey quotes from MORTON'S *English Canaan*, published in 1637 (pt iii ch 4, p 108), a tale of this being actually proposed in a New England assembly, the reason urged being that the criminal condemned was lusty and strong and might be of future use in war, whilst the proposed substitute was an old bed ridden weaver The proposal, says Morton, was only prevented being carried out by the intervention of a single dissentient

421 **Tottipottymoy** A name doubtless imitated by Butler from some anglicized version of an Indian name As such, it is far from an exaggeration The present editor has himself heard of one 'Coffeekillmacuckoo as an actual person not long since known to English settlers on the Guinea coast

439 **sceptic** The school of sceptics was founded by Pyrrho, who followed Alexander in his expedition into India, and there finding so totally different a philosophy from what he had known in Greece, was led to reflect on the grounds of belief, with the ultimate result of deciding that there were none, and that knowledge was impossible Cf Διετελουν δὴ οἱ Σκεπτικοὶ τὰ τῶν αἰρεσεων δόγματα παντα ανατρεποντες, αυτοὶ δ' ουδεν απο φαίνοντες δογματικως εως δε τοῦ προφερεσθαι τὰ τῶν αλλων καὶ διηγείσθαι μηδεν ὀρίζοντες, μηδ' αὐτὸ τοῦτο —DIOGENES LAERTIUS, ix 74

440 **sympathetic** Butler is never tired of poking fun at the theories of 'sympathy' Cf I ii 226 and note There is a most delicate touch of humour in thus making the squire assume that every one believes in the 'sympathy' of a whipping except of course the sceptics, who believed nothing, not even their own senses

444 **to raise use** = to put to practice

445 *sq* This episode of the vicarious flogging is directly imitated from Don Quixote

456 **aches** This word was in Butler's time a dissyllable Cf —

I'll rack thee with old cramps,  
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar  
SHAKS *Tempest*, I ii 370

So also—

'Aches contract and starve your supple joints  
Ibid *Timon of Athens*, I i 257

It can be shown that the *ch* was sounded soft by the epigram of Heywood (Spenser Society's Reprint, p 111) —

'H is worst among letters in the crosse row,  
For if thou find him other in thine elbow,  
In thine arm or leg in any degree,  
In thine head or teeth, in thy toe or knee,  
Into what place soeuer H may pike him,  
Where euer you find ache, thou shalt not like him

464 **firk** There is another reading *frisk*, sanctioned by Grey But cf *supra*, 448

476 **really** This word was a trisyllable in Butler's day and remained so throughout the greater part of the eighteenth century Cf note on II i 445

497 **curmudgeon** Probably A S *ceorlmodigan*, churlish minded

500 **pull a crow** 'A crow to pluck' and 'a bone to pick,' are common phrases for a quarrel

501 **the ancients** Another hit at the learning, or the want of it, of the Independents Ralpho is made to quote well known English proverbs as coming from the ancients

505 **George-a Green**, the famous Pinder (Pound Keeper) of the Robin Hood Ballads

506 **turn again** The Pinder of Wakefield espying Robin Hood, Scarlet, and Little John, calls on them to stop, which they do to their cost, for the Pinder overcomes the three So the ballad—

‘Now turn again, turn again, said the Pinder,  
For a wrong way you have gone,  
For you have forsaken the king’s highway,  
And made a path over the corn

510 **Bishop Bonner** Bonner was Bishop of London in Mary’s reign, and has naturally incurred much of the odium of persecutions which there seems ground to think he would not himself have willingly originated In Fox’s *Acts and Monuments* it is narrated of him that he flogged various of the martyrs with his own hands But in reading such a writer as Fox, full allowance must always be made for an amount of bias which is sufficient to mislead a careless reader though to the exact student, who knows how to handle it, it rather enhances than lessens the value of the work

523 **new modelled** The ‘New Model’ was the term applied to the re organisation of the army after the battle of Newbury Cromwell had resolved on this measure in consequence of the feebleness and vacillation that were displayed by such leaders as Lord Manchester and it was specially to carry out this purpose that the Self Denying Ordinance was passed

524 **Smec** Cf I iii 1166, and note

529 **o’er reached** The original edition has *capoched* The verb *to capoch*, the same word which we see in the ‘Capuchin’ Friars, means to strip the cowl off a monk, and so to expose a cheat of any kind

530 **a why-not** Cant word of the time for any forcible proceeding

534 **directory** The ‘Directory of Public Worship’ drawn up after such severe struggles in the Assembly of Divines Cf Introduction, p xviii

539 **saints of the first grass** = Presbyterians.

548 **for tubs of ale** The note to the first edition says—‘The knight was kept prisoner in Exeter, and after several exchanges proposed, but none accepted of, was at last released

for a barrel of ale, as he often used upon all occasions to declare This note has been supposed to point to Sir Samuel Luke but on what evidence does not appear And even if this particular incident refers to that worthy, it would not follow that he could claim the exclusive honour of being the original from which Hudibras was drawn

570 **got the odds, &c** Been elected by a majority

592 **an antique show** The Skimmington, or Riding of the Stang, is here described, and in exuberant burlesque it is inextricably blended with Roman triumphs, borough elections, the Lord Mayor's show, the enlargement of the Pomocerrum, the drill of the train bands in fact almost every conceivable element of pomp that extravagant art could make ridiculous

The Skimmington was the name applied to the procession which old custom used to organise in honour of a man who had been beaten by his wife The man was mounted behind the woman with his face to the horse's tail, and carrying in his hand a distaff at which he was obliged to pretend to spin The woman had a ladle with which she banged him about the head, whilst in front was carried a woman's smock on a pole to signify feminine supremacy, and if occasion were supposed to warrant it, a pair of horns, as in Hogarth's illustration implying unfaithfulness as well as violence in the wife A hideous din of marrowbones and cleavers, tin pots, brass horns, drums, &c, accompanied the procession The name is probably derived from the 'skimming ladle' with which the woman was armed As the procession passed along the custom was to sweep in front of any door where the mistress was supposed to rule, as a hint that her turn might come next Cf 'Harke ye, Dame Ursley Saddle chop, said Jenkin, starting up, his eyes flashing with anger, 'remember I am none of your husband, and if I were you would do well not to forget whose threshold was swept when they last rode the Skimmington upon such another scolding jade as yourself —SCOTT, *Fortunes of Nigel*, chap. xxi

611 **levet** A *reveillé* Fr *lever*

614 **Sweds** This couplet is not in the first edition It was added in 1674 The Swedes, who under Gustavus Adolphus came to be reckoned the first soldiers of Europe, are said to have been the first to have practised firing in three ranks

618 **forehand** A difficult word Properly it means 'advantage, and so 'preferable,' when used as an adjective Cf —

'And but for ceremony such a wretch,  
Winding up days with toil and night with sleep,  
Had the forehand and vantage of a king

SHAKS *Henry V*, IV. 1. 297

648 **reformado** Cf II u 116, and note

650 **whiffers and staffers** *Whiffler*, one who goes at the head of a procession to clear the way The whiffler was an officer in the corporation of Norwich *Whiffler* = fife Cf —

'Which like a mighty whiffler fore the King,  
Seems to prepare his way

SHAKS *Henry V*, Act V Prol 1 12

*Staffier* is simply a lacquey, one who carries a staff

669 **Goodwin** This is Dr T Godwin rector of Brightwell author of '*Romance Historæ Anthologia*, an English Exposition of the Romane Antiquities, wherein many Romane and English offices are paralleled, and divers obscure phrases explained For the use of Abingdon School' (Oxford, 1614) He must be distinguished from Dr T Goodwin, who was one of the 'Five Dissenting Brethren' in the Assembly of Divines (cf Introduction to Part I p xxi)

670 **Ross** Cf I u 2, and note

**Cælius Rhodigine** This is Ludovico Celso Richeri (1460?—1525), was appointed by Francis I professor of Greek and Latin at Milan, and published *Lectones Antiquæ* He is said to have died of grief after the defeat of Francis at Pavia

671 **Speed and Stow** Both 'tailor chroniclers' John Stow (1525—1605) published *A Summary of English Chronycles* in 1561, and struggling on as best he could, living apparently on his own enthusiasm aided by occasional assistance from Archbishop Parker he brought out in 1580 his *Annales, or a Generall Chronicle of England from Brute unto this present yeare of Christ, 1580*

John Speed (1555—1629) was another man of similar sort, who wrote a *History of Great Brittain under the Conquests of the Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans*, besides other works, historical and theological

674 **Decorums—historians** Nash quotes the opinion of Dr Loveday that *m* and *n* were in Butler's day supposed to rhyme He quotes in confirmation—

'A stitch in time  
Saves nine,'

and—

'Tread on a worm  
And it will turn.

But it is by no means necessary to account thus curiously for Butler's rhymes

678 **a slave** Butler is doubtless thinking of Juvenal's lines—

'Quippe tenet sudans hanc publicus, et sibi Consul  
Ne placeat, curru servus portatur eodem

*Satire X* v 42

There seems, however, some cause to doubt whether Juvenal applies this passage to a triumph of a 'Roman conqueror,' or to the opening of the Circensian Games

683 **mantles della guerre** The allusion is to the red flag (*vexillum*) displayed by Roman generals as a call to arms Cf 'Crescunt omnia uno tempore erant agenda vexillum proponendum, quod erat insigne cum ad arma concurrere oporteret'—CAESAR, *De Bell Gall* II 20

689 **antique** The old spelling of this word has been preserved, though there can be little doubt that its correct modern form would be *antre* Eggs were not used in Roman triumphs, though they were in the games of Ceres and the orgies of Orpheus

696 **smatter** For this use of the word cf I 1 187

703 **covert-baron** The technical name for the legal position of a wedded wife, under protection of her husband, her *baron*

705 **like hares** Browne in his *Vulgar Errors* mentions a common belief that hares changed their sex every year

709 **gills** = gulls The word is preserved in the time honoured proverb 'Every Jack must have his Gill,' and in the nursery rhyme of that 'Jack and Gill' who have gone 'up a hill, through successive centuries of English infancy

712 **horns** See note on the Skimmington, *supra*, l 592

733 **ovation**, a lesser triumph It differed from a triumph in that the general entered the city on foot and not in a four horsed chariot that his chaplet was of myrtle, not of laurel, that the senate did not head the procession, but companies of musicians followed it, and a sheep (*ovis*, whence *ovatio*,) was sacrificed instead of a bull It was granted to a general for successes either too inconsiderable in themselves or over foes too unworthy, to entitle him to a real triumph as for instance when the advantage had been gained with little or no bloodshed Cf *infra*, l 734

740 **cucking stool** This has also been termed a ducking stool, or even a choking stool, a variety of name which points to an obscure origin The term is very variously derived It has been held to be connected with the French *choquer*, whence our old word *chuck*, to throw It would thus be a stool con



trived for 'chucking scolding women into the water' The lynch law of our ancestors had various devices for the punishment of scolds, as the scold's bridle, a kind of gag the woman was compelled to wear in a procession, not unlike that of the Skimmington. It would seem highly probable, however, that the name *cucking stool* is closely related to *cuckold*, and points to a more serious offence than mere scolding. In this latter case it would have the same etymological history as the word *cuckold*, of which the last *d* is excrescent. This leaves *cuckol* = Lat *cuculus* = cuckoo, the bird that lives in other birds' nests. Be that as it may, the cucking stool was an object common enough in the country in Butler's day. It consisted of a wooden chair fastened to the end of a long pole suspended lever fashion over a pool of water. In this chair the scold was fastened, and by raising the shore end, the end over the water was depressed, and the woman immersed. As she was generally half drowned in the process, and as the particular water was selected for anything rather than cleanliness, it will readily occur that this brutal custom inflicted a really severe punishment.

744 **to wed** This ceremony was instituted in 1174, by Pope Alexander III, who gave the Doge a gold ring from his finger, in token of the victory achieved by the Venetian fleet at Istria, over Frederic Barbarossa, in defence of the Pope's quarrel, desiring him at the same time to throw a similar ring into the sea every year on Ascension Day in commemoration of the event. On throwing the ring into the sea, the Doge repeats the words, 'Desponsamus te, mare, in signum veri et perpetui domini'.

761 **Ethnic** Popish. So used by Dryden of the Popish plot—

'Saw with disdain an Ethnic plot begun,  
And scorned by Jebusites to be outdone'

*Absalom and Achitophel*, l. 517

775 **women who were our first apostles** The fair sex took a prominent part in the sacrifices of the war on both sides. NEAL, in his *History of the Puritans*, Vol II chap xi, mentions 'thimbles and bodkins' as among the contributions to the first Parliament loan for conducting the operations against the king.

781 **cullies** Those fondly infatuated with them. Cf. note 'Heroical Epistle of Hudibras to his Lady, l. 168

789 **rap and rend** First edition reads 'rap and run'

798 **caudle** Lat *calidus*, a warm drink

803 **raised rumpires** This actually happened, not only at the siege of Coventry, but also when the train bands were called out to defend London.

810 **a committee** A satirical pamphlet, published in 1647, quoted by Grey, and called *The Parliament of Ladies, or divers remarkable Passages of Ladies in Spring Garden in Parliament assembled*, states that 'The House considered in the next place that diverse weak persons have crept into places beyond their abilities, and to the end that men of greater parts may be put into their rooms, they appointed Lady Middlesex, Mrs Dunch, the Lady Foster, the Lady Anne Waller, by reason of their great experience in soldiery in the kingdom, to be a Committee of Tryers for the business

818 **orange tawny** This was the colour at first taken by the army of the Parliament, being the colours of Essex, their first commander But there is another allusion Orange tawny was the colour worn by Jews and persons of the lowest rank Cf —

*Bottom* Well, I will undertake it What beard were I best to play it in?

*Quince* Why, what you will

*Bottom* I will discharge it in either your straw colour beard, your orange tawny beard, your purple in grain beard, or your French crown colour beard, your perfect yellow

SHAKS *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act I Sc 11

So also Bacon, Essay xi, 'They say that usurers should have orange tawny bonnets, because they do judaize

879 **Vespasian** Cf Suetonius *Life of Vespasian*, c 5 'Mox quum Aedilem eum C Caesar succensens curam venendis viis non adhibitam luto jussisset opplel, congesto per milites in praetextae sinum, non defuerunt qui interpretarentur, quandoque proculcatam desertamque rempublicam civili aliqua perturbatione in tutelam ejus ac vclut in gremium, deventuriam

# PART II — CANTO III

## ARGUMENT

8 **Rosicrucian** Cf I l. 545, and note

## CANTO III

8 **catch larks by night** Alluding to the 'low bell' (*low*, like *glow*, = light), an old means of catching birds by night Confused by the noise of a bell and dazzled by the light of a lantern they readily fly into the nets

11 **receipt** = recipe Cf —

'Write dull receipts how poems may be made'

POPE *Essay on Criticism*, l 115

30 **Aruspicy and Augury** The *Haruspex* was the soothsayer whose special office it was to examine the entrails of victims slain in sacrifice, and thence to deduce omens The *Augur* was originally a diviner of omens in the flight of birds, but the word acquired a wider signification, and the augur's observations extended to atmospheric phenomena of all kinds (*ex caelo*), to the behaviour of the sacred chickens (*ex tripudius*) or of quadrupeds (*ex quadrupedibus*), as well as of birds generally (*ex avibus*) Much interesting etymology is connected with the practices of the augurs They first marked out (*templa*) a division of the heavens within which to take the observations, called a *templum* a name afterwards extended to the sacred inclosure (*temple*) in which they stood to 'contemplate' *Haruspex* is *hura*, the entrails, and the root *spec*, 'behold'

31 **garbages of cattle** The Haruspices are alluded to Cf 'Per idem tempus Uticae forte G. Mario per hostias deis supplicanti magna atque mirabilia portendi haruspex dixerat, proinde, quae animo agitabat, fretus deis ageret, fortunam quam saepissime experiretur, cuncta prospere eventura'—SALLUST, *Bell Jug* c 63

33 **chickens pecking** The allusion is doubtless to the story of the Roman Consul P. Claudius, who in the year B.C. 249, was cut to pieces in a naval engagement against the Carthaginians outside the harbour of Diepanum. The sacred chickens that accompanied Roman expeditions, on this occasion refused to eat, and the 'Pullarii' besought the Consul not to engage. 'Then let them drink,' he replied, and ordered them to be thrown into the sea,—an impiety for which he was considered to be justly punished by the total rout of his fleet. The tale is, however, doubtful, though the defeat is historical, and Mommsen, following Polybius, says nothing about the chickens.

57 **pen'worth of his thought** = the whole sum and value of it. Cf. the common saying—'A penny for your thoughts.'

60 **on the tenters** *Tenters* are hooks on which anything is stretched (*tendo*), as cloth for working, &c.

88 **knight of the post** Cf. I. 1. 583, and note.

93 **enucleate** Take out the kernel of a nut,—solve a problem.

106 **Sidrophel** The original of this character is generally supposed to be William Lilly, who has already been alluded to under the name of Erra Pater, I. 1. 120. But in this case, as in that of Hudibras himself, it is not probable that Butler adheres strictly to any one original.

113 **pullen** = poultry (Fr. *poule*).

Seduced in the proper sense of *led away*.

114 **chowsed** To cheat out of something. A word now more common in the north than in other parts of England. It would appear that the interpreter to the Turkish embassy was called a *chiaus*, and in 1609 this official defrauded his government of some £4000. The magnitude of the swindle gave the name of 'Chiaus' to any kind of cheating transaction. Cf.—

'What do you think of me—

That I am a Chiaus?'

BEN JONSON, *Alchemist*, Act I. Sc. 1.

The *Alchemist* was published in 1610, and the above lines would therefore have been one of the current allusions with which playwrights have always been accustomed to draw a cheer.

140 **ledger**, a resident ambassador. The word occurs twice in Shakspeare in the form *leger*—

'Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,

Intends you for his swift ambassador,

Where you shall be an everlasting leger.'

*Measure for Measure*, III. 1. 57.

‘I have given him that  
Which if he take shall quite unpeople her  
Of leigers for her sweet

*Cymbeline*, I v 78

The particular ‘ledger’ referred to is one Matthew Hopkins who styled himself the ‘Witchfinder General’. In one year he hanged threescore women in Suffolk only on pretence of having identified them as witches. The miserable victims were frequently compelled to confess by the most cruel tortures some of which are alluded to in the text. A common test was to tie the toes and thumbs of the suspected witch together and lower her gently into water. If she floated it was because the water refused to receive her, and her guilt was clear. Since according to the specific gravity of the human body very few persons would sink under these circumstances, of course conviction almost always followed this method of trial.

**146 sitting above ground** Alluding to the method of testing the supposed witch by seating her on the ground with her legs tied tightly across, and so keeping her for twenty-four hours without food or sleep. After the first few hours the torture became acute, and many poor wretches confessed to their witchcraft under it, deliberately preferring death to its further endurance.

**153 proved himself a witch** ‘These two last verses I suppose relate to that which I have often heard, that Hopkins went on searching and swimming the poor creatures till some gentleman, out of indignation at the barbarity, took him and tied his own thumbs and toes as he used to tie others, and when he was put into the water he himself swam as they did. That cleared the country of him, and it was a great deal of pity that they did not think of the experiment sooner.’ — D HUTCHINSON, *Historical Essay on Witchcraft*, Edit 1720 p. 86.

**155 to Martin Luther** Luther was a firm believer in witchcraft and in the visible appearances of the Devil. His *Table Talk*, and the work *De Massa Privata*, contain many allusions to these beliefs. He claimed to have driven away the fiend by jeering at him with jests quite unfit for ears polite. He is even reported to have once shied his inkstand at the Devil’s head, though it is not reported that the scholarly missile encountered anything but the wall.

**160 at Antwerp** During the Civil Wars of Flanders the cathedral at Antwerp was broken open and ransacked by a mob. Strada tells that devils were seen aiding them. Cf. ‘Sane si non centumanni fuere qui tam brevi tam multa demoliti sunt, non absurdum sit credere (quod aliquos tum suspicatos scio) Dæmones hominibus immistos operam in id suam praevalide consociasse.’ — STRADA, *De Bello Belgico*, Lib. V Vol. I p. 154. Edit. Romae, 1640.

161 **Mascon**, in Burgundy, where a devil adopted the unusual course of singing psalms. So at least declared M Perreaud, a minister of the Genevan sect, in whose house the performance took place. Sometimes licentious verses or lampoons took the place of the psalms. Perreaud published an account of the whole affair, which was translated into English by Peter de Moulin.

163 **Kelly** Edward Kelly was assistant to the famous Dr Dee (Cf I 235)

164 **nun of Loudun** Grandier, canon of Loudun was charged with having bewitched some Ursuline nuns, and burned alive 1634. His real crime seems to have been that he gave offence to Richelieu, and the chief evidence against him was supplied by the devils of whom he had rendered the nuns possessed. A '*Histoire des Diables de Loudun*' was published at Amsterdam in 1693.

166 **Woodstock** See Sir Walter Scott's *Woodstock* passim

169 **Withers** Cf I 1 646, and note Cf also—

'Safe where no critics damn, no duns molest,  
Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon rest'

POPE, *Dunciad*, v 296

He was a Puritan officer and a miserable poet, who tells a long tale in verse of a cavalier soldier who drank a health to the devil, and was promptly carried off by the fiend through a pane of glass.

171-2 Lilly gives, in his Autobiography, many particulars of his employment by the Parliament, which may not im- probably be no more true than his prophecies.

196 **Gymnosophist** Butler must use this word here simply because it is long and hard, to ridicule the use by the knight of any word, whether he understood it himself or not, provided only that it were sufficiently high sounding. There is no reason in the history of the Gymnosophists why the wizard should be called by their name.

The Gymnosophists or Naked Philosophers (Gr γυμνός, naked) were an ancient sect of philosophers in India. They held that happiness was to be found in uprooting all desires. They lived on the natural fruits of the earth, abjured marriage, and used as little clothing as possible, whence their name. Their chief importance in the history of philosophy is due to the influence they exerted on the mind of Pyrrho who following Alexander in his campaigns in India, and so coming into contact with the Gymnosophists, was afterwards much swayed by their doctrines when he founded the sect of the Sceptics.

211 to climb the wheel Cf —

'Dear Thomas, didst thou never pop  
Thy head into a tinman's shop?  
There Thomas, didst thou never see  
( 'Tis but by way of simile)  
A squirrel spend his little rage  
In jumping round a rolling cage?  
The cage as either side turns up  
Striking a ring of bells a top—  
Moved in the orb, pleased with the chimes  
The foolish creature thinks he climbs,  
Put here or there turn wood or wire,  
He never gets two inches higher

MATTHEW PRIOR, *A Simile*

224 Hodge Bacon Roger Bacon

Bob Grosted Robert Grosseteste Cf I ii. and note

225 th' intelligible world Cf notes on I i 536, and  
I i 140

235 Dee John Dee was born in London and educated at Cambridge. He obtained much repute as a mathematician, and in that age of superstition, was too erudite to be safe. He was so strenuously suspected of commerce with evil spirits that he seems at last to have come to believe it himself. Taking Kelly (cf I 163) as his assistant he set up as wizard, and seems to have entirely deceived Prince Laski of Piradia, who was then travelling in England, and at whose request Dee and Kelly accompanied him back to the Continent. Returning after various adventures to England, Dee was well received by Elizabeth, and ultimately appointed Warden of Manchester College. The old suspicions, however, clung to him, and after vainly petitioning King James to be brought to trial, so as to have an opportunity of clearing himself, he finally died in poverty at Westlake. Amongst many mathematical and other works, few of which were ever actually published, he wrote a *Preface to Euclid*.

237 Kelly Cf I 163, and note

238 Lascus This is the Prince Laski of the note above

240 almanac well-willer The makers of the prophetic almanacs were self-styled well-willers to learning or 'Philomaths,' the title taken by the Irish village schoolmaster in Lover's *Jerry O'More*. The word occurs in CLEVELAND *Character of a Diurnal Maker*. 'He is the first tincture and rudiment of a writer, dipped as yet in the primitive blew, like an almanack well-willer'—*Works*, Edit 1699, p. 80

**249 whether the wane** This question the old superstitions all settled in favour of the wane Cf —

‘Sow peason and beans in the wane of the moon,  
Who soweth them sooner he soweth too soon  
TUSSEY, *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*

So again—

‘Set garlic and beans at St Edmund the King,  
The moon in the wane, thereon hangeth a thing’  
*Ibid*

The idea that the moon could influence the growth of plants has quite gone out of fashion, but the belief in the moon’s influence on the weather still lingers even amongst people who ought to know better

**251 Man in the Moon** This is a curious old fancy probably due to some supposed tracing of a likeness to the human form on the markings of the moon caused by the fainter illuminations of the great lunar plains His origin is very differently related Some suppose him to be Cain with a thorn bush (to represent the fall of man) and a dog (representing the evil one) Others make him out to be the man who was stoned for gathering sticks on the Sabbath (Numbers xv 32-36) Yet others make him out to be Endymion taken to the moon by Diana Cf —

‘*Bot* Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window where we play, open, and the moon may shine in at the casement

‘*Quon* Ay, or else one must come in with a bush of thorn and a lanthorn, and say he comes to disfigure or to present the person of Moonshine’

SHAKESPEARE, *Midsummer Night’s Dream*, III 1 60

And again

‘This man with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,  
Presenteth Moonshine’

*Ib* V 1 136

**281 with lute strings** The small string of a fiddle, if cut into short pieces and strewed on warm meat, will contract and wriggle so as to resemble maggots

**292 sickle, &c** Preventives against witchcraft, nailed up over the doors of the houses It is not uncommon even yet to see a horseshoe nailed on a door in country districts

**293 fire out of a walnut shell** The allusion is to Eunus, the Syrian slave who headed the insurgents in the First Servile War, which broke out in Sicily, B.C. 134 Cf — ‘Syrus quidam nomine Eunus (magnitudo cladum facit ut meminere



mus) fanatico furore simulato dum Syriae Deae comas jactat, ad libertatem et arma servos quasi numinum imperio concitavit idque ut divinitus fieri probaret, in ore abdita nuce, quam sulphure et igne stipaverat, leniter inspirans flammam inter verba fundebat, hoc miraculum primo duo millia ex obvius, mox jure belli refractis eigastulis sexaginta amplius millium fecit exercitum —FLORUS, *Bell. Servil.*, Bk. II c. 7

299 **Paracelsus** He was born in 1493 and educated for medicine. He was a strange example of the union of quackery and ignorance with great mental power, boldness and success. He had a contempt for book learning, and used to boast that his whole library would not amount to half a dozen folios. To supply its place he travelled widely, consulting the professors of the black art as he went. Hence he has given rise to a saying with regard to one whose knowledge is not derived from books but from personal observation of men and things, that he has 'studied in the academy of Paracelsus'. Cf. JOHNSON'S *Life of Pope*, Clarendon Press Series, p. 213, l. 33. —'He studied in the academy of Paracelsus, and made the universe his favourite volume. There is a long and nonsensical passage in his work *De Generatione Rerum*, quoted by Grey, in which he maintains the opinion alluded to in the text.

306 **list** = stripe Cf—

'A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow  
Conspicuous with three *list*ed colours gay,  
Betokening peace from God and covenant new',  
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, XI. 866

So also—'The asse having a peculiar mark of a cross made by a black *list* down his back and another athwart, or at right angles down his shoulders, common opinion ascribes this figure unto a peculiar signification, since that beast had the honour to bear our Saviour on his back'—BROWNE, *Vulgar Errors*, b. VI c. 11

307 **systole or diastole** 'If the heart of a living animal be removed from the body it will go on pulsating for a longer or shorter time much as it did while in the body. And careful attention to these pulsations will show that they consist of (1) a simultaneous contraction of the walls of both auricles (2) Immediately following this, a simultaneous contraction of the walls of both ventricles (3) Then comes a pause or state of rest, after which the auricles and ventricles contract again in the same order as before, and their contractions are followed by the same pause as before. The state of contraction of the ventricle or auricle is called its *systole*—the state of relaxation during which it undergoes dilatation, is called its *diastole*'—HUXLEY, *Elementary Lessons in Physiology*, p. 41

**313 Socrates and Chaerophon** Alluding to the ridicule of Socrates and Chaerophon in the *Clouds* of Aristophanes. They are introduced as trying to measure the length of a flea's jump from the beard of one to that of the other. It is not by his length 'from head to rump, however, but by the size of the flea's foot, of which an impression is taken in wax, that the leap is to be estimated. —

κηρὸν διατήξας, εἴτα τὴν ψύλλαν λαβὼν  
ἐνεβαψεν εἰς τὸν κηρὸν αὐτῆς τῷ ποδὶ, γ 149

**317 specieses** A quaint burlesque form of plural which Butler employs in other places, cf I i 862

**305-322** These lines are probably a banter of Dr Robert Hooke, of the Royal Society, though they cannot directly refer, as Mr Bohn, *more suo* makes them to Hooke's principal work, the *Micrographia*, which was not published till 1665, nearly two years later than this second part of *Hudibras*

**324 zany** Etymologically this word should be *zanny*, Lat *sanna* = grimace, whence the name Sanno, so common in Latin comedies for the buffoon of the piece

**325 Whackum** According to the L'Estrange *Key to Hudibras*, this is meant for one Tom Jones, a foolish Welshman, it is also ascribed to one Richard Green, who published a bit of ribaldry called *Hudibras in a Snare*, it is elsewhere said to have been designed for Sir George Wharton, and the author of the *Life*, printed in 1710, tells us that under this character Butler reflects upon the writer of the spurious Second Part of *Hudibras*. It may perhaps be hardly necessary to repeat the caution already more than once given, against attaching too much importance to the identification of any of Butler's characters with any particular individual. The most definite reference, however, seems to identify him with John Booker, the astrologer, alluded to below. Cf I 360, and note

**326 more unwholesome law** This is one of several attacks upon law and lawyers which have given colour to the supposition that Butler had been a heavy loser by some legal process or defect. Cf Introduction, p xi

**336 with their own keys** Alluding to the means taken by the pretended astrologers to pump facts out of those who came to consult them, previous to a personal interview

**353 holding forth** Preaching 'Holding forth the word of life,' Philippians, ii 16

**360 to every month** This allusion seems to be to one John Booker, an astrologer of whom Lilly speaks in terms of much praise for his 'excellent verses upon the twelve months, framed according to the configuration of each month'—LILLY, in his *History of His Own Life*. Cf. also I 1093

370 **the great**, sc 'rogues' Small rogues beat hemp, of the hemp we make ropes, and with the rope we hang the greater rogues —so this couplet is generally interpreted But surely this is to lose the point of the satire Butler must simply mean that 'the little fish get caught and the big fish break through' The small rogues are in prison, and the big rogues remain outside Cf III l 340

376 **bulks** Cheats A word of very doubtful etymology It has been connected with *bulk*, it has been derived direct from the Gothic *bilarkan*, to deceive, and from the Arabic

397 **would have hung** Cf —

'So did he move our passions some were known

To wish for the defence the crime their own

DENHAM, *Trial and Death of the Earl of Strafford*

404 **Fisk** One Nicholas Fisk who was educated for medicine, but abandoned his profession for astrology Lilly speaks highly of his powers

414 **tarsel** = tiercel the French name for the small goss hawk The name is given because the male of this bird was supposed to be a third part smaller than the female

417 **herald's martlet** The distinction in heraldry of a fourth son They are represented in heraldry without feet, as an intimation of tireless strength that needs not to alight The Bird of Paradise has its feet concealed by its luxuriant plumage, whence it was also supposed never to perch, but to sleep on the wing The martlet is the large black swift, and many allusions to it are found in our poets cf —

'This guest of summer,

The temple haunting martlet does approve,

By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath

Smells wooingly here

\* SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, I vl 3

434 **signs, houses** There is here a double pun *Signs* of the zodiac or of publicans, *houses* of astrologers or of inn keepers

439 **learned philosophers** This is one of several passages in which Butler seems to refer to Descartes. Cf II 54, and note

'The experiment was tried by some foreign virtuosi, who planted a piece of ordnance point blank against the zenith, and having fired it the bullet never returned back again which made them all conclude that it sticks in the mark but Descartes was of opinion that it does but hang in the air —SWIFT, *Tale of a Tub*

**442 body of Mahomet** The suspension 'between heaven and earth' of the coffin containing the body of Mahomet is not a Mahometan legend, and forms no part of the belief of the faithful. The legend having sprung up, many explanations were offered, and it was not till Buckhardt, in 1810, visited the tomb and found the coffin not suspended at all, that it was clearly known that the trouble of framing scientific explanations had been wasted.

**449 right against** Aimed straight for. This use of *right* is common in all the old writers. The older treatises of geometry always use right line for straight line, an idiom which in this sense has not yet gone out of fashion. Cf —

'Against Sir Hugh Montgomery

So right the shaft he set,

The grey goose wing that was thereon

In his heart's blood was wet

*The more modern Ballad of Chevy Chase*

**454 tobacco stopper** Alluding to the symbol or sign for the planet Saturn in the old books on astronomy.

**458 leg** Some old diagrams of the constellations figured the whale with legs.

**477 Sedgwick** William Sedgwick, nicknamed Doomsday Sedgwick, was a Presbyterian minister settled by the Parliament at Ely. His sobriquet was due to his fondness for foretelling the speedy arrival of the Day of Judgment.

**413-482** The ridicule thus aimed at scientific investigation by persons whose enthusiasm has outrun their abilities, has found many imitators, though for the literary merit of the way the story is told it has perhaps only been equalled once, in Chapter xxxix of the *Pickwick Papers*.

**488 found far off** This line has been made the basis of an attempt to obtain corroborative evidence as to the originals of Hudibras and Sidrophel by investigating whether Lilly and Sir Samuel Luke were acquainted. The acquaintance is doubtful, and were it proved would yield but very doubtful evidence.

**500 as he might say** Cf I iii 617, and note.

**530 quoth Whackum** Whackum has now to inform his master of what he has learnt from Ralpho. This he communicates by the aid of astrological jargon, incomprehensible to the knight and his squire, thus — Venus in opposition to Mars, means an unfortunate love affair in which the knight is concerned, not being in Virgo shows the loved one to be a widow, Saturn, the god of time, has as a planet a 'year' equal to nearly thirty of ours, and a tenth of this gives the three years alluded to by Ralpho in l. 510.

**retrieved** Found and placed in the 'scheme'

531 **opposition** Five syllables Cf I ii 642, and note

569 **sieve and shears** This divination was for discovery of a thief The points of the shears were stuck in the rim of a sieve, and two persons supported the sieve with the tips of their fingers St Peter and St Paul were then asked whether A B or C had stolen the thing lost, and at the name of the guilty party the sieve turned round The charm is a very ancient one, at least as old as Theocritus, who thus alludes to it in *Idyll* iii 31 —

ἔϊπε καὶ Ἀγροῖω τάλανθεα κοσκινομαντῆς,  
α πρὸν ποιολογέῃσα παραβᾶτις, οὐνεκ ἐγὼ μὲν  
τὴν ὅλος ἔγκειμαι τὸ δὲ μευ λόγον οὐδενα ποίῃ

The κοσκινόμαντῆς is the diviner by sieve and shears  
So also

'Searching for things lost with a sieve and shears'  
BEN JONSON, *Alchemist*, I 1.

Cf *Hudibras*, I ii 348

572 **donzel** Diminutive of *don* In the *Remains* we find in the *Character of a Squire of Dames*—'He is donzel to the damzels'

588 **inform** against him as a wizard

588 **metonymy**, for metre's sake accented as in the text Metonymy is the rhetorical substitution of one thing for another, as in phrases like 'We read Homer, meaning his works

589 **second hand intention** Names have been divided by logicians into names of first intention and names of second intention The names of things 'man,' 'horse,' 'tree,' &c, are said to be names of *first* intention, the names of the relations between things, which we only perceive when we 'reflect on those things, and names like 'genus,' 'species,' &c, are said to be of *second* intention. For a full explanation of these terms the student may consult Mansel's Edition of ALDRICH'S *Artis Logicae Rudimenta*, p 20 note Butler's alteration of 'second intention' into 'second hand intention' is of course a mere burlesque

600 **dismount** Cf —

'Carmina vel coelo possunt deducere Lunam'  
VIRGIL, *Eclogues*, viii. 69

'Et polo

Deripere Lunam vocibus possum meis'  
HORACE, *Epod* xvii. 78.

'Et silvas moveo, jubeoque tremiscere montes  
 Et mugue solum, manesque eire sepulcris,  
 Te quoque, Luna, traho

OVID, *Metamorphoses*, vii 205

616 **intelligences** Demons or spirits

618 **Dunstan** Saint Dunstan was born at Glastonbury in the year 925. He was an ardent student and his attainments in physical science would have earned him the reputation of a sorcerer had not a fever made him a monk. Hence the tale told of him that the Devil once appeared to him while at work in his laboratory, tempting him in the guise of a beautiful woman. He laid hold of his red hot tongs and seized the Devil by the nose, holding him till his howls roused the whole neighbourhood.

622 **planetary nicks** Figures and signs in astrology

627 **Bombastus** = Paracelsus, whose family name it was. He is said to have carried a little devil in the pommel of his sword, but the familiar spirit was probably only poison.

632 **a stone** This is Dee's Angelical Stone, which was really a polished piece of cannel coal. It was made in the form of a hand mirror, and the pretension was that visions could be seen by looking in it.

635 **Agrippa** Cf I 1 539, and note

**Stygian pug** 'Cornelius Agrippa had a dog that was suspected to be a spirit, for some tricks he was wont to do, beyond the capacity of a dog, as it was thought, but the author of *Magna Adamica* has taken a great deal of pains to vindicate both the doctor and the dog from that aspersion, in which he has shown great respect and kindness for them both. —*Note in Edition 1674*

640 **are vain** Agrippa wrote a treatise *De Vanitate Scientiarum*.

643 **Behmen** Cf I 1 542, note

644 **cacodaemon** = *κακοδαίμων*, an evil spirit

654 **Trismegistus** The Hermes of the Greeks and the Mercury of the Romans, the inventive god to whom was attributed the discovery of the lyre, and of many arts and sciences useful to man.

655 **Pythagoras** Cf I 1 182, and note. One of the most celebrated of the ancient Greek philosophers (B.C. 540-510). Fable has surrounded his name with wonders, and while rejecting the fables we must acknowledge the personal greatness from which alone such fables spring. To him we are said to owe the word 'philosopher' as applied to one whose life is lived in the

love of wisdom He crossed over into Italy during the reign of Tarquinius Superbus, established himself at Crotona, and there inaugurated a secret sect or society He was one of the earliest teachers of mathematics, and to him is attributed the discovery of the musical chords, he having accidentally noticed hammers of different weights striking an anvil and producing different sounds This latter story has the drawback that hammers of different weights do *not* produce different tones from the same anvil The manner of his death is unknown, but it is certain that the citizens of Crotona rose in tumult against his society and he probably perished in the commotion

**Zoroaster** The Zarathustra of the Zendavesta, the sacred writings of the Parsees, was the founder of the Magian religion It is now quite impossible to trace the true date at which he flourished

656 **Apollonius** of Tyana lived during the reign of the Emperor Domitian It is narrated of him that whilst delivering a public oration he suddenly broke off his speech exclaiming 'Strike the tyrant, he is wounded, he falls, and that at that moment the Emperor was murdered

664 **Time's daughter** Time reveals the truth Time is Saturn, of whom the myth runs that he devoured his children And time may render truth undiscoverable, thus 'feeding on' his daughter too, l 668

669 **a herald** Cf —

'Do you not know that for a little coin  
Heralds can foist a name into the line'

DRYDEN, *Hind and Panther*, Part III, l 155

\*679 **Averrois** Averrois or Ibn Roshd, died 1198, was an Arabian philosopher and physician, in high command under the Emperor of Morocco during the Moorish occupation of Spain His commentaries on Plato and Aristotle earned him the name of the Commentator He wrote a severe denunciation of astrology, which is alluded to in the text

689 **Genethliacs** Genethliaci were astrologers whose special business it was to cast nativities for infants founded on the exact instant of the birth

691 **the Median Emperor dreamt** Astyages, king of Media, was thus warned in two separate dreams of the birth, from his daughter Mandane, of one who would overthrow the kingdom To avoid the omen he married her to a Persian named Cambyses, by whom she became the mother of Cyrus. The whole story is fully told in Herodotus, Book I, c 107

698 **eclipsed foretell** Cf —

‘Solem quis dicere falsum  
Audeat? Ille etiam caecos instare tumultus  
Saepe monet, fraudemque et operta tumescere bella  
Ille etiam extincto miseratus Caesare Romam  
Quum caput obscura nitidum ferrugine texit  
Impiaque aeternam timuerunt saecula noctem’

VIRGIL, *Georgics*, 1 463

701 **Augustus** ‘Ecce fulgurum monitus, oraculorum  
praescita haruspicum praedicta atque etiam parva dictu in  
auguriis, sternumenta et offensiones pedum, divus Augustus  
prodidit laevum sibi calceum praepostere inductum quo die  
seditione militari prope afflicto est — PLINY, *Nat Hist* II 1,  
7, 24

708 **raven's croak** The croak of the raven has always  
been held ominous of evil Cf —

‘The raven himself is hoarse  
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements

SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, I v 39

737 **Anaxagoras** Born at Clazomenae in Lydia He  
was born of a wealthy family, but he gave up everything for  
philosophy He is said to have numbered Perikles Euripides,  
and Sokrates amongst his pupils He was at last prosecuted on  
charges very similar apparently to those which were afterwards  
to be fatal to Sokrates, and banished from Athens He left  
Athens with the proud words on his lips ‘It is not I who have  
lost Athens, it is the Athenians who have lost me’ He retired  
to Lampsacus, where he continued to teach with much credit  
until his death—the day of which was, at his request, long after  
kept as a holiday by the citizens He expressed an opinion  
that the moon was opaque and habitable, and divided into land  
and water

759 **sweating lanterns** A contrivance of a curtain  
covering in a chair with a lamp under the chair The patient  
was shut up in it to force perspiration

773 **hypocondres** Under the ribs

776 **new light** Cf I n 52, and note

782 **ganzas** Spanish for ‘geese’ The allusion seems to  
be to a romance of *The Man in the Moon*, by Godwin, after-  
wards Bishop of Hereford The traveller, who in this romance  
visits the moon, is drawn thither by geese

786 **Jacob's staff** An instrument for taking heights  
and distances



799 **consecrated geese** 'Dum haec Veis agebantur, interim aix Romae Capitoliumque in ingenti periculo fuit Namque Galli seu vestigio notato humano, qua nuntius a Veis pervenerat, seu sua sponte animadverso ad Carmentis saxo ascensu aequo nocte sublustrum, cum primo inermem qui temptaret viam praemisissent, tiadentes inde arma, ubi quid iniqui esset alterni innixi sublevantesque in vicem et trahentes alii alios, prout postularet locus, tanto silentio in summum evasere ut non custodes solum fallerent sed ne canes quidem sollicitum animal ad nocturnos staeptus, excitarent Anseres non fefellere, quibus sacris Junonis in summa inopia cili tamen abstinebatur quae res saluti fuit namque clangore eorum alarumque crepitu excitus M Manlius, qui triennio ante consul fuerat, vir bello egregius, armis ariepis simul ad arma ceteros ciens vadit, et dum ceteri trepidant, Gallum qui jam in summo constiterat umbone ictum deturbat Cujus casus prolapsi cum proximos sterneret, trepidantes alios armisque omissis saxa quibus ad haerebant, manibus amplexos trucidat —LIVY, Book V, c xlvii

803 **Athenian sceptic owls** Owls called Athenian, as being sacred to Athena

823 **simpling** Collecting herbs or *simples*

824 **from malefactors** Cf —

*First Witch* 'Pour in sow's blood that hath eaten  
Her nine farrow, grease that s sweaten  
From the murderer s gibbet throw  
Into the flame

SHAKSPEARE, *Macbeth*, IV 1 65

838 **derive its house from earth** Alluding apparently to an idea once held, and even attributed to Anaxagoras, that the stars had all been thrown off from the earth owing to the centrifugal force of its swift revolution

844 **Berenice's periwig** Queen Berenice, when her husband, Ptolemy Evergetes, undertook an expedition into Syria, made a vow to cut off her hair, in case he should come back in safety On his return she kept her pledge, and dedicated her hair in the temple built by Ptolemy Philadelphus to the memory of his wife, Arsinoe By some accident the offering was lost, and Conon of Samos, a mathematician, to soothe her feelings, declared that the hair was carried up to heaven, where it was formed into seven stars near the tail of the Lion Hence the constellation *Coma Berenices*

850 **geometry** This is the Platonic saying 'Ο Θεὸς γεωμετρεῖ

866 **shifted his setting** Ἐν τοίνυν τούτῳ τῷ χρόνῳ τετράκις ἔλεγον ἐξ ἡθῶν τὸν ἥλιον ἀνατεῖλαι, ἔνθα τε νῦν καταδύεται ἐνθεῦτεν δις ἐπαντεῖλαι, καὶ ἔνθεν νῦν ἀνατελλεῖ, ἐνθαῦτα δις καταδύναι —HERODOTUS II 142

The *τουτω τῷ χρόνῳ* alluded to is the space of 11,340 years

875 **Empedocles** Cf note on I ii 1 He held that the stars were permanently fixed in a revolving crystal vault, an idea which though greatly altered and elaborated, clearly had much influence with Plato while he was forming the theory of the heavens as given in the *Republic*

881 **Scaliger**, when he read that Copernicus maintained that the obliquity of the ecliptic had changed gradually, and was now much less than formerly is said to have declared that Copernicus deserved a rod, and his writings a sponge

883-891 The first edition, instead of these eight lines, has the following four —

‘About the sun’s and earth’s approach,  
And swore that he that dared to broach  
Such paltry fopperies abroad  
Deserved to have his rump well clawed

891 **Monsieur Bodin** A lawyer of Angers, died 1596 He supported Copernicus in his view that the earth’s orbit was gradually becoming less

895 **Cardan** Jerom Cardan, an Italian astrologer He was intensely egotistical and writes much praise of his own excellences The doctrine ridiculed by Butler he seems to have held

900 **no tails** They have short ones, short enough to give rise to this vulgar error

902 **changed** This alludes to the astronomical principle of precession of the equinox

905 **trigons** In astrology the twelve signs of the zodiac are divided into four groups, each of three—trigons—to correspond with the four ‘elements, thus —

*Fiery*—Aries, Leo, Sagittarius  
*Earthy*—Taurus, Virgo, Capricornus  
*Airy*—Gemini, Libra, Aquarius  
*Watery*—Cancer, Scorpio, Pisces

These combinations are called trigons because if the signs of the zodiac be written in order round a circle at equal distances from each other, the constellations forming each *trigon* will be found at the angular points of four inscribed equilateral triangles. Thus if a watch be taken in the hand, and the figure XII be

supposed to stand for Aries, I for Taurus and so on all round the Fiery trigon will be represented by the figures XII IV, VIII, the Earthy by I, V IX, and so on, each set of figures marking off an equilateral triangle

918 **quarter days** It has been suggested that this is a reference to the translation by Sir Richard Fanshawe of the following passage of Horace —

‘Onnem relegit idibus pecuniam  
Quaerit calendis ponere *Epod* 11 69

Thus rendered —

‘At Michaelmas calls all his monies in,  
And at our Lady puts them out again

939 **opposition, trine, and quartile** The stars were divided by the astrologers into five aspects—conjunction, when their revolutions brought them together, opposition, when they were diametrically opposite to each other, sextile, quartile, and trine, when they were distant from each other a sixth part, a fourth part, or a third part of the circle. The aspect under which a child happened to be born was supposed to determine his temper, constitution, and destiny

975 **the Druids** ‘Druidæ pecuniam mutuo accipiebant in posteriori vita reddituri —PATRICIUS

990 **hab nab** This is the older form from which *hob nob* has been formed by corruption. It is the *habban*, have and *nabban*, not have of First English, and hence means hit or miss, ‘it random. Cf —‘He is a devil in private brawl souls and bodies hath he divorced three and his incensement at this moment is so implacable that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulture. Hob nob is his word, give it or take it’—SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*, III iv 260

992 **discovers how, &c** The events of Butler’s own literary life must be referred to for a full explanation of the following passage. The first part of *Hudibras* really appeared at the end of 1662, and before the following year was out its success had evoked imitation, and early in 1663 a spurious ‘Second Part’ of *Hudibras* was published. Butler when he himself, later in the same year, published his own Second Part, found it necessary to state distinctly that this was ‘by the author of the first’ (Cf Introduction, p. xii). Now in this spurious second part occur just the adventures which Sidrophel attributes to the knight, and by the falsity of which he exposes himself as a cheat. So Butler with consummate skill and humour, has put his plagiarising imitator in the position of the vendor of false news who thereby brings to grief another impostor who relies on him.

The spurious *Hudibras* is a dreary piece of feebleness, but as it may be of some interest to see what sort of success imitators of *Hudibras* had, the following may serve for example —

‘So on they trot  
 With all the pillage they had got,  
 Greedy of more, but were prevented  
 By butchers stout that fair frequented  
 Who seeing Squires a quogle to keep  
 And men to run faster than sheep,  
 Quoth they (to people) what d ye fear?  
 There s neither bull got loose nor bear  
 And will you seem to make escape  
 From fencing fools and Jackanape  
 On horseback, clad in coat of plush,  
 Yet looks but like a sloe on a bush  
 Keep, keep, your guard, we’ll force them back  
 Or may we never money lack  
 Then out they Snap and Towzer call,  
 Two cunning curs that would not ball,  
 But shily fly at throat or tail  
 And in their course would seldom fail,  
 The butchers hoot, the dogs fall on,  
 The horses kick and wince anon,  
 Down comes spruce valour to the ground,  
 And both Sir Knights laid in a swound

1002 **forged** ‘There was a notorious idiot (that is here described by the name and character of Whachum) who counterfeited a Second Part of *Hudibras*, as untowardly as Captain Po who could not write himself, and yet made a shift to stand on the pillory for forging other men’s hands, as his fellow Whachum no doubt deserved, in whose abominable doggrel this story of *Hudibras* and a French mountebank at Brentford fall is as properly described — *Note to Edition 1674*

1007 **saltinbancho** A word the exact equivalent of ‘mountebank

1010 **chowsed and caldesed** For *chowsed* cf note on II iii 114 *Caldesed* is a word coined by Butler, to express cheated, as fortune tellers (*Chaldeans* or gypsies) cheat and deceive their victims

1011 **what you lost** All the adventures here narrated are told in the spurious Second Part of *Hudibras*, before alluded to

1024 **pendulum** ‘The device of the vibration of a pendulum was intended to settle a certain measure of ells and yards, &c, (that should have its foundation in nature,) all the

world over, for by swinging a weight at the end of a string and calculating (by the motion of the sun, or any star) how long the vibration would last, in proportion to the length of the string and weight of the pendulum, they thought to reduce it back again, and from any part of time compute the exact length of any string that must necessarily vibrate in so much space of time so that if a man should ask in China for a quarter of an hour of satin or taffeta, they would know perfectly what it meant and all mankind learn a new way to measure things, no more by the yard, foot, or inch, but by the hour, quarter, and minute —*Note to Edition 1674*

1050 **an iron lance** Another exquisite piece of mock heroic on Butler's part. The lance is neither more nor less than the large old-fashioned spit which in the kitchens of our grand fathers used to be laid horizontally in front of the fire, and was long enough to reach from side to side of an old-fashioned hearth.

1063 **sea coal** Coal brought by sea. It was almost always so spoken of by old writers, thus there is a statute of 1273 prohibiting the use of 'sea coal' in or near London as being prejudicial to health. By 1400 coal was in common use in London, but it was not general all over the country much before the reign of Charles I.

1093 **Booker** Cf. note on II iii 360

*Sarah Jimmer* a *speculatrix*, as those 'mediums' were then called, whose particular privilege was claimed to be the power of seeing distant or future events in a crystal or speculum (mirror). Lilly calls her Sarah Skelhorn, and speaks in high terms of her powers.

1094 **nimmers**, thieves Cf. I i 598

1095 **Napier's bones** 'Napier's Rods, a contrivance for abridging the labour of calculation, were made of ivory, and thus obtained the name of Napier's bones.

1103 **cross nor pile** Not a coin. 'Cross and pile' = 'heads and tails'. Various explanations have been given of the phrase. The *pile* may be the head of a spear (*pilum*), or a column (pile, pillar), or a ship (pile, pilot), impressed on one side of the coin, while the cross was stamped on the other. The phrase occurs twice more in *Hudibras*, cf. III i 680 and III iii 688.

1108 **Rota-men** Some editions have an absurd reading, *rotten men*. The Rota was the name given to a club of which James Harrington, author of *The Commonwealth of Oceana*, was

founder and chief This club 'met at the Turk's Head, kept by one Miles, in the New Palace Yard, Westminster, and sat round an oval table with a passage cut in the middle of it by which Miles delivered his coffee The Rota discussed principles of government, and voted by ballot Its ballot box was the first seen in England Milton's old pupil Cyriac Skinner, was one of the members of this club, which was named from a doctrine of its supporters, that in the chief legislative body a third part of the members should rotate out by ballot every year, and be incapable for three years of re-election, by which principle of rotation, Parliament would be completely renewed every ninth year —PROF MORLEY, *First Sketch of English Literature*, p 612

1112 **the pit** Allusion to cock fighting, the pit being the lists in which the cocks fought

1113 **secular prince of darkness** 'As the devil is the spiritual prince of darkness, so is the constable the secular, who governs in the night with as great authority but far more imperiously —*Note to Edition 1674*

1123 **learned philosophers** This may refer to the atomic philosophers generally, or particularly to Sir Kenelm Digby Cf —'To this purpose the subtilties of the fox are of most note They say he useth to lie as if he were dead, thereby to make hens and ducks come boldly to him And there are particular stories that expresse yet more cunning than all these as of a fox that being sore hunted hanged himself by the teeth among dead vermin in a warren until the dogges were passed by him and had lost him Now to penetrate into the cause of this and of suchlike actions, we may remember how we shewed in the last chapter that the beating of the heart worketh two things, the one is that it turneth about the species or little corporeities (streaming from outward objects) which remain in the memory the other is that it is always pressing on to some motion or other, out of which it hapneth that when the ordinary waies of getting victuals or of escaping from enemies do fail a creature whose constitution is active, it lighteneth sometimes (though peradventure very seldome) upon doing something out of which the desired effect followeth, as it cannot choose but fall out now and then that though chance only do govern their actions, and when their action proveth successful it leaveth such an impression in the memory that whensoever the like occasion occurrieth that animal will follow the same method, for the same species do come together from the memory into the fantasie —SIR KENELM DIGBY, *Treatise of Bodies*, chap xxxvi § 3

1148 **dead as herring** This saying is very old and its origin is not certainly known It has been explained by the

very quick death of the herring when taken out of the water, but there does not seem to be any necessary connection between the rapidity of the death and the degree of deadness. It is probably a reference to the curing and packing in barrels or boxes, which seems to make the herring appear peculiarly dead to the public eye. The same impression is conveyed by any process to which meat is subjected before it comes into the hands of the cook. Thus we also say, 'Dead as *pukled* pork.' Cf — 'By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him' — SHAKESPEARE, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, II iii 12.

1158 **high places** Places of pagan sacrifice, from pagan altars being frequently on hills or high places.

1171 **read his lesson** Alluding to the practice of Benefit of Clergy, by which is meant the exemption of the clerical order from civil punishment. It applied not only to the actual clergy, but to all who were able to read and write and had thus learning enough to be clergymen. Hence any one convicted of a capital crime could 'pray his clergy,' that is could call for a Latin Bible and read a passage, generally taken from the Psalms. Failing in this test he was hanged, and as a verse of a Psalm was sung under the gallows before hanging a culprit thereon, a saying arose of one manifestly guilty of a hanging offence, 'He must either read a verse or sing it.' This was called 'reading the neck verse.' Cf III i 55. The privilege was finally abolished under George IV.

## HEROICAL EPISTLE OF HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL

THIS Epistle is really no part of the poem of *Hudibras*. The Sidrophel to whom it is addressed is not the same as the Sidrophel of the poem. The latter is probably intended for Lilly, here one Sir Paul Neal is the original. The epistle was not published until ten years after the second part of *Hudibras*, and the occasion of it was that the Sir Paul Neal aforesaid had strenuously maintained that Butler was not the author of *Hudibras*. It was included in the edition of 1674 of the *Hudibras*, and was probably meant not only to satisfy Butler's natural revenge on one who had tried to deprive him of his honours of authorship, but also to force a sale for the new edition of the poem itself.

**Ecce iterum Crispinus** This now familiar quotation is the commencement of Juvenal's lines —

Ecce iterum Crispinus, et est mihi sæpe vocandus  
Ad partes, monstium, nulla virtute redemptum

*Satire IV ad init*

10 **Issachar's** 'Issachar is a strong ass couching down between two buidens' — *Gen* xlix 14

13 **William Prymme** Cf I i 646, and note

21 **new nick named old invention** This is the engine of the next line and is the speaking trumpet which Sir Samuel Worland, who published an account of it under the name of *Tuba Stentorophonica*, then claimed to have newly invented. The claim was disputed and as the dispute was rather a grotesque one, Butler ascribes the pretended invention to his Sidrophel.

22 **green hastings** Early peas. Whether their name is derived from their having originally been principally supplied to the London market from Hastings, or whether the name is a corruption of *green hastenings*, in allusion to their forced growth, may well now be doubted. The latter is the more probable explanation.



27 **persuade yourself** The subject of this verb is a long way back, in line 9 The sense runs 'Is it possible that you persuade yourself?'

35 **brayed, &c** 'Though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him —*Prov* xxvii 22

39 **transfusion of the blood** Butler here begins to ridicule the scientific theories under investigation in his day

46 **trying** = distinguishing Cf — 'The wyldc coine, beinge in shpe and greatnesse lyke to the good, if they be mengled, with great difficultie wyll be *tryed* out —*SIR T. ELYOT, The Governour*, B II c 14

58 **without law** Without the fan start given to the quarry in coursing

66 **B's and A's** of a mathematical problem 'Chasing the wily  $x$ '

80 **find woodcocks by their eyes** The gleam of the eye betrays the bird to the fowler Cf —

'Then as I careless on the bed  
Of gelid strawberries do tread,  
And through the hazels thick espy  
The hatching throstle's shining eye

MARVEL

But in addition to this plain interpretation of the line, there is probably a double allusion, as in the case of the 'ass and widgeon of I 1 232 *Woodcock* certainly means a *fool* in the *Taming of the Shrew*, I ii 160 —

*Gremio* O this learning, what a thing it is!

*Grumio* O this woodcock, what an ass it is!

81 **the college** Gresham College, the first meeting place of the Royal Society Cf III 1 1564 Sir Paul Neal was one of the earliest members of the Royal Society

86 **Sir Poll** A kind of punning double allusion, probably, both to Sir Paul Neal and 'Sir Politic Would Be', a well known character in Ben Jonson's *Volpone*

96 **your German scale** Your exaggerations The German mile being about four times as long as an English one

113 **tried** Found by experience

124 **natural** = character Cf I 76 'It is with depraved man in his impure naturalls that we must maintaine this quarell —*Bp HALL, St Paul's Combat*

## PART III — CANTO I

6 **render** = give up

16 **Caligula**, born A D 12 and reigned as Emperor 37-41. After eight months of beneficent rule he seems to have gone mad in consequence of an illness. He claimed for himself a place amongst the gods, and boasted to have been a lover of the moon. He was murdered after three years of unspeakable horrors, which a complete overthrow of his intellect can alone account for or excuse.

20 **those they made her kindred** Their mistresses whom they have flattered by comparing them to goddesses, till they have as it were made them kindred to the moon.

55 **read one verse** Cf II iii 1171 and note

85 **fitters** This is undeniably the correct reading, though some editions have 'fritters'. The word is identical with the Italian *fetta*, 'fragment', and an allied word appears in '*fyt*,' a division of a poem.

108 **jiggumbobs** The root of this word is *gig* or *gag* hence something 'jiggled' to attract a child's attention, a baby's rattle, hence any fancy knick knack.

109 **hook or crook** This phrase probably means 'by foul or fair means,' but its origin is not now certainly known. It may allude to *hook* as an instrument of footpads, and *crook*, the bishop's crozier.

115 **he thought it** It is remarked in Grey's edition that Butler here sets the squire reflecting on matters of which he could have no knowledge, as the encounter and rifling of the pockets did not take place till after Ralpho's departure. Cf II iii 1047.

137 **pawn his inward ears** Pledge his conscience

152 **stale** Cf —

'Thou didst drink  
The stale of horses and the gilded puddle  
Which beasts would cough at'

SHAKESPEARE, *Antony & Cleopatra*, I iv 61

154 **board her** A nautical term transferred to the affairs of love It is somewhat common in the dramatists Cf —

'For I will board her though she chide as loud  
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack

SHAKSPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, I ii 95

'You mistake, knight, "accost is front her, board her, woo her, resail her" — *Id Twelfth Night*, I iii 60

159 **longees**, the 'lunges' of a fencer

164 **shoe-tie** This rhyme had been used before by Clashaw in his *Wishes* ('Delights of the Muses') —

'I wish her beauty  
That owes not all its duty  
To gaudy tie or glistening shoe tie

190 **to th' good** *Var lec* 'to its good'

238 **not true nor false** 'A proposition must be either true or false, *provided* that the predicate be one which can in any intelligible sense be attributed to the subject (and as this is always assumed to be the case in treatises on logic, the axiom is always laid down there as of absolute truth) "Abiactum is a second intention is neither true nor false Between the true and the false there is a third possibility, the Unmeaning — J S MILL, *System of Logic*, vol I p 321

252 **Stentrophonic** Cf note on Sidrophel, l 21

264 **time is, time was** The saying of the Brazen Head Cf I ii 346, and note

278 **bardashing** Boys before their beards are grown are called by the furks *bardasses*

282 **Caliban** The Caliban of Shakspeare's *Tempest*

310 **caprich** Fix Ital *capriccio*

319 **cow itch**, or cowage, is a plant bearing a pod covered with very fine hairs, resembling the 'sting of the nettle, only on a larger scale If rubbed on the skin they cause intense irritation

323 **hermetic men** Alchymists Cf I ii 225

324 **manicon** Supposed to have been the name of some species of nightshade It is the 'insane root' of Shakspeare, and was supposed to cause madness Cf —

'Were such things here as we do speak about?  
Or have we eaten on the insane root  
That takes the reason prisoner?

*Macbeth*, I iii 83

326 **mountains in Potosi** The mountains of Potosi in Peru are rich in silver. The belief ridiculed by Butler is therefore that the 'mechanic virtuosi can transmute metals and so raise mountains of silver.

327 **antic fools** This seems to mean the fools by profession, though it is commonly explained to mean simply *antique*. Cf —

' For within the hollow crown  
That rounds the mortal temples of a king  
Keeps Death his court and there the *antic* sits,  
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp '

SHAKESPEARE, *Richard II*, III. 11. 160

' Thou antic Death, which laughst us here to scorn  
*Id. I Henry VI*, IV. 7. 18

329 **signatures** Outward signs of the alchymical qualities of a thing. The extract from Agrippa's *De Occulta Philosophia*, given in the note to I. 1. 539, is really an investigation into these signatures.

340 **hemp** Cf. note on II. 111. 370

352 **make a leg** = make a bow. Dr Brewer (*Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*) quotes—

' The pursuivant smiled at their simplicitie,  
And making many legges, tooke then reward  
*The King and the Miller of Mansfield*

384 **in Lancashire** This further identifies Sidiophel with Lilly, as this is practically the same account that Lilly gives of himself. Lancashire was famous for the number of its witches, and the fame has survived in a very different sense. A lady whom nature has endowed with black hair and blue eyes—a complexion common in Lancashire, is still known as a 'Lancashire Witch' though the witchery thus attributed to her is of a kind no lady would ever strenuously deny.

392 **Pharaoh's wizards** The contest between Aaron and Pharaoh's magicians here alluded to—*Exodus*, chap. vii.

422 **Proserpine** Proserpina or Persephone was the daughter of Zeus and Demeter, and was carried off by Pluto, ruler of the nether world, to be his wife. Her mother sought her, and by the aid of Zeus and Hermes recovered her for a part of each year. The interpretation of the myth is obvious, Proserpina being the seed corn.

432 **talismanique louse** The talisman is an image of anything made in order to destroy the thing of which it is the effigy.

437 **morpion and punaise** French terms for vermin.

450 **pendulums to watches** Allusion to the spring pendulum for watches, then comparatively of recent invention by Dr Robert Hooke, one of the members of that Royal Society which Butler seems never weary of satirizing 'Bringing them to seive for pendulums,' is of course bringing them to the gallows

485 **affidavit hand** The Covenanters refused to kiss the book in form of oath, and substituted the holding up of the right hand

500 **jump with** Cf I i 626, and I iii 1365

520 **juries** The jury of matrons is here alluded to Such a jury is still empannelled in any case where a female being condemned to death pleads pregnancy as a reason why the sentence should not be carried out Its survival is a striking proof of our English ignorance of physiological science Cf I 884

560 **flies away** This idea has been used both before and after the time of Butler Cf —

'Love wol nought ben constreyned by maistre  
Whan maistie cometh the god of love anon  
Beteth his wings and farewel he is gon

CHAUCEER, *Frankelynes Tale*

'Love free as air at sight of human ties  
Spreads his light wings and in a moment flies'

POPE, *Elouisa to Abelard*, l 75

565 **Roman gaolers** Butler probably derived his knowledge of this custom from the following note of Lipsius on a passage in Tacitus, *Annals*, Bk III ch 22 Tacitus has said, Idemque servos Lepidae, cum militari custodia haberentur, transtulit ad consules, on which the commentator—'Custodia militaris frequentissima, et Romae et in Provinciis, ejusque modus, ut is qui in noxa esset, catenam manui dextrae alligatam haberet, quae eadem militis sinistram vinciret, cus todiae ejus praeffecti. (Tacitus, *Annals*, Edit Lugduni Batavor, 1589, p 60, note on Book III ch 22) Juvenal alludes to the same custom when he says—

'Inde fides arti, sonuit si dextera ferro  
Laevaquo, si longo castrorum in carcere mansit

*Sat vi 560*

575 **to have and to hold** There is a play here on the two well known meanings of this phrase—in the marriage service, to take and to keep, in deeds of conveyance of real property, to part with utterly to another

582 **It laid** Some editions read *is laid*, of which reading the meaning is most obscure

591-2 Condensation has in these lines been carried to the point of obscurity. It really means that these idiots beg one another to be guardians before the children are born.

595 **implicit** in its proper sense of 'complicated, 'confused'.

616 **John a Stiles and John a Nokes**, are fictitious names used by lawyers in stating cases, and by law students in solving legal exercises. The *Spectator*, No 577, contains the following humorous fancy respecting them —

'The humble Petition of John a Nokes and John a Stiles,  
'Sheweth,

'That your Petitioners have had causes depending in Westminster Hall above five hundred years and that we despair of ever seeing them brought to an issue, that your Petitioners have not been involved in these law suits out of any litigious temper of their own but by the instigation of contentious persons, that the young lawyers in our Inns of Court are continually setting us together by the ears, and think they do us no hurt because they plead for us without a fee, that many of the gentlemen of the robe have no other clients in the world besides us two that when they have nothing else to do they make us plaintiffs and defendants, though they were never retained by either of us, that they traduce, condemn, or acquit us without any manner of regard to our reputations and good names in the world. Your Petitioners therefore (being thereunto encouraged by the favourable reception which you lately gave to our kinsman *Blank*) do humbly pray that you will put an end to the controversies which have been so long depending between us your said Petitioners, and that our enmity may not endure from generation to generation, it being our resolution to live hereafter as it becometh men of peaceable dispositions

'And your Petitioners (as in duty bound) shall ever pray

Butler has altered John of Nokes into Joan of Nokes to suit his own purpose

637 **depart** The present reading of the marriage service 'till death us *do part*,' was originally 'till death us *depart*'. Cf. 'Hudibras to his Lady, 252

639 **Indian widows** Alluding to the custom of *Suttee*, now happily put down by British rule in India

645 **Set** The game. Since the invention of lawn tennis this word is much better known than it was a few years ago. But it is a word of very respectable age. Cf. —

'We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us,  
His present and your pains we thank you for  
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls  
We will in France by God's grace play a set  
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard

SHAKESPEARE, *Henry V* I. ii. 259

647 **Pythagorean** Allusion to the doctrine of the transmigration of souls

656 **iron in Greenland** To touch metal at a very low temperature produces all the effects of a burn

670 **made over** their property in trust for themselves

672 **weigh the geese** Cf—'And to busie myself no longer with their subtilties I will conclude with a famous tale of one of these crafty animals that having killed a goose at the other side of a river and being desirous of swimming over with it to carry it to his den, before he would attempt it (lest his pray should prove too heavy for him to swim withal and so he might lose it) he first weighed the goose with a piece of wood and then tried to carry that over the river while he left his goose behind in a safe place, which when he perceived he was able to do with ease he then came back again and ventured over with his heavy bird'—SIR KENELM DIGBY, *Treatise of Bodies*, chap xxxvi § 3

680 **cross and pile** Cf II iii 1103, and note

688 **on a shilling** Some Philip and Mary shillings were struck with the faces *vis a vis* This was to avoid a danger of jealousy as to which head should be in front if they were represented as one behind the other

700 **yellow mantos** The Roman bride wore a yellow veil (*flammeum*) and in Butler's day yellow had become quite the conventional colour for expressing jealousy

755 **mandrake** The mandrake (*mandragora*) is a plant whose root sometimes divides so as to present a rude resemblance to a human figure Hence many superstitions about this plant They were supposed to produce fecundity in women (Genesis chap xxi) Another idea was that the mandrake uttered a shriek when pulled from the ground—

'Shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth

SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, IV iii 47

So also when two mandrakes grew near each other, they were looked on as husband and wife, and it was said that murmurs were heard underground passing between them

772 **anagram** Properly a new arrangement of the letters of some word or phrase by which they are made to have a new meaning, the point being that the new meaning shall have some connexion with the old—as in such cases as Horatio Nelson—*anagram*, Honor est a Nilo, or, Augustus de Moigan—*anagram*, Great gun, do us a sum Here the meaning of the word is extended by Butler, and the allusion is to the human frame considered as a microcosm of Nature Many such comparisons have been made, of which the best known in the English language is *The Purple Island* of Phineas Fletcher, 1633

821 **Stoics** This doctrine was not original with the Stoics. See Plato's *Republic*, Bk V pp 458, sq. The proposal is criticised by Aristotle, *Politics*, II 3 and 4.

866 **Lewkner's Lane** Now Charles Street, Drury Lane

868 **ladies of the lakes** *Laker* AS = actor. *Laker ladies* = ladies who haunt theatres, hence women of light reputation

874 **abandon heaven** So Chaucer—

'In all the parisshe wyf ne was ther non  
That to the offryng byforn hire schulde gon,  
And if ther dide certeyn so wioth was sche  
That sche was thanne out of alle charitie'

*Wyf of Bath*, 451

884 Cf note on l 520

906 **new recruits** An old idea in comic and satirical poets. 'Amanuum nae amoris renovatio' st —TERTENCE *And* in 3

927 **passes fines** Butler means that as the passing fines makes in law the completion of conveyance or settlement of real property, so the marriage ceremony makes the transfer of faith and love irrevocable

931-936 Another of the rare passages which go to prove the presence of true poetic instinct in Butler, and also to show how tenderness and pathos ever underlie any really profound sense of humour

941 **at rovers** Without particular aim 'Forty yards will they shoot level one hundred and twenty is their best at rovers' —G A HANSARD, *Book of Archery*, p 83

959 **on the book** 'Then shall they again loose their hands, and the man shall give unto the woman a ring laying the same upon the book with the accustomed duty to the priest and clerk' —*Rubric in the Order for the Solemnization of Matrimony*

981 **pays fines** Cf note on l 927

987 **drazels** Or *drossel* a drab, a slut

'Now dwells each drossel in her glass

WARNER, *Alb Eng* ch xlvii p 201

1007 **beast and ombre** Games at cards. Beast, or angel beast, resembled loo. Ombre appears in Pope's *Rape of the Lock* (Canto III v 25)—

'Belinda now whom thirst of fame invites  
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights  
At ombre singly to decide their doom  
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come'



1012 **vizard bead** A bead was sometimes fixed to the inside of the mask, and held in the mouth to keep the mask on, when the lady's hands were otherwise engaged.

1014 **question and command new garters** The game of Question and Command was a game of forfeits. In those days it was not an inadmissible joke to demand a garter from a lady as a forfeit, whereon ladies who joined in the game were generally found to have provided themselves with extra garters.

1035 **extent** Sheriff's writ for valuation of land

1036 **exigent** Cf I i 370, and note

1038 **scire facias** A writ to show cause why judgment should not be executed

1055 **powder** Probably the same word as *puader* and *pothor* Cf I i 32 note

1144 **dragged through a window** There are various accounts of this transaction. The tale is told that Sir Richard Philips, defending Picton Castle in Pembrokeshire against the royal forces, was invited to a parley by Colonel Randolph Egerton, who feigned to be deaf, and thus induced his enemy to lean out of the window through which the conference was being carried on. The Colonel thus seizing Sir Richard dragged him through the window and made him prisoner, upon which the castle surrendered. In Fenton's *History of Pembrokeshire*, another version is given. The castle was being defended for the king and a soldier of the Parliament snatched a child through the window out of the nurse's arms, and forced the castle to surrender by a threat of killing the infant.

1188 **alimony** Allowance to a wife for separate maintenance

1224 **saints bell** Corruption of *sanctus bell* in use before the Restoration, the small bell rung before the minister commences the service

1241 **quoth he** The point of the passage which here begins is that the (disguised) devil admits that he has much to learn in wickedness from the knight whom he proceeds to question in order to learn arts wickedder than his own. The 'he' refers to the masquerading devil, and it is necessary in the ensuing lines to see in each case what the 'he' does refer to. 'He' refers to Hudibras in the lines 1247 and 1253, whilst in 1263 and onwards, the questions are asked by the devil and answered by Hudibras.

1292 **cry out against** Alluding to the doctrine of salvation by faith alone which was warmly maintained by the

Puritanical believers, and which held that without saving grace good works were not only unavailing but in a sense impossible, that man being utterly depraved, his every action, however seemingly righteous, was really as criminal as himself

1313 **Machiavel** Cf note on I 1 741

1314 **gave his name** This is not true, and Butler could not have meant the assertion to be taken in earnest as he must have known that the name Old Nick was much older than Machiavel. In Scandinavian mythology Nick is a water wraith, and Neken or Nikken is the name of the Evil Spirit. The water spirits, wherever their existence is believed in, are held to be hostile to man. In Japan the peasantry dare not take any measures to recover the body of any one drowned, holding that the water spirit is sure to resent being robbed of his prey. Such a feeling about the water spirit would easily cause the transfer of his name to the 'Arch Enemy'

1342 **holy brotherhood** The reference here is very obscure. There seems to have been a 'Santi Hermandad' in Spain, acting as a kind of watch committee, but more probably Butler alludes simply to knight errantry in general.

1352 This speech Ralpho in the dark addresses to himself, the knight finds the cap to fit, so he proceeds to wear it.

1364 **pell-mell** Cf note on I 11 159

1373 **a riding** The riding of the Stang or Skimmington, Part II Canto 11.

1395 **spirit Po** 'Tom Po' seems to have been a fancy name for a ghost, Dutch *banw*, a spectre, and Welsh *bo*, a hobgoblin. The child's game of 'Bo peep' shows by its element of appearing and vanishing, that its name is of kindred origin.

1410 **to drop in shoes** This was done by the Pug Robin or Robin Goodfellow as a reward to the servants for having left the house clean and bright before going to bed, and a pail of fair water for the furies to bathe in. Cf —

'Every night before we go  
We drop a tester in her shoe

*Ballad of Robin Goodfellow*

'And though they sweep their hearths no less  
Than maids were wont to do,  
Yet who of late for cleanliness  
Finds sixpence in her shoe?

BISHOP CORBET, *The Fairies' Farewell*

The fannies punished as well as rewarded When their behests  
were not attended to the offending maid was pinched

'When house or hearth doth sluttish lie,  
I pinch the maids both black and blue

*Robin Goodfellow*

'With stories told of many a feat,  
How fairy Mab the junkets eat,  
She was pinched and pulled, she said,  
And he, by friar's lantern led,  
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat  
To earn his cream bowl duly set'

MILTON, *L'Allegro*, 101

1416 **dry bobbing** Dry jesting

1440 **Hogen Mogen** The Netherlands So named from  
Honge en Mogende (high and mighty), the Dutch term of  
address for the States General

1454 **peccadilloes**, the large ruff lace collars, so called  
from being made of that peccadilly lace (*peca*, a spear) which  
seems to have given its name to Peccadilly in London 'Wooden  
peccadilloes will thus mean the pillory

1477 **classis** = classical assembly Cf Introduction to  
Part I, p xxvii

1478 **stools** of repentance, on which penitents were to  
stand to do penance Cf —

'Some thinks its the Kirk Session—that is—it's the—it's  
the cutty stool, if your Ledyship pleases, said Jeanie, looking  
down and cutseying

'The what? said Lady Suffolk

'That's the stool of repentance, madam, if it please your  
Ledyship, answered Jeanie 'for light life and conversation'  
—SIR W SCOTT, *Heart of Midlothian*, chap xxxvii

1486 **charged in courts** Allusion to the indictment  
of criminals— for that he being led by the instigation of the  
devil,' &c

1511 **keys** The words *key* and *sea* were pronounced *kay*  
and *sey*, certainly to the time of Shakspeare, and probably till  
that of Butler at least The original pronunciation has now  
taken refuge in Ireland

1521 **utlegation** = outlawry

1564 **Gresham carts** Cf note on Sidrophel, l 81  
A Mr Potter submitted a scheme of legged carts to the Royal  
Society in 1662 So Butler at once dubs them Gresham carts

1602 **padders** = highwaymen

## PART III — CANTO II

This, the longest canto in the whole poem, is no part of the actual story of *Hudibras* which in fact is now really ended. There are no more adventures to recount, and Butler now turns to satirizing the Puritan party in all its sections in a more direct and less allegorical manner than hitherto.

## ARGUMENT

6 **in a storm** There are many allusions in English literature to the storm which closely preceded Cromwell's death Cf —

'And all that from the town would stroll  
Till that wild wind made work,  
In which the gloomy brewer's soul  
Went by me, like a stork'

TENNYSON, *The Talking Owl*

Cf also l 305, and note

## CANTO II

1 **breeze** The horsefly Cf —

'A fierce loud buzzing breeze their stings draw blood,  
And drive the cattle gadding through the wood

DRYDEN'S *Translation of Virgil, Georgics*, Bk III

10 **corrupted texts** The disputes of Presbyterians and Independents were argued by minute inquiries as to the exact wording of the Scriptures (cf Introduction to Part I, p xxv) The dispute therefore whether there should be a central authority or not turned much on Acts vi 3 'Wherefore, brethren, look ye out among you seven men of honest report, full of the Holy

Ghost and wisdom, whom we may appoint over this business  
This text made in favour of central authority, but some copies  
of the Bible being found to read 'whom *ye* may appoint, the  
Independents were accused of having garbled the text to serve  
then plea that each congregation should enjoy its own church  
government This charge against them is erroneous however,  
as the mistake appears in the Cambridge edition of 1638

16 **that empire** The chief authority amongst the  
Magi

25 **fadged** Agreed Cf 'How will this fadge?'—  
SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*, II ii 34

40 **cross the cudgels to** Go over to the side of

43 **like thieves, &c** The hemp that ought to hang  
them hides them so the Presbyterians were defended by the  
laws that should have punished them

50 **scire facias** See note on III i 1038

78 **utter barrister of Swanswick** This is William  
Prynne, who was born in that place (cf note on I i 646) An  
utter barrister or 'outer' barrister, is one who is not a bencher,  
not a King's Counsel, nor a Serjeant

80 **sand bags** These were slung to the end of a staff,  
and were the duelling weapons of the lower orders See the  
stage directions in Shakespeare's *Henry VII*, Part II, Act ii,  
Scene 3—'Enter at one door, Holier the Armourer and his  
Neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk, and he  
enters with a drum before him and his staff with a sand bag  
fastened to it'

91 **reformado saint** Cf II ii 116

95 **uses** The application to particular cases of a doctrine  
laid down generally is the 'use, and the word had become  
technical as a division of a sermon

146 **sooterkin** A fabulous jest against Dutch women,  
that owing to their use of portable stoves they give birth to an  
offspring of the stove—a sooterkin, at the same time as to their  
children

177 **bretheren, metri gratia**

215 **hurricane** Cf note on I 6 Cf also—

'And the isle, when her protecting genius went,  
Upon his obseques loud sighs conferred'

DRYDEN, *On the Death of Cromwell*, Stanza 35

'Nature herself took notice of his death,  
And, sighing, swelled the sea with such a breath,  
That, to remotest shores her billows rolled,  
The approaching fate of their great ruler told  
WALLER *Upon the Death of the Lord Protector*

'Nature herself rejoiced at his death,  
And on the waters sung with such a breath,  
As made the sea dance higher than before,  
While her glad waves came dancing to the shore'  
CLEVELAND, *Answer to the above*

218 **moral** There is a reading 'mortal, which is clearly erroneous

220 **Sterry** One of Cromwell's chaplains Of 'The news of his death being brought to those who were met together to pray for him, Mr Peter Sterry stood up and desired them not to be troubled, "for, said he, "this is good news, because if he was of great use to the people of God when he was among us, now he will be much more so being ascended to Heaven at the right hand of Jesus Christ, there to intercede for us and to be mindful of us on all occasions' —ECHARD, *History of England*, Edit 1720, Book III, chap 11, Vol II p 734

Such a gross want of taste, to say the least of it, was justly an object of Butler's satire and the materials were ready to his hand. There were near Westminster Hall three taverns known in the slang of the day as Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven. When Oliver's remains were disinterred, and his head fixed on Westminster Hall it was close to the last named of these taverns, so Butler, who seems never to have lost a chance, here hints that Sterry only mistook one heaven for the other.

This case well illustrates the difficulty of following an author like Butler. Into a single couplet whereof the allusion would be perfectly well understood in his own day he compresses some years of time and many minute events of social and political history.

228 **a senator** 'Namque Proculus Julius, sollicita civitate desiderio regis et infensa Patribus gravis, ut traditur, quamvis magnae rei auctor, in concionem prodit. Romulus, inquit, Quirites, pateris urbis hujus, prima hodierna luce cælo repente delapsus, se mihi obvium dedit. Quum perfusus horrore venerabundusque adstissem petens precibus ut contra intuei fas esset —Abi, nuncia, inquit, Romanis, cælestes ita velle ut mea Roma caput orbis terrarum sit, proinde rem militarem colant, sciantque et ita posteris tradant, nullas opes humanas armis Romanis resistere posse. haec, inquit, locutus, sublimis abiit —LIVY, Book I, c xvi

236 **that rode him** Reversing the position of things in I 1 924

**237 the saints** The reference is to the 'Committee of Safety' — 'There being now a perfect anarchy, the officers who were masters of the nation first appointed a council of ten of their own body to take care of the public, and having restored their general officers, they concluded upon a select number of men to assume the administration, under the title of a Committee of Safety, which consisted of twenty three persons, who had the same authority and power that the late council of state had, to manage all public affairs till they could agree upon a new settlement — NEAL, *History of the Puritans*, Vol IV c iv anno 1659

**243 cantons Hans towns**, that is, free to erect spiritual republics on the modes of Swiss cantons or the Hanseatic League

**246 John of Leyden** Leader of the Anabaptists of Germany in the sixteenth century These German Anabaptists must be carefully distinguished from the sect of the same name in England In Germany they united an extreme socialism to their religious doctrines John of Leyden joined them, and appearing in 1533 in Munster, the people flocked to hear him, and regarded him as a prophet Catholics and Protestants alike hated him, and at length left the town under the command of the Bishop of Munster and returned to besiege John of Leyden therein The town was vigorously defended but carried at length by treachery, and John of Leyden and two of his friends were publicly tortured and finally hung in iron cages on St Lambert's Tower in the city, and so perished miserably, 1536

The history of the movement in Germany is extremely obscure and very untrustworthy as we are almost entirely dependent on their enemies for our knowledge of the Anabaptists

**256 fadging** Cf note on l 25

**269 king Jesus** Allusion to the 'Fifth Monarchy Men,' who expected immediately the second coming of Christ, and would have no government set up in order that when he came he might find no rival institutions to interfere with his reign

**272 Agitators** In 1647, while the disputes between Army and Parliament were at their height, the army elected a new council to guard their interests It consisted of two men, either inferior officers or private soldiers, from each regiment, and to this council was given the name of 'Adjutors,' which was afterwards corrupted to 'Agitators' **Safety** Committee of Safety Cf l 257

**283 prophecies** What particular prophecy is here alluded to is not now known. Waibuton thought it meant a crusade against the Pope, but there is no trace of such a plan having been prominently advocated, and moreover an allusion to it in this particular place would be apropos of nothing. The most probable explanation is that it alludes again to the Fifth Monarchy Men who were strongly for making all things ready for the fulfilment of prophecies as to the second coming of Christ. But cf l 296, and note.

**286 holydays** Festival days were abolished by edict, as also all sports such as maypoles, &c. To the fact that the Puritans did their best to reduce English life to the level of a perpetual funeral must be attributed much of the licentious reaction of the days of the Restoration, whilst their influence has been permanent enough to make an English holiday a gloomy and joyless affair even yet.

**poundage** Tonnage (properly *tunnage*) and poundage were duties levied on each tun of wine and pound of other goods exported or imported. They were thus the origin of our present 'customs duties, and date from about 1346. These duties it was usual to vote to the king either temporarily or for life. Charles I continued to levy them by his own authority though they had not been voted to him by the Parliament thus giving great offence. Under the Commonwealth a poundage was levied on property.

**287 groves** The pillars in churches, which were said to have originally been an imitation of the trunks of the trees in the groves wherein were worshipped the pagan deities. Being hence voted idolatrous, a great outcry was made for their destruction.

**294 the one and th' other sword** 'The sword of the Spirit which is the word of God — *Ephesians* vi 17. Cf —

'But that two handed engine at the door  
Stands ready to smite once and smite no more

MILTON, *Lycidas*, 130

**296 against the Pope** These words would seem to lend some authority to Waibuton's interpretation of l 283 above. But the real reference is now lost. It is quite probable that some fanatics may have attracted a passing attention by advocating the duty of Puritan crusades.

**298 camisado** A night expedition in which the soldiers wear their shirts outside, to be known by their friends in the dark and so obviate the danger of falling on one another. In history the Camisards were the French Protestants who held out in the Cevennes after the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Over their armour they wore a *camuse* or peasant's smock.



304 **ring** The ring used in matrimony is a pagan custom, like the brides veil and the wedding cake It was therefore denounced by the Puritans

309 **her will** In the *Miscellaneous Thoughts* (Genuine Remains) Butler has a similar idea—

‘The souls of women are so small  
That some believe they have none at all,  
Or if they have, like cripples, still  
Th have but one faculty, the will’

Cf also—

*Byron* Is she wedded or no ?

*Boyst* To her will sh, or so

SHAKESPEARE, *Love's Labour's Lost*, II 1 210

312 **linsey-woolsey** ‘Neither shall a garment mingled of linen and woollen come upon thee —*Lev* xix 19

314 **the cross** Making the sign of the cross in baptism was voted idolatrous, Butler hints that even the cross made in account books by ticking off the items might come under the same denunciation

318 **to renounce** The name ‘Saint was removed from all churches, streets, &c, sometime before the Restoration — Cf ‘My worthy friend, Sir Roger when we are talking of the malice of parties very frequently tells us an accident that happened to him when he was a schoolboy, which was at a time when the feuds ran high between the Roundheads and the Cavaliers This worthy knight, being then but a stripling, had occasion to inquire which was the way to St Anne's Lane, upon which the person whom he spoke to, instead of answering his question, called him a young Popish cur, and asked him who had made Anne a saint? The boy being in some confusion inquired of the next he met which was the way to Anne's Lane, but was called a prick eared cur for his pains, and instead of being shown the way was told that she had been a saint before he was born and would be one after he was hanged —*Spectator*, No 125

319 **third estate** Probably purgatory But there was also much discussion in Butler's time as to an intermediate state of the soul after death, to await the resurrection

320 **coals** Heavy taxes were levied on coals, and petitions were presented against them

322 **with the blood in** ‘No soul of you shall eat blood, neither shall any stranger that sojourneth among you eat blood’—*Lev* xvii 12

325 **of warriors** 'That ye may eat the flesh of kings  
and the flesh of captains, and the flesh of mighty men —  
*Rev* xix 18

328 **secret ones** Cf II 681, 697, 706 In Psalm  
Lxxiii 3 for 'consulted against thy hidden ones the  
wording of the present version, the Geneva translation,  
read 'and taken counsel against thy secret ones

329 **thrashing mountains** *Isaiah* xli 15

330 'In that day there shall be upon the bells of the  
horses HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD —*Zechariah* xiv 20

333 **quacks of government** Alluding to the party  
who having been prominent in the time of the Republic then  
began to prepare for the return of the king

351 **a politician** Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper afterwards  
Earl of Shaftesbury. He was a man who went with the times,  
and during his life the times in England moved fast. The many  
changes of front he thus showed earned him in the mouth of his  
enemies the nickname of Shiftsbury. He was a firm upholder  
of toleration, and struggled against the Test and Corporation  
Act and the Act of Uniformity, till finding that Charles II  
was simply using him to forward his own schemes for the  
revival of Roman Catholicism, he completely changed his  
policy. His greatest honour is that he carried the Habeas  
Corpus Act, and the greatest stain on his character his un-  
scrupulous support of the infamous Titus Oates. At the early  
age of eighteen he was a member of the Short Parliament, he  
served under Cromwell and aided Monk to restore Charles II,  
thus outliving 'three governments' (I 361). He almost openly  
espoused the cause of Monmouth, and when at last he was borne  
down by the superior intriguing abilities of Charles, he fled to  
Holland at the end of 1682, and there died early in 1683.

392 **fast and loose** A game played with a strap or  
piece of list coiled up, one fold being made to represent the  
centre of the coil. The coil being laid on the table one player  
has to pick the coil with a skewer or a pencil, and wins if he  
has hit the real centre thus making the strap *fast*, but loses if  
by picking the wrong fold, he has really left it *loose* so that it  
can be pulled away. The game is alluded to in Shakspeare—

'Like a right gipsy hath, at fast and loose,  
Beguiled me to the very heart of loss

*Antony and Cleopatra*, IV xii 28

'To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose

*Love's Labour's Lost*, III i 104

407 **aches**, a dissyllable

409 **Napier's bones** Cf II iii 1095, and note

421 **another** The reference is generally supposed to be to Col John Lilburn, one of the most uncompromising upholders of republican liberties for the people, and equally an enemy of the personal power of Charles I and of Cromwell. But there is now hardly any evidence that can be called reliable, in favour of the particular identification of this and many other of Butler's personal references.

425 **Achitophel** Cf 2 *Samuel*, xvi xvii

435 **cavalcade of Holborn** Procession from Newgate to the gallows at Tyburn, passing through Holborn

448 **pickeer** = skirmish The word also means to rob or pillage. Cf 'Ye garrison with some commons and the Scotch horse picquering a while close by the walls on the east drew off'—TULLIE'S *Narrative of the Siege of Carlisle*, p 6

476 **Doll Common** A character in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*

482 **allay** *Allay* and *alloy* were written indifferently down to Butler's time, and even later. Cf —

'The gold of hem hath now so bad alayes  
With bias'

CHAUCER, *Clerkes Tale*, v 9043

496 **outgoings**, sc of Providence A cant word with the Nonconformist divines of the day

510 **to run before all others** Cf I ii 626, and note

520 **Margaret** For the omission of the title 'Saint,' cf *supra*, l 318. The *expedients* were lectures delivered on days of specially appointed religious devotion. Thus the couplet means the lecture or discourse on the day when special devotion was ordered in St Margaret's church.

539 **chalked edges** Rusty weapons being against the laws of civilised warfare, when necessity compelled the use of weapons that were rusty for want of weapons that were bright, the edges were chalked.

544 **rochets** The linen vest in the robes of a bishop

558 **jealousies and fears** Butler is fond of ridiculing this phrase. Cf *supra*, l 498 and I i 3, and note

591-2 In this reference to the speculations of Sir Kenelm Digby we seem to see some rude anticipation of the theory of homoeopathy.

600 **exempts of saints** The old editions have *examin*, which seems to have been an attempt to express phonetically the then pronunciation of the word. Spelling reformers can at

least urge with equal force and truth that the older spelling of the English language was far more phonetic than it is now. The 'exempts of saints' were various dispensations granted to persons of established sanctity, excusing them from certain duties and obligations.

601 **that fine, &c** 'Fine' here means 'pay a fine'. It was a custom that persons appointed aldermen who did not wish to perform the duties of the office paid 'fines' on appointment, and were thereby excused the actual performance. So these saints pay fines for grace, and are thereby excused the necessity of displaying it.

602 **efficace** An old French word. Here used in the sense of 'putting into practice'.

604 **mount their banks** This phrase is evidently connected with the usually received derivation of the word *mountain* bank, a cheap Jack who mounts a bench and urges the merits of his wares with stentorian lungs. The phrase has become confused with a term in use in the universities of France, where *bancs* was used for those public disputations by which degrees were formerly earned, and which have left their shadow behind them in England in the Cambridge term 'Wangler'. So *être sur les bancs* is to maintain a disputation or assert a claim. Hence the line means 'assert a claim to independency'.

606 **St Ignatius** This is Ignatius Loyola, founder of the order of the Jesuits. It is reported of him that the fervour of his prayers often raised him from the ground and supported him in mid air.

609 **the letter** Literal interpretation of the Scriptures.

629 **learned** The use of this verb in the sense *to teach* is now bad English, but it was not so always. Cf —

'A thousand more mischances than this one

Have learned me how to brook this patiently

SHAKESPEARE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, V iii 3

The A S was *laeran*, German *lehren*, to teach, and the word has survived to the present day in the usage of the uneducated, and in some dialects of English.

629 **apocryphal bigots** There is much difference of opinion as to the meaning of this phrase. Gray understands it to mean persons bigoted in their dislike of the Apocrypha, and he cites instances of the violence of this dislike. But it seems more probable that Butler means that apocryphal bigots, that is, not genuine ones, would go and take notes of the

discourses of the genuine bigots, and use them for their own advantage afterwards Cf —

‘And his way to get all this  
Is mere dissimulation,  
No factious lecture does he miss  
And scapes no schism that s in fashion ,  
But with short hair and shining shoes  
He with two pens and notebook goes,  
And winks and writes at random ,  
Then with short meal and tedious giace,  
In a loud tone and public place,  
Sings Wisdom s hymns that trot and pace  
As if Goliath scanned ’em

*The Reformation, Collection of Loyal Songs, Vol I No 65*

636 **Calamy** and **Case** were well known as Presbyterian ministers To the former is attributed that he was the first to preach the lawfulness of taking up arms against the king

638 **Nye** and **Owen** Philip Nye was one of the Independent ‘Five Dissenting Brethren in the Assembly of Divines Cf *Introduction*, p xxi Dr Owen was at one time the leading divine amongst the Independents, and was appointed Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, by Cromwell

640 **Adoniram Byfield** A Presbyterian minister, and one of the two ‘scribes of the Assembly of Divines, the other being Mr Roborough He was a chaplain in the army and served on the ‘Committee for Scandalous Ministers’ (*Introduction*, p xxi)

655 **Barnacles** This superstition was a vely common one amongst old writers There is in Gerard s *Herbal*, (1597) p 1391, a chapter ‘Of the Goose Tree, Barnakle Tree, or the Tree bearing Geese He says — ‘There are founde in the north parts of Scotland and the Ilands adjacent, called Orchades, certaine trees, whereon doe growe certaine shell fishes, of a white colour tending to russet, wherein are contained little living creatures which shells in time of maturitie doe open, and out of them grow those little living things which falling into the water, doe become foules, whom we call Barnakles, in the north of England Brant Geese, and in Lancashire tree Geese Even the Royal Society admitted Sir Robert Moray s account of this tree duck into their *Philosophical Transactions* Vol XI No 137 Sir John Mandeville, in his *Travels*, expresses the same belief

662 **three crowns** The tiara or triple crown

680 **doctrine of dependencies** Gray explains this by telling a story of a man who when asked why he called himself an Independent replied—‘I am called an Independent because I depend upon my Bible’ It does not need much

penetration to see that the story is perverted for the sake of the just 'Because I depend on my Bible alone' was probably the real answer

**685 Gibellines and Guelfs** The Guelphs and Ghibellines as their names are usually spelt, were the two great factions whose feuds overlay the whole of German and Italian history during the 12th, 13th, and 14th centuries. The origin of the names is very variously explained. The forms *Guelph* and *Ghibelline* are the Italian representatives of *Welfe* and *Warblingen*, respectively. The most probable explanation of the names seems to be the war cries used at the battle of Weinsberg in Suabia when Henry the Lion, duke of Saxony, using the battle cry *Hie Welfe*, was defeated by Conrad duke of Franconia, who rallied his men by the cry *Hie Warblingen*. The Ghibellines in the endless struggles of those three centuries between Emperor and Pope, took the side of the Emperor whilst the Guelphs were supporters of the Pope. The family of Guelphs were the ancestors of the present royal house of England.

**697 secret ones** Cf note on l 328

**700 mighty men** Cf note on l 326

**732 encroaching self denials** Self denying ordinance

**751 hangman's wages** This name was given to the coins of the value of thutteen pence halfpenny which came in with James I. The coin was called a *thirteener*, a name which probably explains the Irish 'not worth a thrianeen'. There are several allusions to it as 'hangman's wages' but the origin of the allusion is now obscured. It may have been because of its being such an unmanageable sum, just as 'Middy's Wages' in the navy was once said to be three farthings a year paid quarterly. But more probably the allusion is to a bye law, abolished by James I. in 1620, of the corporation of Halifax in Yorkshire, by which the town had power to execute any criminal convicted of stealing to the value of thirteen pence halfpenny or upwards. The execution was by means of a peculiar engine, akin to the French guillotine which instantly beheaded the offender, hence there is a difficulty in deriving from this custom the phrase 'hangman's wages'. Bohn declares that the hangman was actually paid thirteen pence halfpenny for cropping the ears of Puritans, but this seems to be without authority. There can be no doubt that the Halifax law attracted much attention, and therefore it not improbably gave rise to the saying. Cf —

'At Halifax the law so sharp doth deal

That whoso more than thirteen pence doth steal

They have a jin that wondrous quick and well

Sends thieves all headlong unto Heaven or Hell'

JOHN TAYLOR THE WATER POET, *A very merry  
wherry ferry Voyage*

In the *Loyal Songs against the Rump*, vol. II p. 238, we find —

' For half of thirteen pence halfpenny wages  
I would have cleared all the town cages  
And you should have been rid of all the sages  
I and my gallows groan

*Hangman's Last Will and Testament*

753 **like tallies to the stumps** The tallies were a popular way of keeping a credit account by notches on a small piece of wood, the notches being planed down when the debt was discharged. By frequent use they would become planed down to stumps.

772 **Rummon**, i.e. an idolatrous worship Cf II *Kings* v. 18

809 **pique** The *pica* a disease which craves the patient to crave for things which are unfit for food.

815 **jobbernoles** Cf I 1008. Heads. There is a Dutch word *jobbe* = stupid. Or perhaps we have here a corruption of *jabberknowl* = prating blockhead. Cf —

' While nothing from thy jabberknowl can spring  
But impudence and filth, for out, alas!  
Do what we will 'tis still the same vile thing,  
Within all brickdust and without all brass!

*Giffard to Anthony Pasquin*

841 **three saints** Cf I iii 154, and note.

845 **multiplied by six** If for the three saints we write three sixes (six being the number of years the Civil War lasted), we have 666, the number of the Beast in Revelation xiii 18, the passage of Scripture which has consumed more learning and ingenuity in its interpretation than any other.

850 **thorough reformation** Another common phrase in the mouths of the Puritans. Cf I i 202.

854 **masters** Divines, ministers. Cf I 1239, and note.

870 **blue aprons** Cf I i 191, and note.

872 **cornets** Ornaments of the breeches. The word is applied to almost anything twisted, as the twisted paper bags in which grocers sell their wares. *Cornette*, a little hoist.

883 **Indian actions** The allusion here seems quite lost. Gray quotes a subscription set on foot at the India House in 1657, but the connection is obviously too distant to carry any authority. The most probable explanation is that Butler simply alludes to the price of the East India Company's stock. This company received its first charter in 1600, and much gambling in its shares seems to have gone on. We know that the stock stood at 500% for the 100% share in 1683.

**894 Fisher's Folly** 'A large and beautiful house with gardens of pleasure, bowling alleys, and such like, built by Jasper Fisher, free of the Goldsmiths, late one of the Six Clerks of the Chancery, and a Justice of the Peace. It hath since for a time been the Earl of Oxford's place. The Queen's Majesty Elizabeth hath lodged there. It now belongeth to Sir Roger Manners. This house being so large and sumptuous built by a man of no great calling, possessions, or wealth (for he was indebted to many), was mockingly called Fisher's Folly, and a rhythm was made of it, and other the like in this manner —

'Kukby's Castle, and Fisher's Folly,  
Spinola's pleasure, and Megge's glory'

Stow's *Survey*, p. 175

The house alluded to was afterwards used as a conventicle, whence the reference to the 'congregation'. Its site was in Bishopsgate, about where Devonshire Square is now.

**898 fast, outloiter, and outfit** 'Obstruction' in Parliament is not new.

**908 Plato's year** This phrase goes far into the difficulties of the ancient accounts of the physical ordering of the universe. In the tenth book of Plato's *Republic* we find given in the form of a narration of a vision an account of the configuration of the Universe as carried in revolution by an adamant shaft or spindle. Masses of commentary have been accumulated in the endeavour to explain Plato's exact conception how this was done, but however that may be, it seems certain that various portions of this Universe were carried round by the spindle at different rates, and the Platonic year is the time occupied in bringing back again all the different parts into the same mutual relation in which they started. Arithmetically speaking, it would be the least common multiple of all the different times of revolution, and it has been variously assigned to periods of from 4,000 to 26,000 years.

**909 bulls of Lenthal** Ordinances signed by Lenthal as Speaker of the House of Commons, an office he held all through the Civil War.

**934 by hook or crook** Of many explanations of this phrase that of Dr. Brewer in his *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*, is probably the best, — 'foully, like a thief, or boldly, like a bishop,' the *hook* being the instrument used by footpads and the *crook* the bishop's crozier.

**935 forty four** From 1644 to 1648, the date of 'Pride's Purge'

**937 boutéfeus** Firebrands, incendiaries Cf I. i. 786, and note



945 **cabals** Cf I 1 530, and note

980 **powdering-tubs** The pickle tub Hence a cant term for a hospital or a prison, in which latter sense it is probably used here, as in III iii 210, *q v*

1006 **mundungus** Bad tobacco *Mun* means 'rotten,' a word still to be heard in Cornwall

1007 **soul** So in the early editions Altered after Butler's death to *skull*, the reading of most editions

1008 **jobbernoi** Cf I 815 *supra*

1059 **flammed** Deceived

1060 **to damn ourselves, &c** The point is that the Independents were induced to embark on the war through dread of Popery, &c

1070 **fancy on the by** Bet on the game as bystanders merely

1074 **like alligators** Hung up in the shops of vendors of drugs and curiosities In Hogarth's illustrations to Hudibras, Sidiophel's room is thus adorned

1086 **convinced to flies** The change was only in accord with their own nature, and no more a product of conviction than is the change from a maggot to a fly Some late editions read —  
'Than maggots when they turn to flies'

1108 **see the wind** An old superstition, perhaps due to the pigs displaying uneasiness at the approach of bad weather

1110 **Knightsbridge** It appears that there was a well known lazar house here in Butler's time

1112 **Lunsford** Governor of the Tower just before the Civil War, and removed by request of the Parliament Some fanatic seems to have accused him of eating children, cf —

'From Fielding and from Vavasour  
Both ill affected men  
From Lunford eke deliver us  
That eateth up children'

*Loyal Songs*, vol I p 38

There are many other passages where this accusation is ridiculed, but it seems to have gained some kind of credit, as this line clearly alludes to a practice, as foolish as the belief itself, of frightening children with the name of Lunsford

1117 **ten horned cattle** *Rev* xvii 12 and 13 'And the ten horns which thou sawest are ten kings These have one mind and shall give their power and strength unto the beast This text was applied to those who would not side with the Parliament.

1120 **Meroz** 'Curse ye Meioz, said the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty — *Judges* v 23 This text was used by the Parliamentary preachers to obtain recruits

1128 **Marcy Hill**, in Herefordshire, is said by Camden to have moved some distance, doing considerable damage on its way (1575)

1192 **introduced by sin** 'Where sin abounded grace did much more abound — *Rom* v 20

1200 **Croysado general** One who embarked on the war as a Holy War as in a crusade The allusion is to Essex, at whom the Self Denying Ordinance was aimed

1210 **under churches** The less genteel gatherings of the lower ranks The Independents had as a rule more success in gaining the ear of the populace than the Presbyterians

1236 **your ears** Allusion to the cropping the ears of the Puritans in the pillory

1239 **Henderson** This is a mistake Henderson was sent not to the Isle of Wight but to Newcastle, and the tale runs that he was so completely overthrown in argument by the king that he died of vexation The controversy was published under the title, *The Papers which passed at Newcastle betwixt his Sacred Majesty and Mr Al Henderson concerning the change of Church Government*, 1646 At all events he died in 1646, and the Newport treaty did not take place till 1648

**masses** This word is an abbreviated form of *masters* *Masters* having an abbreviated form in common writing *mas*, Butler humorously makes a plural *masses* from it Cf 1 854

1242 **ob and sollers** Ob = *objectio*, and sol = *solutio*, as marked in the margins of controversial writings Hence the term applied to logomachists, or janglers of argument for argument's sake Cf —

'While he should give us Sols and Obs  
He brings us in some simple Bobs  
And fathers them on Mr Hobs'

*The Rota, Loyal Songs*, vol 1. p 181

1244 **coursing in the schools** Attending the 'schools at Oxford preparatory to a degree This line is supposed by Dr Nash to show that Butler must have been an Oxford man to have known this piece of current Oxford slang But there were, of course, many ways in which Butler might have acquired this knowledge

1250 **Sir Pride** This was the Colonel Pride of 'Pride's Purge' celebrity. A story was circulated against him that he was knighted by Cromwell with a faggot stuck. He and Hewson, a shoemaker by trade, were both of them members of Cromwell's Upper House. Both were the subjects of endless scurrility in the political songs of the day. Cf—

'Make room for one-eyed Hewson

A lord of such account,

'Twas a pretty jest

That such a beast

Should to such honours mount

When cobblers were in fashion,

And niggards in such grace,

'Twas sport to see

How Pride and he

Did jostle for the place'

*The Bloody Bed roll, Loyal Songs,*

vol. II p. 11

1261 **the Uxbridge business** Commissioners sat at Uxbridge in the spring of 1645 to arrange terms of peace. The negotiations were broken off by Charles, and the appeal to arms that followed led directly to his ruinous defeat at Naseby.

1263 **holderforth** One Christopher Love who preached before the Commissioners above alluded to against the King's party. Butler here endeavours to make him responsible for the failure of the negotiations at Uxbridge, whereas the fact is that they were broken off by Charles, who saw in the 'New Model' a breach between the war and peace parties amongst his antagonists which he thought he could turn to his own account.

1270 **monies** The money paid to the Scots on the occasion of their surrendering Charles.

1277 **suffered your own tribe, &c.** Alluding to the Duke of Hamilton's invasion of England in the cause of the King. By 1648 the Independents, to the horror of the Scotch, had practically overthrown the Covenant. There was a natural feeling of hope, entertained north of the Tweed, that a raid into England on behalf of Presbyterianism and the Covenant would unite the Presbyterians of both nations in putting the Independents down. This hope was disappointed, the English Presbyterians 'left them in the lurch, and Cromwell, falling on them at Preston, soon drove Hamilton's followers back over the border.

1304 **nicked** Won by throw of the dice

1330 **last reason** '*Ultima ratio*'

1384 **only 'mong themselves** Alluding to the restrictions passed upon the Jews forbidding them to intermarry with other nations It has been said of the Jew that 'his religion was an ethnological distinction'

1414 **fifth monarchy** 'The fifth monarchy men was the name applied to one of the numerous sects of Puritan England The prophet Daniel, having enumerated four kingdoms which are to succeed one another, goes on (ch 11 v 44) 'And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed' The fifth monarchy men held that this fifth and eternal kingdom meant the actual terrestrial monarchy of Christ, and that it was immediately at hand whence their name

1443 **forestalled** To *forestall* is a word borrowed from the corn trade, and was the name applied to a transaction on which the law of England long frowned Cf —

'At last by the 15th of Charles II c 7, the engrossing or buying of corn in order to sell it again, as long as the price of wheat did not exceed forty eight shillings the quarter and that of other grain in proportion, was declared lawful to all persons not being *forestallers*, that is, not selling again in the same market within three months'

ADAM SMITH, *Wealth of Nations*, Bk IV ch v

1494 **the rose** The phrase 'Under the Rose' is an extremely old one The god of silence, Haepocrates, was bribed by Cupid with the present of a rose, not to betray the amours of Venus Hence the rose became the emblem of silence and secrecy The ceilings of banqueting halls were decorated with roses as a reminder to guests of the obligation not to betray the confidences of the revel

1499 **another** When Monk had entered London those who remained of the members excluded by Pride's Purge were instigated by Sir Ashley Cooper to re enter the House, and their admission was hailed by the populace with the most extravagant joy The Rump was burned in effigy, and the news of this outburst was brought to the Council by Sir Martin Noel, to whom Butler here alludes

1534 **Dun** was the hangman of the time But under this name Butler alludes to Hazelrig as shown by l 1547, where the 'hazel barn' is obviously a pun on his name

1537 **the five** The 'Five Members, of whom Hazelrig was one

1541 **a quint of generals** Monk, Hazelrig, Walton, Morley, and Alured were appointed as army commissioners in 1659

1547 **bavin** A faggot

1550 **Cook** The solicitor who drew up the charges against the king He was afterwards hanged at Tyburn, pleading in vain that he had merely acted as a solicitor, and taken his professional fees

1555 **talisman** In ragged effigy The talisman was the image, believed to have been made by witches, of persons whom they wished to injure The images were melted or otherwise destroyed in order that like evil might come upon the original So a ragged 'talisman' was made for each obnoxious member of the Rump, who were thus *burnt in talisman*

1564 **soldier** Ignatius Loyola was originally a soldier, and was wounded at the siege of Pampeluna, 1521

1574 **Sambenites** *Sambenito*, the coat of yellow cloth put upon heretics when ordered to execution by the Inquisition A picture of the Devil was painted on it in black

1585 **Kircherus** Early editions spell this name 'Kirk-erus' He was a Jesuit who wrote on the mysteries of ancient Egypt

1587 The Egyptians represented kingship by the bee, with honey to reward virtue and a sting to punish vice Butler works this out in the 'Speech made at the Rota

1610 **above his head** If he settles on a wall

1616 **luez** Also called *luz* A small bone at the lower end of the backbone was said by the Rabbins to be incorruptible, and to furnish the seed whence the whole body would be restored at the Resurrection

1624 **os sacrum** The lowest bone of the backbone It is so called only from its greater size than any of the vertebrae

1648 **valet** Pronounced 'valèt'

1656 **heads and quarters** For high treason the penalty used to be for the nobility, beheading, for the commonalty, to be hanged, drawn, and quartered

1684 **horrid cookery** 'In Cheapside there were a great many bonfires, and Bow bells and all the bells in all the churches as we went home were a ringing Hence we went homewards it being about ten at night But the common joy that was every where to be seen' The number of bonfires, there being fourteen between St Dunstan's and Temple bar, and at Strand Bridge [a bridge which spanned the Strand close to the east end of Catherine street, where a small stream ran down from the fields into the

Thames near Somerset House] I could tell at one time thirty one fires , in King street seven or eight , and all along, burning, and roasting, and drinking of Rumps , there being rumps tied upon sticks, and carried up and down The butchers at the maypoles in the Strand rang a peal with their knives when they were going to sacrifice their rump On Ludgate hill there was one turning of the spit that had a rump tied to it, and another basting of it Indeed, it was past imagination, both the greatness and the suddenness of it At one end of the street you would think there was a whole lane of fire, and so hot that we were fain to keep on the other side '—PEPYS' *Diary*

1690 **all spurs** Horses trained thus to race at the Carnival at Rome Little balls aimed with sharp spikes are hung along their hinder quarters, and serve to spur them on as soon as they begin to run

PART III — CANTO III

3 **fern** The seed of a fern being very small, almost invisible to the naked eye, it was long held that the plant was propagated, as it was also believed that some insects were spontaneously or 'equivocally' The further notion that whoever could carry this seed about with him became himself invisible, is alluded to by Shakspeare—

'We have the receipt of fern seed, we walk invisible

1 *Henry I* II : 93

16 **see with ears, &c** Butler ridicules this idea also in his 'Character of an Hermetic Philosopher' The ridicule is aimed at Sir Kenelm Digby, who tells with apparent credulity the story of a Spaniard who could hear by his eyes and see words

20 **hag** A S *Egesian* to fear, to make afraid To 'hag' is to fright, to scare Cf 'Timorous man whose nature is thus *hagged* with frightful imaginations of invisible powers and judgment to come'—SCOTT, *Christian Life*, pt 11, c 3, s 2

36 **Marshal Legion** This name has been very variously explained The strong probability seems to be that 'Marshal Legion's regiment' simply means a pack of devils, from the devils of the Gospel whose name was Legion But Grey explains this as an allusion to one Stephen Marshall, a Presbyterian preacher of some notoriety The desire to identify all Butler's fanciful names with real persons has been indulged far beyond the evidence, and has produced many strained renderings

44 **we left** The thread of the narrative is here taken up again after the long digression of the last canto

110 **dunship** This is the earlier and the correct spelling Later editions read *donship* Donship was sometimes used as the title of a knight But Butler purposely makes Ralpho thus alter the word so as to allude to the old saying '*dun in the more*' *Dun* means a donkey or *dunkey*, so called from the

colour, and there was a game called Dun in the Mire, to which Shakspeare alludes—

‘If thou art dun, we ll draw thee from the mire’

*Romeo and Juliet*, I iv 41

123 **hugger mugger** Cf I iii 267 and note

146 **veiled his mitre** This might apply to many prelates, but a coincidence pointed out by Nash seems to fix it on Herbert Croft, Bishop of Hereford This prelate was author of a pamphlet called *The Naked Truth*, the identical phrase of l 144 This was published about three years before this part of Hudibras

189 **was better covered**, sc ‘When I was better covered,’ &c

201 **querpo** Spanish *en cuerpo*, in a close jacket without a cloak The allusion is frequent in the dramatists Cf —

‘But why in cuerpo’

I hate to see an host and old, in cuerpo

*Host* *Cuerpo*, what’s that?

*Typ* Light skipping hose and doublet,

The horse boy’s garb’

And again—

‘Your Spanish host is never seen in cuerpo

Without his paramentos, cloke, and sword

BEN JONSON, *New Inn*, II v

‘Boy, my cloak and rapier, it fits not a gentleman of my rank to walk the streets in querpo —BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *Love’s Cure*, II 1

210 **powdering tubs** Cf III ii 980, and note

211 **two-wheeled carroches** The two wheeled car in which criminals were carried to execution

212 **wooden horse** The riding on a rail was a punishment not uncommon

214 **erased or couped** Terms borrowed from heraldry The members—hands, arms, legs, &c —which occasionally appear in coats of arms may be either *erased*, *z c* with a jagged edge as if torn from the body, or *couped*, *z c* with a straight edge, as if severed from the body with a cut The line means, therefore, torn limb from limb or cut to pieces

243 **for those that fly, &c** The presence of these two lines in Hudibras has caused much confusion amongst inexact readers, who have constantly but erroneously attributed to Butler the authorship of a much better known couplet—

‘He that fights and runs away

May live to fight another day



Which lines were really written by Sir John Mennis in the *Musarum Deliciae*, published 1656. The sentiment is an old one, and is attributed by Aulus Gellius to Demosthenes, who excused his flight from the field of Chaeronea by the saying *ἄνθρωπος δὲ φεύγων καὶ πάλιν μαχήσεται*. Jeremy Taylor in his *Great Examples* (1649), alludes to this saying of Demosthenes, and in French literature we find another expression of the same thought, as in the *Satyr Menippée* (1594)—

‘Souvent celui qui demeure  
Est cause de son meschef,  
Celuy qui fuit de bonne heure  
Peut combattre derechef’

Nicholas Udall, author of *Ralph Rowster Dorster*, had anticipated even the famous French satire by translating the Latin Apothegms of Erasmus into English, and amongst the rest—

‘The same man that renneth awaie,  
Maie again fight an other daie

**262 saved a citizen** Cf I iii 759 This is an allusion to the *Corona Civica*, the second in honour of the crowns awarded by the Romans, which was granted to a citizen who had saved the life of a fellow citizen in battle. It was made of oak leaves, and gave its possessor the right of a seat next to the Senate at all public spectacles, freedom from public burdens for himself, his father and his paternal grandfather, and parental rights over the person whose life he had saved.

**300 Bacrack** Properly Bacharach, a wine named after a Rhenish town, which itself derived its name from *Bacchara*, the altar of Bacchus.

**Hoccamore** = *Hochheimer*, the first of the Rhenish wines to become known in England. From its name all similar white wines have obtained the common name of Hock.

**Mum** A strong Brunswick beer, said to have been introduced by General Monk. Though Mum is an article still taxed in our customs, very few people now know what it is. It puzzled the whole of the House of Commons on the occasion of a recent Budget speech by Mr Gladstone, and though still an item in the national receipts its total yield of taxation in the year 1880-1, was £1 1s. on the single barrel imported. A very early receipt for making it may be found in the *Harleian Miscellany*, as follows: ‘To make a vessel of sixty three gallons, the water must be first boiled to the consumption of a third part. Let it then be brewed according to art with seven bushels of wheat malt, one bushel of oatmeal, and one bushel of ground beans, and when it is tunned, let not the hogsheads be too full at first, when it begins to work, put to it of the inner rind of the fir, three pounds, of the tops of fir and birch, each one pound, of *carduus benedictus* dried, three

handfuls, flowers of *rosa solas*, two handfuls, of burnet, betony, marjoram, avens, pennyroyal, flowers of elder, wild thyme, of each one handful and a half, seeds of cardamum bruised, three ounces, bay berries bruised, one ounce, put the seeds into the vessel, when the liquor hath wrought a while with the herbs, and after they are added, let the liquor work over the vessel as little as may be, fill it up at last, and when it is stopped put into the hogshead ten new laid eggs, the shells not cracked or broken, stop all close, and drink it at two years old if carried by water it is better' The name may either be in allusion to its strength, it making those *mum* (silent, speechless) who drink it, or it may be so called from having been a choice beer, used on the *Mummen* or festivals, whence also our *munmer*, or again the name may commemorate one Christian Mummer, who is said to have been its first inventor

306 **Bassas** *Bassa*, a Turkish commander

309 **who those were** Clement Walker in the *History of Independency* (pt 11 p 175), tells this as having happened in the case of Popham's defeat at Kinsale Many other instances, most of which are probably true, are given on both sides

313 **our modern way of war** Nash quotes from Butler's *Commonplace Book* a fuller account of this subject by the same hand—

'For fighting now is out of mode,  
And stratagem s the only road  
Unless in th out of fashion wars,  
Of barbarous Turks and Polanders  
All feats of arms are now reduced  
To chousing, or to being choused ,  
They fight not now to overthrow,  
But gull, or circumvent a foe  
And watch at small advantages  
As if they fought a game of chess,  
And he's approved the most deserving  
Who longest can hold out at starving,  
Who makes best fricasees of cats,  
Of frogs and —, and mice and rats ,  
Potage of vermin, and ragouts  
Of trunks and boxes, and old shoes  
And those who, like th immortal Gods,  
Do never eat, have still the odds

Some of these lines appear in the text Of 1 355

350 Alluding to Homer's 'Battle of the Frogs and Mice

352 **water rat** A satire on the alliance between the Parliamentary party and the Dutch

357 **he that routs** Venables and Penn (father of William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania), made an expedition in 1655 against the Spanish West Indies. They took Jamaica, but were unsuccessful at St. Domingo, and on their return the taunt was aimed at them that they had displayed their valour only on horses, &c. It may be that Butler is alluding to these circumstances.

361 **crabs and oysters** 'Postremo, quasi perpetraturus bellum, ducta acie in litore Oceani ac ballistis machinisque depositis, nemine gnaro aut opinante quidnam coepturus esset, repente, ut conchas legerent, galeasque et sinus replerent, imperavit, spolia Oceani vocans, Capitolio Palatioque debita — Suetonius, *Vita Calig.* c. 46

383 **Rinaldo** Hero of the last book of Tasso Cf —

'Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,  
And won thy love doing thee injuries,  
But I will wed thee in another key  
With pomp with triumph, and with revelling  
SHAKESPEARE, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, I. 1. 17

402 **breaking gold** Breaking a coin by two lovers, each retaining half as a keepsake, is an old custom. The custom is the subject of one of the best of Dibdin's songs, now not generally known, but worthy to be rescued from oblivion—

*Broken Gold*

'Two real lovers with one heart,  
One mind, one sentiment, one soul,  
In hapless hour were doomed to part  
At tyrant duty's harsh control  
They broke in two a golden coin  
In token that their love should hold,  
And swore when Fate their hands should join  
To join again the broken gold  
  
'A treach'rous fiend who could not brook  
That joy which real love imparts,  
In evil hour advantage took  
To sow dissension in their hearts  
Engines employed, kept spies by day,  
Conjectures raised and falsehoods told  
To prove that each had given away  
To rivals base the broken gold  
  
'At last when years elapsed they met,  
Hushed every fear, dead all alarms,  
Banished each sorrow and regret,  
They rushed into each other's arms  
While to the fond embrace they flew  
Which love sat smiling to behold,  
In token that their hearts were true  
They fondly joined the broken gold '

436 **extend**, here to levy an execution Properly this legal technical term should only be applied to lands

458 **Swiss** Switzerland was then the chief source whence other countries were supplied with mercenaries

475 **Galenist and Paracelsian** Galen lived from 130-200 He advocated the treatment of disease with herbal remedies whilst Paracelsus (cf II iii 299, and note) was in favour of minerals, particularly mercury

534 Nash states in his notes that in Butler's MS the following verses, are written under these lines—

'More nice and subtle than those wire drawers  
Of equity and justice, common lawyers,  
Who never end, but always prune a suit  
To make it bear the greater store of fruit

'As labouring men their hands, criers their lungs,  
Porters their backs, lawyers hire out their tongues  
A tongue to mire and gain accustom'd long,  
Grows quite insensible to right or wrong

'The humourist that would have had a trial,  
With one that did but look upon his dial,  
And sued him but for telling of his clock,  
And saying, 'twas too fast, or slow it struck '

575 This and the following line are in most editions given as the concluding words of the knight's speech, but obviously by error

577 **told the clock** Hung about with nothing to do, waiting for a job

580 **hiccus doctus** A jargon in imitation of the sounds of Latin words It has been thought to be a corruption of *hic est inter doctos*, but for this there seems to be no authority Cf note on *hocus pocus*, l 716

590 **puddle dock** A jail for petty offenders

599 **made monsters fine** Made the showmen who had monsters to show, pay a fine for leave to carry on their occupation The monsters, such as sea serpents, pig faced ladies, &c, &c, are a race hardly yet quite extinct, still to be found lingering about rural fairs

602 **Headborough**, or *Headborrow*, 'signifies him that is chief of the Frankpledge, and that had the principal government of them within his own pledge —*Blount*

609 **bakers' ears** Bakers for using false weights were liable to have their ears cropped in the pillory The insinuation is that they could pay a fine or a bribe to our lawyers instead

612 **arbitrary ale** This seems to mean ale brewed with any material the brewer chose to use, in which sense all our ale has by recent enactments become 'arbitrary' Cf 'Next thus he does his country signal service in the judicious and mature legitimation of tippling licences, that the subject be not imposed on with illegal and arbitrary ale — BUTLER, *Character of a Justice of the Peace* But arbitrary ale might very well mean ale sold by an unauthorised measure, and we know that Butler has more than once ridiculed the functions of justices to look into the matter of weights and measures Cf I 1 121 sq

620 **hawkered** A hawker is still a person who wanders about selling his wares pedlar fashion where he can

688 **cross and pile** Cf II iii 1103, and note

690 **maintenance** in law is a punishable offence It consists in a third party not interested in the suit finding funds for one of the parties to that suit

695 **barratry** Inciting to lawsuits 'Common barratry is the offence of frequently exciting and stirring up suits and quarrels between his Majesty's subjects either at law or otherwise — BLACKSTONE, *Comm* iv c 10

709 **for justice** All the editions print these lines (709-734) as spoken by the knight But by reckoning the speeches from l 707—'quoth the knight'—to l 783—'quoth Hudibras'—it will be seen that this leaves one too few in the changes of speakers Then it is absurd for Hudibras to ask about recovering the widow 'for *your* (the lawyer's) wife Again, the current arrangement loses the whole point of the satire about the false witnesses By attributing ll 709-734 to the lawyer we have him offering to provide witnesses from the professional 'Knights of the Post, and Hudibras replies that 'we (the Puritan party) have plenty such of our own The reading has therefore been altered, by making only the two lines 707-8 spoken by the knight, and the rest by the lawyer Grey seems to sanction this by putting these two lines in parentheses

716 **hocus pocus** Cf note on *hucius doctus*, l 580 *Hocus pocus* is said by Tillotson to be a corruption of *Hoc est corpus*, and to have been intended in ridicule of the formula as used by the priest when consecrating the elements in the Eucharist Others have suggested Ochus Bochus, the name of an Italian magician invoked by jugglers But probably *hocus pocus* and *hoax* have a common ancestor in the Welsh *hoedd pwca*, a goblin's trick

**732 tales** This is *tales de circumstantibus*, persons from the bystanders or audience in a court, who are impounded to make up the number of the jury when the jurymen summoned do not all put in an appearance Cf 'A gentleman in black who sat below the judge, proceeded to call over the names of the jury, and, after a great deal of bawling, it was discovered that only ten special jurymen were present Upon this Mr Serjeant Buzfuz played a *tales*, the gentleman in black then proceeded to press into the special jury two of the common jurymen, and a greengrocer and a chemist were caught directly — *Pickwick Papers*, ch xxxiv

**742 Bongey** A learned Franciscan, a friend to Friar Bacon

**748 quilllets** Probably a corrupt form of *quidlibet*, a subtle case in law Cf —

'Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the devil'

SHAKESPEARE, *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV iii 288

**762 cross legged knights** The monumental effigies of the Knights Templars in the Temple Church are here alluded to The crossing of the legs was sometimes used on monuments as a sign that the knight so figured had fought in the Crusades

## HEROICAL EPISTLE OF HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY

**2 Nebuchadnezzar** 'The same hour was the thing fulfilled upon Nebuchadnezzar and he was driven from men and did eat grass as oxen — *Daniel* iv 33

**52 The guilty, etc** This line is almost hopelessly faulty The only way to restore the metre would be to read—

'The guilt, and punish th innocent

**168 cully** = foolish Cf 'What is this but being a cully in the grave? Sure this is being henpecked with a vengeance' But without dwelling upon these less frequent instances of eminent cullyism, what is there so common as to hear a fellow curse his fate that he cannot get rid of a passion to a jilt? — *Spectator*, No 486 Cf also II ii 481

188 **Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard** Philip Nye was one of the 'Five Dissenting Brethren' in the Assembly of Divines Cf Introduction p xxi The 'thanksgiving beard' is the subject of a poem by Butler in his *Genuine Remains*, where is told how he—

'Could clap up souls in Limbo with a vote  
And for their fees discharge and let them out ,  
Which made some grandees bribe him with the place  
Of holding forth upon Thanksgiving Days ,'

and how, having obtained the post and in honour of the occasion—

'He thought upon it and resolved to put  
His head into 's wonderful a cut '

This resolution, and its results, are described in Butler's poem with all his humour

238 **by ravishing** The Rape of Sabine women Livy I 9

252 **alimony or death departs** *Alimony* is the allowance paid by a husband to a wife to whom the law has granted a legal separation and separate maintenance Alimony and death are thus classed here as the only causes of separation possible to the married state *Departs* is here used transitively Cf III 1 637, and note

## THE LADY'S ANSWER

4 **replevin** Releasing of goods distrained, by giving a surety for the amount due

59 **St Martin's beads** On the site of the old St Martin's le Grand, demolished at the dissolution of the monasteries, a large number of foreign dealers in trinkets and imitation jewellery established themselves Hence the phrase

108 **deodand** Any personal chattel which had been by misadventure the cause of the death of a human being, was forfeited to the king, to be by him devoted to pious uses, hence it was called a deodand, as being 'given to God' The king frequently granted the right to receive such articles to the lord of the manor

184 **tipped with gold** So Ovid—

‘Eque sagittifera pionsit duo tela pharetra  
 Diversorum operum fugat hoc, facit illud amorem  
 Quod facit, auratum est et cuspidē fulget acuta,  
 Quod fugat, obtusum est et habet sub arundine plumbum’

*Metamorphoses*, I 468

153 **setters** Men who watch travellers to give information to thieves Cf ‘O’ tis our setter, I know his voice —  
 SHAKESPEARE, I *Henry IV* II 11 54

192 **covins** A legal term for an agreement between two or more to defraud others Cf —

‘That he ne knew his sleight and his covine’

CHAUCER, *Prologue*, l 606

250 **and** This word should probably be dropped to restore the metre

277 **Prester John** A title given by early travellers to the monarch of Tenduc in Asia, who only allowed himself to be seen by his subjects three times a year See an account of him in the narration of Francisco Alvarog, in *Purchase's Pilgrims*

285 **Joan de Pucelle** Joan of Arc

314 **submit to us** This reference is traditionally applied to Monk, who had the reputation of being henpecked

369 **real** A dissyllable

THE END



*September, 1883*

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